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The Wadsworths of the Genesee

The Wadsworths
OF THE GENESEE

ALDEN HATCH

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To:

A. H. W.

With

Admirous affection

A. H.

With Much Appreciation

WORKING with the Wadsworths was one of those delightful dividends that occasionally come to the biographer. Their hospitality, like their great houses, stems from an era when inns were few and bad; but the lonely traveler could always find an open-hearted welcome in whatever cabin or mansion he might find at nightfall.

Then, too, the files of Hartford House, filled with ancient letters in the fine penmanship that has gone the way of so many graces of leisure, is a source of constant excitement. It is spine-tingling to see at the bottom of a crumbling sheet of paper the signature, "G. Washington" or "A. Lincoln."

For their tireless assistance and courtesy I owe an especial debt to Mrs. Jackson Boyd, Senator Wadsworth's widow, and to Ambassador and Mrs. James Jeremiah Wadsworth, and Mr. and Mrs. Reverdy Wadsworth; as well as Senator and Mrs. Stuart Symington, and Stuart Symington, Jr.

Others who helped with great goodwill include the leading historian of New York State, Carl Carmer and his sister, Mr. and Mrs. William P. Wadsworth, Craig Wadsworth, Mr. and Mrs. Porter Chandler, Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher Harper, Montgomery Ritchie, Julien Ripley, David Gray, Speaker of the House Sam Rayburn, Representatives Joseph W. Martin, Jr., John Taber, Charles Halleck, W. Sterling Cole, and Daniel Reed. Also Carl Hallauer, Colonel Thomas C. T. Buckley, John T. Eicher, Henry Curran, John Q. Lockman, Tom Servis, Howard Gott, and Frank Luttenton.

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Introduction

THE legend of Antaeus, whose strength flowed fiercely back each time his foot touched the ground, is no mere fancy of an Homeric poet, but an essential truth concerning the human race. Antaeus is all mankind, whose powers come from the soil itself, and may not long persist after contact with it is broken. For a generation, sometimes two and, very rarely, three, a family may flourish in parasitic urban life. Then it usually goes spectacularly to seed, and the more illustrious its progenitors the better copy it becomes for those columnists who live by publicizing the degradation of honorable names.

It is no accident that so many of the men and women who have contributed signally to the greatness of America were either born on farms or are but a generation or two away from the land. And the instinct of the voters to seek presidential timber in a log cabin, or its present equivalent, is sound. Unfortunately the American fashion is that once removed from the farm, a family seldom returns to it except in an amateurish, exurbanite way.

Like all categorical statements these have their startling exceptions. For example, the Adamses and the Lodges of Boston are still doing reasonably well; and the Roosevelts of New York achieved their greatest eminence after a good long spell of city dwelling. Such exceptions only emphasize the rule.

As to the other proposition—that it is almost impossible to keep them down on the farm after they have risen to national prominence—one family has excepted the rule, with quite extraordinary results. The Wadsworths of the Genesee Valley are unique in that for five leisurely generations spanning 165 years they have lived on the land and by the land; and each genera-

tion, including this one, has given America at least one outstanding soldier or statesman.

This remarkable durability of the Wadsworths would seem to have a definite connection with their deep roots in the rich soil of their beloved valley. No matter how high they went or how far they traveled, the pull of the land brought them back. Indeed they considered the public phases of their lives as mere interruptions of their real occupation of farming. This was particularly true of the family's most eminent representative in our time, Senator James W. Wadsworth, Jr., even though he spent most of his life in the political arena.

Like most men of strong convictions and the integrity to uphold them, Senator Wadsworth was the center of a storm virtually all his life. Through forty-nine controversial years of public service he moved with imperturbable courtesy and an impish grin, never so much as swerving from the course he believed was right. Not that he always was right. Sometimes he was very wise, almost prescient; at others he seemed incredibly wrongheaded, as when he opposed woman's suffrage, and loosed the fury of half a million scorned women voters on his head.

But right or wrong everyone of both parties knew that what Wadsworth said Wadsworth truly believed. And they respected him for saying it even while they howled him down.

This makes Wadsworth sound like a poor politician. Actually he was a very good one. It is probable that no man of his time understood the devious techniques of that profession better; or could use them more effectively to promote the careers of other people. Never a President, he was a President-maker. In uncounted "smoke-filled rooms" including that most famous room of all at the Blackstone Hotel in Chicago, where on June 12, 1920, Warren G. Harding was picked for the Presidency—Jim Wadsworth, with the ninety-six votes of the New York delegation in his hip pocket, helped to sway the councils of his party.

Nor was he inflexible. He could connive with the best of them provided principle was not at stake. Also, he could forgive a good deal of skulduggery on the part of the Republican nominees for high office on the grounds of party loyalty, though he could not falsify himself to further his own career. Two things he put above party loyalty; principle and patriotism.

The politicians called Wadsworth lazy, because he did not devote his entire energy to politics. Though he served and fought in that arena with all his might, his first love was the land. This feeling comes out in the epitaph he wrote and had cut on the tomb of his father, who had also served his country in the Army and in Congress, and who also loved the land:

Soldier in the Civil War
Public Servant
Patron of Sport
Farmer All His Days

Well might they, son, father and grandsire, cherish their lovely land. Fifteen thousand fertile acres were theirs in the Genesee Valley, which lies some thirty miles south of Rochester in the best farming lands of northwestern New York. That urban sophisticate, the Bishop Prince de Talleyrand, described it in his American diary as "the fairest valley I have ever seen."

The Indians thought so, too. Long before the Frenchman—or the Wadsworths—came, the Senecas named it "Genesee"—"The Pleasant Valley." And pleasant it still is. Actually, it has changed very little in the past century or so. A traveler, who rode along the muddy road from Mount Morris to the sulphur springs at Canawaugus (Stinking Water) in 1825, describes the same vista that one sees today from the terrace of Wadsworth's beloved Hartford House.

The valley is a great shallow bowl of green and gold with a cloud-flecked lid of blue. Its almost circular sides are gentle hills marked in the ancient, rectangular pattern of agriculture; gold of wheat, dark green of corn; the paler green of turf that has grown unplowed for nearly two hundred years; and the striped brown and purple of rows of vegetables. Here and there wood lots vary the pattern while big red barns and small white houses point it up. The crests of the hills are forested, a tall stockade against the sky to keep the valley safe.

From his terrace the Senator looked westward across his flat rich bottom lands. They were big fields for New York State, mostly in grass. Because the pioneer Wadsworth brothers loved trees, they would never completely level a forest. When they cleared the fields they left great clumps of oak and walnut and

elms. These stately survivals of the wilderness give the plain its unique graciousness. Under their shade the Senator's cattle stood belly-high in grass—western steers fattening for the market, or black and white Holsteins of the dairy herd. The little Genesee River, a mere crack in the plain, wandered erratically through the ordered fields. The whole wide vista was drenched in golden sunlight, the very essence of life.

No wonder, then, that the Senator, and now his son, Reverdy, always came home to his land. All these fruitful fields, fine crops, and fat cattle were here because their forefathers created this abundance. It was not their heritage alone, but a not insignificant part of the heritage of all Americans; the legacy of the pioneers, which they did not own, but held in trust for the generations of the future.

Book I

THE WADSWORTHS AND THE VALLEY

CHAPTER I

Colonial Wadsworths

THE story of the Wadsworth family begins in the conventional American way aboard a little wooden ship wallowing erratically westward across the vastness of the Ocean Sea. She was the *Lion,* commanded by Captain Pierce. Aboard her were one hundred and twenty-three passengers—"fifty of them children all in good health." Among the passengers were William Wadsworth, his wife and three small children, Sarah, John and Mary Wadsworth. There was also one Christopher Wadsworth, a brother or cousin, who founded the Massachusetts line of the family, statesmen and soldiers and a poet, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Twelve weeks out of England the *Lion* entered Massachusetts Bay. Captain Pierce can hardly be reckoned one of the world's great navigators. For another five days he bumbled around looking for Boston. Incidentally, he lost his ship two months later on a sand bar off Jamestown, Virginia.

Finally, on Sunday evening, September 16, 1632, the *Lion*'s anchor splashed noisily into the harbor, and her passengers looked gratefully over the bulwarks at the yellow, candlelit windows of Boston. It being the Sabbath, there can be no doubt that these Puritans spent one more miserable night in her stinking hold before setting foot in their promised land.

Bright and early on Monday morning, then, William Wadsworth and his little family were rowed ashore. As he sets foot on the stony shingle he is, for our purpose, newly born, as the founder of an American family should be. For despite the ardent researches of family geneologists there is no certain knowledge of where in England Wadsworth came from, or any official record to connect him with the British family of that name. Doubtless he knew his father's name, but his eyes were on the

future of a new world, and he cared so little for that which he had left behind that he never bothered to record it. Nor does anyone know the given name of the faithful wife, who presumably shared the horrors of the *Lion*'s hold and spent the long unhappy hours keeping the children from driving their father crazy.

The fact is Mrs. Wadsworth is a singularly nebulous figure. No one knows where or when she was born, or, for that matter, when she died. She may even have died in England, and never have seen the land for which her descendants worked and fought so ardently. Certainly, she did not live more than a year or two in Massachusetts; and the only tangible evidence that she existed at all is her three sturdy children.

As to William, there is evidence that he was a man of education and some means. He also must have had a good deal of the gumption which is still a family trait. On November 6, 1632, he took the oath as a freeman of the colony.

Perhaps the crooked lanes of Boston seemed too confining for this adventurous, middle-aged gentleman; or possibly the fact that, only twelve years after the *Mayflower*'s shallop bumped against Plymouth Rock, Boston had become a theocratic dictatorship ruled by the iron rods of his Puritan divines and aristocratic Governor John Winthrop, cramped his freedom of conscience. In any event Wadsworth, with many of his fellow passengers from the *Lion*, crossed the Charles River and helped to start the settlement of Newtown, which later was called Cambridge. He built a house on Holyoke Street, and when the town was incorporated on Feburary 3, 1634, he was elected one of its first selectmen.

Wadsworth and his fellow travelers were soon firmly established. They had simple but comfortable houses, a town of their own and doubtless fields to clear and farm. But they lacked the thing that was most important of all in their eyes, a pastor whom they loved and trusted, to lead them in the way of the Lord. Before leaving England most of them had attended the church of the Reverend Thomas Hooker in Chelmsford near London —perhaps Wadsworth did too, at least it is a clue. By every ship that sailed for Europe they sent messages to their former pastor, who had fled Anglican persecution to Holland, begging

him to come to their new town and resume his responsibility for their souls. In 1635 the Reverend Mr. Hooker obliged.

As persuasive people will, the Newtownians may have exaggerated the charms of their hamlet. At any rate, Hooker seems not to have liked it. He was soon in conflict with Governor Winthrop, and perhaps the big theological guns booming in the pulpits across the river got on his nerves. Whatever the cause he was restless, and his unease worked like yeast in his flock.

Besides, they already felt that strong magnetic pull toward the West which became the dominant current of American life. The West for them was only a short way off, for the arc of civilization was no more than the paring of a little fingernail on the edge of the vast, unmapped primeval forest that curtained the unknown. Moreover, they heard rumors of fairer and more fertile lands beside a great river a hundred miles or so to the west.

Throughout most of 1635 and part of 1636, they debated the pros and cons of moving on in their town meetings. That Wadsworth's vote was affirmative there can be no doubt. In June, 1636, the ayes had it. Hooker like a latter-day Moses prepared to lead his people into the wilderness.

These Puritans from Chelmsford were not like the feckless adventurers who first settled Jamestown, nor even the impoverished Pilgrims of Plymouth. They were people of substance with goods and chattels, and even a little hard money. But they knew they could not take much property with them on their wilderness trek. They sold their new lands and houses, and some of the furniture they had brought with them, to new arrivals from England. Wadsworth sold his house to Elder Champney. Most likely he got a good price for it, for it was close to the site selected for the new brick buildings of Harvard College. Then he joined Hooker's company which consisted of about a hundred persons, many of them children.

Their Exodus must have presented a much more incongruous spectacle than that of the Israelites. For at least the Jews were more or less properly clothed for the conditions they faced, whereas the Puritans' costume was wildly impractical. Picture William Wadsworth stomping through the woods with his

broad-brimmed hat, a long broadcloth coat with big pockets and outsize cuffs; tight breeches, gray wool stockings and low square shoes with silver buckles. Behind him march his children. Sarah at thirteen will be wearing a becoming Puritan-maid bonnet and a tight-bodiced, long-sleeved dress with a full skirt over several petticoats that almost trails the ground as modesty requires. John, eleven, is a miniature replica of his father, except that he does not carry the heavy, bell-mouthed matchlock that is Wadsworth's necessary armament. Even little Mary is hampered by skirts that touch her shoe tops and catch on every bramble. The rest of the company were similarly arrayed except that some of the men were further encumbered by Cromwellian half armor, steel helmets, and long swords.

The trail they followed was not a path at all, but simply blazes made on the tree trunks by an advance party. Fortunately not much undergrowth could survive in the sunless gloom under the great trees. The company traveled in single file led by Hooker and a party of axmen, who cleared the worst obstructions from their way. Then came the armed men followed by a gaggle of women carrying babies, and small children stumbling over the forest's springy floor. Mrs. Hooker and another invalid were carried on litters.

Behind these came the accumulated capital of the colony—one hundred and sixty cattle. Anyone who has seen a farmer and his sons driving a dozen dairy cows down a country lane can imagine the herculean task of conducting that crashing, bawling herd through the wilderness.

In his *History of Connecticut* Trumbull says of the march: "They had no guide but their compasses; made their way over mountains, through swamps, thickets and rivers. They had no cover but the heavens, nor any lodgings but those which simple nature afforded them. . . . The people generally carried their packs, arms and some utensils. They were nearly a fortnight on their journey. Their adventure was the more remarkable, as many of this company were persons of figure, who had lived in England in honor, affluence and delicacy. . . ."

William Wadsworth's adventures ended when he brought his little family safely to the banks of the broad Connecticut River. At forty-one he had a plenty of wandering through the woods

with three children. He settled down in the town he helped to found, which the Hookerites named Hartford.

However, he did not vegetate. Like many of his descendants he was always ready for public service. In 1637 he became Collector of Taxes of Hartford, and from 1642 to 1647 he was a selectman. From 1656 to his death in 1675, he was frequently a delegate to the General Court of Connecticut, which made the laws, administered the colony and dispensed justice.

Nor was he less enterprising in his private life. In 1644 he took another wife—this time we know her name: Elizabeth Stone—and by her had six more children. Also, setting the pattern for his progeny, he was a money-maker. When at the age of about eighty his tough old frame yielded up the ghost, he left the sum of £1,677-13s-9d, or about $8,000, which was like leaving half a million dollars now.

The first big mark etched by a Wadsworth on American history was made by Captain Joseph Wadsworth, the son of Elizabeth and William. Writing about him to an inquiring relative, Senator Wadsworth said, "Yes, Captain Joe was the first Wadsworth to get into trouble—but not the last."

History generally credits Captain Joe with the first act of rebellion by an American colonist against the British Crown. This was the Case of the Missing Charter.

In 1686, King James II appointed Sir Edmund Andros Royal Governor of New England, New York and New Jersey. Sir Edmund was typical of that long line of tactless Tories who finally drove the colonists to revolt. His idea of establishing confidence and winning Americans was to progress regally to Hartford and demand the Charter of Connecticut, which the colonists considered the guaranty of their rights and liberties.

That dramatic confrontation between the power of a king and the determination of his subjects took place in the hall of the General Court on the evening of October 31, 1687. In the dim light of a few candles—how parsimonious these colonials were! —the Royal Governor, all elegance in brocade and ruffles and long corckscrew-curled periwig, confronted the Council of the colony. Handsomely though more soberly dressed in fine black broadcloth and snowy stocks, the members of the Council sat

around the dark oak table on which the Charter lay with its royal signature and the red blob of the Great Seal of England. Their faces were drawn and stern; for there was no precedent to guide them in this crisis, only a desperate courage and the consciousness of right.

One of them, he with the domed, balding head and grizzled hair, was John Wadsworth, who as a little boy had sailed from England in the *Lion*. On a bench in the front rank of spectators sat his half brother, Captain Joseph Wadsworth of the Connecticut militia, his hawk nose quivering like a hound that scents trouble.

The Governor began to speak in the harsh accents of authority. The Court, he said, had passed numerous laws in conflict with the statutes of England and contrary to the will of his royal master. Therefore they must know that the Charter granted them by the grace of King Charles II was revoked; and he demanded in the name of the King that they yield it to him forthwith.

The wind of anger stirred the Council. They had expected this; it was the confirmation of their worst fears. They were law-abiding men, who had no doubt as yet that they were loyal subjects of the King of England. But that piece of parchment lying on the table was the sole guaranty of their rights as free men. It was the promise of their liege lord, as sacred to them as the Great Charter upon which all the rights of Englishmen are founded; without it they would be but vassals of a tyrant.

Captain Joseph drew his feet carefully under him and sat coiled like a spring in tension. He, too, was a law-abiding man—with certain reservations.

Suddenly men moved swiftly in the hall; and with an instantly concerted breath every candle was blown out—here was the point of parsimony!

In the sudden darkness Sir Edmund stood confused, shouting nervously for lights, while a figure moved swiftly in the dark. An outer door banged shut, and immediately half a dozen eagerly officious men were striking flint on steel. The candles were relighted one by one. The Governor stopped quaking and, gathering his anger and authority, renewed his demand for the Charter. In mid-sentence he stopped; for the long oak table

was as bare as Mother Hubbard's cupboard. The Charter was gone.

After the Governor had retired, fuming, to Boston, the Charter was found in the hollow of a great tree which was always afterward called the Charter Oak. Who purloined it under the gubernatorial nose remained a mystery, though not an impenetrable one. For in 1715 the Council of Connecticut voted to Captain Joseph Wadsworth a considerable sum of money in recognition of his safeguarding the Charter at a time "when our constitution was struck at."

Explosive Captain Joe was a great-uncle of the Genesee clan. Their progenitor was William's eldest son, John. The latter had nine children of whom only two concern us: his eldest son Deacon John Wadsworth who remained in Hartford; and a younger son, Colonel James Wadsworth, who moved to Durham. The latter became Durham's first justice of the peace, a judge, and representative to the General Court. His only son, Squire James Wadsworth, trotted right along in the father's footsteps, being a magistrate most of his adult life and representative to the General Court, by then called the Assembly, for twenty years.

The Squire's son, young James III, was graduated from Yale in 1748. In 1755 he married Catherine Guernsey, but he did not settle down. The first movements of the French and Indian War were being made and, against foreigners, Connecticut men would serve the English king. They flocked to the recruiting officers.

That year, also, James began a diary. It is a small red leather book, badly travel-stained and worn. The handwriting is frightful, but this is excusable because it was hastily written on drumheads or handy stumps; in tents or by bivouac fires. The first entry is:

> Sept 9, A.D. 1755
>
> I enlisted into His Majesty's service for the expedition against Crown Point.

Why a bridegroom of a few months felt impelled to volunteer for a fight so many hundred of miles from home is an unanswered question except for the fact that the Wadsworths are like that. Young James had a rugged time. Four days after he en-

listed the company marched to war. They made 14 miles that first day to Cheshire. In fact, though untrained, they must have been tough, for they went across country at amazing speed. Only five days later Wadsworth records:

> Sept. 18th. Marched 20 miles to Albany. . . . Sept. 19th. We had our allowance which was one portion of pork, three biscuits, one gill of rumper man per day. . . . Sept. 20th. This was a grand day. The Governor of Yorkland is here. The troops and militia of Albany, gathered with Connecticut forces, guarded him into the city through a vast concourse of people, who showed great demonstrations of joy by ringing of bells, firing the cannon and the like.

Wadsworth was taking part in the great expedition to reinforce British General William Johnson's attempt to take the fort at Crown Point on Lake George from the French, who still held all of Canada down to Lakes Champlain and George. The only battle of the campaign had actually been fought on September 8, the day before Wadsworth enlisted. In it General Johnson defeated the French forces under General Dieskau, who was killed on the field. Johnson never attacked again. Wadsworth had had bright dreams of military glory. All he got was a lot of hard work, near-starvation and a bad bout of fever. Johnson got a knighthood and £5,000.

It was quite fun at first, what with alarms and excursions, and wassail Saturday nights: *Sat. 25th. The snow ankle deep at noon. This evening we had a flip of rum instead of wine and drank a toast in rememberance of our wives and sweethearts in some fresh lime punch.*

Then provisions ran out. *One biscuit and half a pint of flour a day, which makes them very discontented.* . . . And the men were falling sick. As usual the militia began to fade away. *Mon. 10th. 200 men ripe to go home. General Lyman pacifies them for the present. The General promises that we should go home in 10 days unless he has some other orders from the Assembly. This night it rained very hard, and as soon as we had got into bed the rain came through our roof and routed us up. We had candles and made merry and made pancakes and drank and had a fine time.*

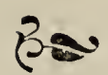
That night about finished the Connecticut militia. They hung on for ten days more, building up the brick and log fort; standing to the breastworks for enemy attacks that turned out to be false alarms—the French at Ticonderoga were not that foolish—and getting thinner and weaker. So on: *The 20th. Our men go home this day. I was taken sick of camp fever. Fri. 21st. My distemper ennervating. Sat. 22nd. Still bad. Mon. 24th. Great number of sick. Sun. 26th.* (He got his dates mixed, poor fellow.) *This day I set out for home.*

So James dragged himself back across the country through which he had marched so gaily.

> Sat. 29th reached Albany where I lay sick until the 2nd Dec. Thurs. 3rd. We set out homeward, I being very weak and low. Arrived to my great joy to my native place, to my friends and relations. I find them in health and I myself surrounded once more with the comforts of life. . . . And now with gratitude I acknowledge the patient care and kindness of Almighty God to me.

Later in life our hero became General James Wadsworth, of the Revolutionary Army, so perhaps it was, after all, a profitable experience.

CHAPTER II



Colonel Jeremiah and the Continental Congress

Colonel Jeremiah Wadsworth of Hartford was a descendent of the first William's eldest son, Deacon John. Though he is considerably removed from the ancestral line of the Genesee Wadsworths, he is certainly in the direct line of their story; and, as the most prominent member of the family up to that time, he deserves some description.

Jeremiah was one of the richest men in America, who consistently aimed to get richer; and a very ardent patriot who played a great part in the success of the American Revolution. He was also a very complex character. He was "very tall and well made," with a round, boyish face that hardly suggested the steel-trap financial brain behind it. But, money-making aside, his benevolence was genuine. Monsieur de Manville in his American diary speaks of Wadsworth's "amiable and singular modesty" and says, "You cannot fail to love him as soon as you see him." Colonel Humphreys of Hartford truly named him. "The protector of the widow, the fatherless and the distressed." In *The Forgotten Leaders of the Revolution,* Howard Swiggett says, "Washington, Wadsworth and Robert Morris [were regarded] as the Great Triumvirate from whom anyone could borrow."

While the Revolution was going on Jeremiah subordinated his acquisitive instincts to patriotism, and served his country with honor, acumen and integrity. When it was over this lovable protector of the poor engaged in some very fancy financial shenanigans.

Jeremiah's father, the Reverend Daniel Wadsworth, died very young leaving his son a considerable fortune and a weak constitution. Jeremiah improved his health by the kill-or-cure

remedy of shipping before the mast on one of his Uncle Mathew Talcott's ships. He throve on seafaring, rising from foremast hand to captain in a very few years. Then he set about improving his fortune with fantastically successful results.

When Paul Revere made his notable ride, Wadsworth was only thirty-two years old; but he was already a man of great affairs. He lived in his inherited mansion in Hartford with his wife, Mehitabel Russell, who was nine years older than he, three children and two old maid sisters.

Two months after Lexington, on an afternoon in June, 1775, a friend of Wadsworth's, who was also taking a famous ride, came to that hospitable house to spend the night. His horse was almost foundered, so in the morning Jeremiah insisted on presenting him with a fresh one. The guest mounted, expertly controlling its eager plunging. Then, as Wadsworth stood waving from his front door, General Washington rode off to take command of the American Army besieging Boston.

Because of his proven ability as a trader, Wadsworth was appointed commissary to the first six regiments raised in Connecticut in 1775. Soon Wadsworth was traveling from Massachusetts to Philadelphia on the business of supplying the whole American Army and part of the Navy. There was as yet no commissary general, but everyone acted as though there were and Wadsworth had been appointed to that position.

The business of supplying new shipping and an army which was retreating rapidly all around an undeveloped country of which the enemy held, or soon took, two of the principal ports, New York and Philadelphia, and held control of the seas, was a complicated business requiring real Yankee ingenuity. There are many letters of those stormy times. Desperate little notes came from Ebenezer Huntington:

> I must beg your assistance about the Horses. . . . You may Judge a little of the situation of those Poor lads. Pity them, they can make no use of their waggons, if they have them. They are obliged to bring their Wood on their backs—a Pretty thing for Clothes. . . .

Jonathan Trumbull, Jr., is equally unhappy. He writes on 21st June 1776:

. . . *Near one half our Army* are sick—mostly with Small Pox—divided ragged and undisciplined—fatal neglingence of Canada—no troops—no supplies—no money—no cannon—no ammunition—Canada, without some remarkable Interposition of Providence, must be lost. . . . I am, Dear Sir

Your affectionate humble Servant
J. TRUMBULL JUN'R

From the "Camp at Cambridge 10th Aug'st 1775," Jonathan's brother Joseph Trumbull writes:

You'll please to forward everything as fast as possible. We devour about 80 bb's Flower every day & 40 bbs Pork 3 days in a week—this will require a great stream to supply. . . . Mind first the main Chance—don't be concearned about a Master—I'll take care of you. . . . Flower & Pork is the Cry. I am Dear Sir almost Hurried to Death your

most Humble Serv't
JOS. TRUMBULL

So Jeremiah stuck his neck out and sent "Flower and Pork." Trumbull took care of him. And Washington took Boston.

Trumbull keeps on demanding supplies. It is "Dear Jere" now, a most familiar address in those formal times. He needs Pork and more Pork. "Send all the Pork you can. . . . I paid your Pork man."

Finally the Congress established a commissary general and Trumbull was *It*. So he writes from "Phila." for "500 bus. Salt." Also: "Send us something good to Eat and Drink ourselves. So goood. . . ."

General Israel Putnam, writes on 24th June:

DEAR FRIEND . . .

. . . This you may rely on, that 1100 perished and Died with hunger and Cold in New York in the space of five weeks. . . . It was my lot [that] all or most of them [released Americans] came through my Quarters; that I had the opportunity of seeing the poor fellows that were once Lads of Spirit but were then become Babes & Skilletons and would cry for a piece of bread . . . as quick as a Child. . . . We were obliged to put them in waggons to transport them & after driving the waggon 5 or 6 miles . . .

when we came to take them out, would generally find from 6 to 8 or 10 dead. . . .

Early in 1778, after the near-disastrous failure of supply at Valley Forge, Wadsworth's ability was brought to the attention of Congress, very probably by his old friend G. Washington. He was appointed Commissary General. This redoubled the demands made upon him. He was all over the place wherever provisions or goods could be found, buying them and organizing transport to the voracious armies. Congress was as usual very slow to part with any money, and Wadsworth often had to pledge his own credit to obtain supplies—it was much better than the Government's—and hope prayerfully that Congress would finally repay him. After walking this financial tightrope for about eighteen months he finally received a letter from the President of the Continental Congress dated "Oct. 28 1779."

SIR:

You will receive this meerly as a private letter from a Friend who wishes to give you the best advice in his power. Before this comes to hand you will receive an Act of Congress enabling you to perform the Contracts you have made . . . which will relieve your apprehensions that Congress had wholly disapproved your conduct in that respect. . . .

I sincerely hope that you will content yourself to continue in the department as long as Congress shall desire it. . . . Let us all exert ourselves to the best of our abilities & let me add, who can surmount difficulties better than your Self!

It is with pleasure I assure you that great Harmony and good humour subsists in Congress with close attention to business.

I am with sincerity your
hum'be serv't
SAM'L HUNTINGTON

This was a handsome letter, and doubtless Wadsworth was vastly relieved that Congress had cut the financial noose into which he had patriotically stuck his neck.

The warm friendship and confidence of Washington must have been Jeremiah's main support amid the exacerbations and frustration of avaricious merchants, penurious congressmen and jealous generals—Brigadier General Scott once actually clapped

him in the guardhouse—Washington attended to General Scott —nor was their relationship all politics and duty. Swiggett says, "Good food, good drink, good husbandry were part of the Washington-Wadsworth friendship."

Washington's letters to Wadsworth throughout the war indicate his perfect faith in him. They are wise, serene and confident; in wonderful contrast to the bickering, haggling and panicking of lesser men. The letter which Jeremiah Wadsworth must have regarded as his accolade was dated:

Camp at Springfield (New Jersey) June 11:1780

Dear Sir

I have received your two favors of the 5 & 6th Inst. and thank you very much for your exertions for our relief and for your tender of services. As I am most fully persuaded of the sincerity in which the offer is founded, and as I know it is your earnest wish, I shall without hesitation avail myself of them whenever the exigency of our affairs make it necessary. You will readily conclude by the part I have taken in my late applications that I know whatever was in your power to do to promote the service, might be asked without the least scruple. . . .

From the very delicate situation of our affairs at this time the most energetic exertions of every public body and of every virtuous Individual are essential. With those we may obtain what we wish, but with anything short, the attainment will be extremely precarious and I think I shall not hazard much if I say impracticable. . . .

With respect to Arms for the Recruits we are endeavoring to provide them. . . . I have used every means in my power to prevent the discharged soldiery from time to time carrying away their arms; but I am persuaded they do it in a variety of instances nevertheless. . . . The loss of arms is among the innumerable & unavoidable ill consequences of limited enlistments. . . .

Washington then describes the British landing at Elizabeth, N. J. and their raids through Jersey, and continues:

You but too well know & will regret with me the Cause of this insulting manuvre on the part of the Enemy. It deeply offects the honor of the States—a vindication of which could not be attempted in our present circumstances, without most intimately

hazarding their security—at least so far as it may depend on the Army. Their character—their Interest—their all that is dear, call upon them to fill their Regiments immediately and place their Army on a respectable footing.

I am D'r Sir
With great regard & esteem
Yr most Obed. St.
G. Washington

The preceding winter had been a desperate time, second only to the wretched days at Valley Forge. Jeremiah was riding the snow-blocked roads trying to buy forage for the 19,190 horses of Washington's army. A blizzard of Continental and state paper money flowing out of the printing presses produced galloping inflation. The phrase "not worth a Continental" became current, and farmers hated to sell for rapidly depreciating dollars.

In the spring matters got worse instead of better. The British were raiding through New Jersey, and a dashing New British general, Lord Charles Cornwallis, had landed in the Carolinas. Savannah was already in British hands, and now Generals Clinton and Cornwallis besieged Charleston. It was only a matter of weeks before it would fall. April, 1780, was almost the low ebb of the Revolution.

On May 10, 1780, everything miraculously changed. On that day the young Marquis de Lafayette, who had been on a mission to France to hurry help, dashed into Washington's headquarters at Morristown, kissed his Commander in Chief, and burst out with tremendous news. The Count de Rochambeau was on his way with a powerful fleet and a division of French troops 4,000 strong.

Almost the first thing Washington did was to send for Jeremiah. As early as October 9, 1779, he had written Wadsworth:

Sir

Should a cooperation with the French fleet take place it will be indispensable to our measures to have in stock a considerable quantity of good ship-bread, and a much larger quantity of rum than usual. You will however and at all events turn your immediate attention to these two objects.

Washington wanted above all to keep his allies well fed and happy. He turned the problem over to Wadsworth, making him purchasing agent for the French Army. Jeremiah set up a special firm for this operation, taking as his partner John Church, who shortly became Alexander Hamilton's brother-in-law. For some reason Church chose to assume the business name of Carter, and the firm was known as Wadsworth & Carter. When Rochambeau landed at Newport on July 10, 1780, Wadsworth had their supply well organized.

This was not as difficult as for Washington's army since Rochambeau paid in silver and gold. Nor did Wadsworth have any scruples about making a little money out of the French. In fact Church reported in 1783 that the partnership had netted £34,685. However, Rochambeau, or rather King Louis XVI, got his money's worth. The French troops were excellently housed and fed, far, far better than the Continental Line. Indeed, Wadsworth was so efficient on their behalf that it made supplies even scarcer for the Americans.

The French sat in Newport for a solid year doing no one any good. In the fall of 1780, Washington decided to hold a council of war with Rochambeau to co-ordinate plans, and try to get the French moving. For that historic meeting he chose Wadsworth's home in Hartford, and set the date as September 20. The council lasted for five days. Like so many summit meetings, this one only produced an agreement in principle—to attack New York.

Nothing could move the French until the spring of 1781; they did not like the idea of attacking New York at all. Then word came that Cornwallis had erupted into Virginia. However, young Lafayette's army of three thousand men was on the British flanks, snapping like wolves, and Cornwallis decided to back down the Virginia Peninsula where he would have a secure base on the sea—the British sea. What he did not know was that for just a little while the sea would not be British.

The French marched in June, 1781, over the dusty, narrow Connecticut roads toward New York. On the elm-shaded village greens Wadsworth's loaded wagons were waiting for them. Late that month they joined Washington's main army which was moving down against New York. But Admiral de Grasse, with the French West Indies fleet not liking the idea of a frontal at-

tack on strongly fortified New York, sent word he preferred the Chesapeake. Washington instantly saw his chance to trap Cornwallis between the French fleet and his allied armies. Wadsworth was sent galloping south to provide provisions and ships.

Leaving most of his army to hold Clinton in New York, Washington secretly slipped away on August 19, 1781, with 2,000 of the Continental Line and Rochambeau's 4,000 French. It was a very small army, but they were veterans, trained and confident, ruddy and well fed. By the time the Allies reached the James Peninsula, Wadsworth had rounded up plenty of provisions from the Virginia countryside, and incidentally made some excellent new business contacts.

At dawn on September 28, Washington and Rochambeau moved down on Yorktown. From that moment it was only a matter of days. On October 16 a white flag fluttered above the British trenches. Three days later Wadsworth stood with his good friends Washington, Lafayette and Rochambeau to watch the ruler-straight lines of scarlet and white march out of Yorktown to surrender. It was all but over. The United States were free, and a man could get back to business.

The treaty of peace with England was signed in 1783. That same year Wadsworth sailed for France, taking his son Daniel—aged twelve—along to see the world. In Paris Wadsworth was given a warm welcome, not only by his friends Rochambeau, Lafayette and the Duc de Lauzun, but by most of the French court. He personally presented his bill for supplying the French Army, and it was promptly paid with warm thanks from King Louis' government for his excellent arrangements.

The two Wadsworths then went on to England, and even in what had so recently been enemy territory Jeremiah's social connections and pleasing personality brought many invitations to the great houses of the aristocracy.

When he got back to his own country, Wadsworth found that the happy days of peace were neither as happy nor as peaceful as they should have been. Although the country generally was reasonably prosperous, congressional government fell into chaos, and the states began to bicker with each other. There was an excellent chance that their disagreements might actually lead to

internecine war. All thoughtful men began to consider ways to form a more perfect union. However, things drifted along for some years with nothing much being done.

Inevitably there were personal sorrows. One that struck Wadsworth hard was the death of his old friend General Nathanael Greene in 1786 at the age of forty-four—how young those founding fathers were! Washington, in his pleasant interlude at Mount Vernon, was even harder hit. He wrote a touching and anxious letter to Wadsworth who, as Greene's executor, was looking after the General's widow:

Mount Vernon 22nd Oct 1786

Dear Sir

. . . It has given me much satisfaction to find that the letter I had written to my much Lamented friend Gen'l Greene had reached his hand. Had the case been otherwise, and had he harbored a suspicion of my inattention or neglect, the knowledge of it would have given me real pain. . . .

I was not without my fears that he might suffer in a pecuniary way. . . . I would fain hope however that the case may, ultimately, be otherwise; and that upon final settlement of his affairs there will be a handsome competency for Mrs. Greene and the Children. But should the case be otherwise, and Mrs. Greene, yourself, and Mr. Rutledge would think proper to entrust my namesake G:Washington Greene to my care, I will give him as good an education as this Country (I mean the United States) will afford, and will bring him up to either of the genteel professions that his fr'd may chose, or his own inclination shall lead him to pursue, at my own cost & expense.

I condole very sincerely with Mrs. Greene (to whom please tender my respects) and the rest of General Greene's friends on the loss the public as well as his family sustained by the death of this valuable character—especially at this crisis—when the political machine seems pregnant with the most awful events. . . .

With much esteem & Reg'd
I am—Dear Sir
Yr most obed Servt
G. Washington

Washington's fear about Greene's finances were quite justified, but he was not called upon for help. Young Washington Greene was taken to France by Lafayette to be brought up in the Marquis' own household, while Wadsworth supported the widow and her three other children in Hartford for several years.

Together with Governor Jonathan Trumbull, Jr., whose daughter had married his only son Daniel, Wadsworth brought Connecticut firmly behind calling a constitutional convention, in 1787, and when, against all the odds, the delegates produced the Constitution of the United States, Wadsworth used all his wide influence, not only in Connecticut, where he was, of course, a delegate to the State Convention, but throughout the nation for its ratification. Not that he liked the new Constituion very much—it did not make the Federal Government nearly strong enough to suit him, so he said. The postscript of a letter from Gouverneur Morris to Wadsworth dated October 26, 1787, suggests a subtle reason for Wadsworth's adverse comments:

> P. S. I learn that the Constitution is very agreeable to Connecticutt Excepting always that certain People called Cincinnatti do not think it sufficiently energetic and that a certain person called Jeremiah Wadsworth declares it to be highly objectionable on that Score but is willing to take it for the present in Hopes of Something better by and bye. All this is very well and in Scripture Phrase *being interprited* from the language of Your Country into that of mine does I suppose mean We do in our Hearts approve, but fear that Praises from our lips would give offense or at least alarm to our weaker Brethren. Again adieu.

Which seems to indicate that Morris considered Wadsworth a rather astute politician.

Connecticut promptly elected Jeremiah Wadsworth and Jonathan Trumbull, Jr., to the first Congress. Wadsworth's most interesting contribution was his introduction of a bill to implement Washington's plan for a citizen army based on a form of universal military training. A hundred and sixty years later his far-distant kinsman, Senator James W. Wadsworth, Jr., was leading the fight for just such a military establishment. They were both defeated.

In the first Congress, Wadsworth strongly supported Alexander Hamilton and the Federalists in all their measures to strenghten the Federal Government and to put it on a sound financial basis. This he did from ardent conviction that it was good for the country. That it was also good for Jeremiah Wadsworth did not abate his ardor, though it is fair to say it was not his dominant motive.

However, there is no denying that Jeremiah pulled off a slick financial deal. The feeble Congress of pre-Constitution days had left behind a financial mess. The debts of the Revolutionary War, foreign and domestic, were unpaid, even as to interest. In addition the financially weaker states like South Carolina could not possibly pay their war debts while even their currency and the certificates with which they had paid off their veterans were worth about thirty cents on the dollar.

Alexander Hamilton, Secretary of the Treasury, proposed that in order to put American credit on a respectable basis the United States fund its own debts and assume the war debts of the states. It was a magnificent gesture of financial integrity, and well within the means of the country. But it was violently opposed by the more radical democrats led by Thomas Jefferson on the ground that it would merely enrich speculators who had bought up the obligations of the states at a tremendous discount. As it turned out both Hamilton and Jefferson were right. Federal assumption of the state debts established the credit of the new nation at double A; and the speculators, including Jeremiah, made a pot of money.

Hamilton had no personal ax to grind. The credit of the new nation was dearest to his heart. He finally made a deal with Jefferson whereby he supported the latter's desire to put the proposed capital of the United States in the South, which was Jefferson's dearest wish, in return for support of the assumption of debts.

The moment Wadsworth heard of this and realized that the bill would pass, he organized a syndicate of his more affluent, and less ethical, congressional colleagues. They chartered a fast schooner and sent it to Charleston. From that city Wadsworth's agents fanned out through South Carolina's hinterlands buying up all the state bonds and certificates they could find. Most of

the victims of this confidence game in reverse were veterans of the Revolution, who were glad to get a little hard money for pieces of paper they thought were almost valueless.

Thus as the bill passed, Wadsworth and his friends had a shipload of paper money, bought for about thirty-five cents on the dollar and now worth par.

It was indubitably a shady thing to do. Yet the mores of the time evidently did not take too harsh a view. There was some surprisingly mild criticism when news of the coup leaked out, but this did not prevent Wadsworth being re-elected to both the second and third Congresses, after which he retired voluntarily. The difference in political morality between our founding fathers and present-day politicians is aptly illustrated in a letter Senator Wadsworth wrote telling about Jeremiah's transaction. After describing it, the Senator said, "Supposing *we* pulled a deal like that, Wow!"

CHAPTER III

The Genesee Country

ODDLY enough, the Wadsworth who planted his family in what became their own special valley went there only twice in his life for very brief periods. Jeremiah Wadsworth was always looking for new worlds to capitalize on. He was well aware that by 1788 Connecticut was no longer a new world. The poor thin land had been worked recklessly, and crops were ever harder to raise. Society had stratified, and opportunity was not knocking as often or as loudly. Ambitious men looked westward.

This was the era of great land speculations. The rich men of the cities bought huge tracts of forest that they never saw, and sold them at a fat profit to eager homesteaders. A favorite area for their operation was the western part of New York State. New England troops, who had fought there in the Revolution, brought back tales of such rich soil and lush forests as made New England farmers, plowing their boulder-strewn fields, dream of moving on. With this fact in mind Messrs. Oliver Phelps and Nathanial Gorham of Massachusetts formed "an association of gentlemen of capital" to purchase 2,000,000 acres of wilderness land between Seneca Lake and the Genesee River. Needless to say one of these gentlemen of capital was Jeremiah Wadsworth.

However, Jeremiah was not content to leave things to Phelps and Gorham. In 1788 he made the arduous trip to the Genesee country by stage and boat, and on horseback over Indian trails, to judge its worth for himself. He found that whole vast tract almost as empty as the mountains of the moon—four or five white settlers and a few hundred Indians tilling their patches of scrubby corn. But the land was even richer than he had dared

believe. Wadsworth decided that all it needed was energetic promotion.

The natural person to represent him would have been Daniel, but his son had a weak constitution and a lackluster disposition—perhaps this branch of the family had been away from the land too long. So Jeremiah sent for his distant cousins James and William Wadsworth, who were the sons of John Noyes Wadsworth of Durham and nephews of General James.

Hardly ever were two brothers less alike. James was a tall, slender, scholarly young man with a high domed head and long melancholy features, who had graduated from Yale in 1787, and gone to teach school in Montreal for one year. His older brother, Bill, had a huge frame, tousled hair, fierce gray-blue eyes and a hawk nose. He cared for nothing but fighting and farming. Oddly enough this antithesis did not produce antipathy between the brothers. They adored each other and their qualities complemented each other. They could work together as a team. They had one thing in common of which Jeremiah approved; each had inherited about $12,000 from their father.

When the brothers were comfortably ensconced in Jeremiah's beautiful library in Hartford, he made them a most interesting proposition. He offered to sell them 2,000 acres of the choicest land in the Genesee Valley at its cost to him of eight cents an acre; and to make them his agents for the sale of the remainder of the 200,000 acres in which he held a dominant interest. In return they would clear and till their land, reside on it, and promote its settlement.

There was no reason why James and Bill should want to leave their comfortable circumstances in Connecticut to adventure on a wild frontier, except the call of adventure itself. But that was sufficient. Though there is no record of their conversation, it can be reconstructed from the characters of the men involved. Picture the brothers, with their eyes shining with excitement, asking eager questions. James' analytical brain probed the financial possibilities. He wanted to know the details of the ownership of the land and the prospects of disposing of it; how many inquiries had been made; what Phelps and Gorham were doing to attract settlers; what price the land could be expected to bring.

Bill asked about the quality of the land; how it was timbered; the fertility of the soil; and especially if horses and cattle were likely to breed well on it.

Jeremiah answered them with the enthusiasm of a born salesman and all the authority of his brilliantly successful career and his great wealth. There was never any real question as to the upshot. The bargain was struck; and faithfully kept by both sides.

Having paid Jeremiah $160 for their 2,000 acres of land, the brothers hurried home to Durham to arrange their affairs and say good-bye to their other brother, John Noyes, Jr., and to organize their expedition. For they were not going into the wilderness as ordinary settlers did with an ox, an ax, a couple of hoes and some very high hopes, but fully equipped with tools and oxen, cattle to breed, a good horse or two and axmen to clear the land.

While William attended to these details James went to New York to arrange banking contacts, set up a publicity campaign for the Genesee Valley and establish relations with merchants for the sale of the produce he expected to raise on land that was still a howling wilderness. He also purchased a supply of good tools and some store goods.

He then took passage on a packet sloop up the Hudson. During the week-long voyage against the current, he had plenty of time to observe the lush estates of the great landlords on the east bank, like Chancellor Livingston's graceful "Clermont" standing on a terrace above the bank, with surrounding fields cropped close by the Merino sheep which the Chancellor had lately imported from England. James decided that if things went well in the Genesee, he would get some of those sheep. A fellow passenger with whom he established a lasting friendship was an enterprising young Dutch fur trader named John Jacob Astor.

Meanwhile Bill was proceeding overland to meet his brother at Albany. He was mounted on a fine charger, and his party consisted of three or four axmen and a sturdy new oxcart drawn by three span of oxen. Riding in the cart was a Negro lady known to history as Jenny. Wadsworth family records list her as William's slave, but there is every indication that the bonds between them were of a closer nature.

The brothers met in May, 1790, at Albany, where James's purchases were loaded on a hired cart for the trek through the forest to Schenectady—"Snacady" the people there called it. There they bought a "Snacady" boat into which they loaded most of their supplies. William went on up the River Road with the oxcart, while James and his men poled their boat up the broad, shallow Mohawk River.

They were part of a rising tide of emigration moving westward, mostly to Ohio, which had been opened up before western New York because the Six Nations of the Iroquois had held that country so fiercely against all invaders until General John Sullivan's army had broken them during the Revolution,

At Rome the brothers parted company again, James continuing in the boat, while William took the oxcart overland, following the Indian trail used by Phelps and Gorham. West of the tiny hamlet of Whitestown the road became in fact a trail. Bill and his axmen literally cut their way through; clearing away fallen timber, chopping down trees to widen the road for the cart; laying logs in the streams so it could cross. The road he made was the first to reach the western part of the Finger Lake country and Canandaigua. It was used by the settlers for many years.

Finally he came out of the gloom of the forest to dazzling, blue Cayuga Lake. It was long and narrow, and the trail began again on the farther bank. Bill recorded, "There was no ferry scow." However a man of enterprise would not be stopped by that. He chartered two war canoes from some friendly Indians, lashed them together and built a deck of poles across them. This cranky craft tilted dangerously as a span of oxen were goaded aboard, and the canoes had about three inches of freeboard; but with Indians paddling cautiously the first crossing was made. It took several trips to get the expedition over. Jenny, her eyes rolling in terror, refused to go. But cursing terribly, Bill plunked her bodily into the oxcart, where she knelt praying while they made the final trip.

From there on the going was easier and they averaged twelve miles a day to Canandaigua where Phelps and Gorham had set up their office in a log cabin. This was the first regular land office for the sale of lands to settlers ever established in America;

and the method Oliver Phelps devised for the survey of his property, laying it out in townships, ranges and numbered sections along the lines of latitude and longitude, was copied by the Federal Government which used it throughout the West.

Bill had expected James to reach Canandaigua before him. When he found no one there he began to fret, thinking of his elegant brother lost in the wilderness, perhaps attacked by Indians or lying ill on the inhospitable ground. As the days went by he grew quite frantic and went alone down the river to look for him.

James had, in fact, had a difficult time. Almost at once the overloaded boat hit a snag in Wood Creek and stuck fast. James and two of the axmen sat in their boat for three days hoping someone would come down that lonely river. Finally to their intense relief a boat appeared poling slowly along under the interlacing branches of the great trees. It contained Augustus Porter and two companions, who were also heading for Canandaigua. Porter, whose boat was more lightly laden, took some of the supplies aboard, and James was once more afloat. The two boats made the remainder of the voyage together—down Wood Creek to Oneida Lake, thence through the lake and river with many a portage to Oswego River and, after another trying portage, to the outlet of Cayuga Lake, and down it to Mud Creek.

From there the party reached the outlet of Canandaigua Lake. Poling slowly up the twisting stream they came to a long straight stretch. Bellows of joy echoing over the still water greeted them; and at the limit of vision James saw his brother clinging to the overhanging branch of a tall tree like an anxious gorilla searching for its young.

The brothers stored most of their supplies at Canandaigua and driving the cattle started westward across-country. Part of the way they followed the broad trail left by Sullivan's army eleven years before. The second day they diverged to the north and spent that night near the foot of Conesus Lake. They knew they were almost home.

The next morning James impatiently started on foot with one of his men straight through the woods, while Bill with the oxcart and the cattle followed the longer, easier trail along the

shore of bright Conesus and thence over the gentle hills toward the west.

In the late afternoon of June 9, 1790, James came to a place where the forest thinned out into what was called an "oak opening," a grove of giant oaks whose tall colums rose cleanly for sixty feet before great branches spread and interlaced so closely that no sunlight ever penetrated its green, vaulted dome. The ground beneath was almost as clear of underbrush as the royal forests of France, for only a few ferns could grow in that dense shade. Walking rapidly over the springy floor of the woods James crossed a level plateau until he came to an escarpment where the ground fell steeply downward and the columned vista of the forest was shot with slanting sunshine. At the edge of the plateau he halted; and sniffed the meadow-sweet air.

Below him was a clearing in which stood the bark-roofed, log huts of an Indian village. Friendly Senecas had told him about this place which they called Big Tree. Beyond the village the land sloped more gently, then leveled out in a plain of tall waving grass. So rich was the soil that the wild grasses grew eight feet high; a man on foot would be quite hidden by them, and only the head and shoulders of a horseman would appear. By a belt of trees meandering through the plain in sweeping curves and abrupt bends he marked the course of a river—the Genesee.

James, whose sensitive nature always responded ardently to beauty, must have stood for a long time staring at the radiant valley; loving it at first sight, even as his great-grandson would love it in an unimaginable future. Then he turned to his men and said, "We will build our cabin here."

Within a hundred yards of the spot he chose, the great forty-room mansion that the Wadsworth call "The Homestead" stands today.

This time it was Bill who was late, and at dawn next day James went anxiously looking for him. He found his brother bogged down in a swamp a mile or two east of Big Tree. The cattle were tethered to saplings, Jenny was asleep in the oxcart, and Bill had rolled up in a blanket on a hummock of dry land.

They broke camp quickly and moved on to the hill above Big Tree. The hired man had already felled a tree or two. Soon all

the axes were ringing loudly, and the great trees trembled and crashed down. The noise they made brought Lemuel Jennings climbing up the hill, eager for the sound if English speech. He told them that he was the only white man this side of Little Beardstown on Squawkie Hill where John and Horatio Jones had just built a cabin.

With everybody working hard the Wadsworths' cabin was run up in about two days. Then James rode Bill's horse to Canandaigua to arrange for forwarding their supplies. On the way back as dusk closed in, he got lost in that same little swamp. As the old chronicle says, "he thought himself benighted," and tying his horse, prepared to sleep, hungry, beneath the trees. When it grew darker, he noticed a faint light flickering through the woods and pushed on to the clearing where he found the indefatigable Bill splitting planks for the cabin's door, while Jenny held a lantern to light his labors.

The Wadsworth brothers got an enormous amount of work done that summer. They claimed the land from their cabin down to the river. Fields were planted in corn and wheat which grew fast in the black soil that consisted of vegetable mold over a deep stratum of fine loam. The cattle fattened wonderfully on the tall grass. In fact, the brothers were so delighted that, in August, they paid the Phelps and Gorham Company $2,000 for another four thousand acres, part of which was on the outlet of Lake Conesus where they had camped the night before reaching Big Tree. There they planned to build a gristmill.

However, the valley was no Acadia but a primitive, dangerous place to live. There were wolf packs in the forest. An occasional panther crouched watchfully on a branch overhanging the trail, and irritable bears attacked lonely travelers and sometimes killed them. There was a tremendous population of deer, foxes and lesser game. However wolves, panthers, and bears were no more than minor irritations compared to the deadly life along the river. Thousands of rattlesnakes nested in the tall grass. In the first warm days of spring they would come out to sun themselves on its banks, lying entwined in slimy coils with their small vicious heads sticking out. One snake-hunting party killed 300 in a single day.

Most dangerous of all were the mosquitoes that bred in mil-

lions in the stagnant pools. When the Wadsworths and their hired hands worked in the bottom lands each man would be half-hidden by his own individual cloud of insects. They were the bearers of a form of malaria known as "Genesee Fever." Late that first summer, first James and then Bill came down with it. When Bill was stricken the axmen panicked and took out for their homes in Connecticut, leaving Jenny alone with her desperately ill masters. For several weeks they lay on piles of boughs in the reeking cabin, alternately burning with fever and shaking with ague, while Jenny nursed them and provided food. There is no record of how they were finally cured, whether by the strength of their own magnificent vitality, or by such Indian remedies as "the inspissated juices of herbs." Whatever the cure, James and Bill always affirmed that without Jenny they would have perished.

That first winter the brothers must have been almost as lonely as Admiral Byrd in his vigil in Antartica. The first frost came in October and by late November the woods were deep in snow. Somehow they managed to keep the cattle alive among the grasses on the flats, and themselves nourished by such detested food as grouse and wild ducks, which rafted solidly in the river until it froze, raccoon and roasted squirrel. Their greatest delicacy was the bread Jenny made from the corn and wheat of the summer's crop, which they ground in a hollowed-out tree stump with a smooth stone for a pestle.

However rough the winter, spring found them in fine shape. Most of the cattle had pulled through, as well as Bill's horse which in the coldest months had shared their cabin. In April James rode down to Canadaigua where he was luckily able to hire another crew of good men.

With their help a lot more land was cleared that summer of 1791. The brothers could not work it all, but they were able to rent it to new settlers, who were trickling in, for a certain percentage of their crops. That was the beginning of the Wadsworth system of leasing their lands.

The narrow Genesee River marked the limit of settlement. All the land westward to the Niagara River was held by the Senecas who were the last of the Six Nations which had formed the great Iroquois Confederacy. Though they had been severely

chastised by Sullivan's army, they were still a strong, fierce people who loved the land and had good reason to hate the settlers. For one thing the pioneers were pretty casual about killing Indians. In a letter to the Governor of Pennsylvania about two minor chiefs who were murdered near the New York border in the summer of 1790, the great Seneca chief, Red Jacket, said that he hoped the murderers would be taken and that he might see them executed. "You must not think hard that we speak rash," he added plaintively. "The words come from a wounded heart as you have stuck the hatchet in our head and we cannot be reconciled until you come to pull it out. We are sorry to tell you that you have killed eleven of us since the peace, and we never said anything until the other day in liquor."

In the summer of 1790 the Indians were becoming morose and warlike as they saw the settlers pouring in. The British across the Niagara River took an equally jaundiced view of Americans populating land they still claimed for Canada; so they did their best to stir up the Senecas. George Hosmer says, "The Indians had become rude and saucy to the white settlers, and would impudently enter their houses, take the prepared food from their tables and commit other offenses."

It is doubtful if they so treated the Wadsworths—one can imagine what Bill would have done to them. However, the terrible massacres by Mohawks and Senecas in the Wyoming and Cherry valleys only thirteen years before were still fresh in peoples' minds. They remembered the scalping and raping, babies heads swung and smashed on cabin walls, and many a man who had survived still wore a silver plate where his scalp had been. The settlers were afraid. Especially, they were afraid to cross the Genesee River.

That autumn James Wadsworth decided to see for himself just how dangerous the situation was. He borrowed Bill's horse and rode alone through the narrow trails and the wild hills of the Niagara escarpment across all the Indian country. It seemed like a reckless thing to do; but James believed that rumor had exaggerated the danger. A letter he wrote when he got home indicates that he was right:

> You will not suppose that we are under much fears from the Indians when I tell you that I started from the Genesee River without company and reached Niagara in two days without difficulty. But, Sir, it was a most solitary ride.

In Niagara James had an excellent dinner with notorious Colonel John Butler, who had led his Indian allies to their savage massacres. Wadsworth fairly smacks his lips over such delicacies as "a plate of malacatoon peaches as good as I ever ate."

Actually, the Senecas had never given up hope of regaining their lost lands, and they looked westward for help from the powerful tribes of Ohio who in 1790 had defeated an army of 2,000 Americans under General Arthur St. Clair. As long as the Senecas had hope they were a real danger to the settlers in the Genesee Valley, and that danger became increasingly acute until 1794, when General Anthony Wayne smashed the Ohio tribes at the battle of Fallen Timbers. From that moment the Senecas began to disintegrate spiritually and physically. Within five years they had so far lost heart that they were no more dangerous than those forlorn pretenders to forgotten thrones who though they may still dream, yet know that they are only dreaming.

The Wadsworths were dreaming too, but in their case reality quickly outran their most sanguine expectations.

By 1792 the country east of the Genesee River was filling up fast. In the New York State gubernatorial election of that year fifty votes were cast in that district; and within four or five years eight hundred families moved in. Land sold for two dollars an acre or more. The Wadsworths could have turned a pretty profit had they wanted to. Instead they bought more land.

Other people were making a rapid turnover. Late in 1790 Phelps and Gorham had sold the remainder of their great holdings—300,000 acres—to Robert Morris for $75,000. Morris, who was riding on a wave of speculation, sold out the following year to an English syndicate headed by Sir William Pulteney for a net profit of $120,000.

Had Morris quit while he was ahead, he might have escaped the bankruptcy to which his speculations finally brought him. Instead, he plunged in again, buying the "redemption rights" to over 3,500,000 acres west of the river. Redemption rights meant that he bought the right to buy the land from the Indians, if he could. Morris promptly made James Wadsworth his agent for the sale of these lands.

Even this early James had acquired a reputation for integrity and the skillfull manipulation of frontier real estate. His salesmanship was effective because of his enormous enthusiasm for his beloved valley. Morris wrote to his English associates that Wadsworth was "in raptures" with the Genesee country.

In 1792 Pulteney's syndicate sent in Charles Williamson, a Scottish gentleman, as their agent; and things began to hum. The Wadsworths clearly considered Williamson a rather unstable fellow. He dashed around that wilderness land on blooded horses, wearing the finely cut clothes, lace neckcloths and soft leather boots of a British gentleman, which he was; and ballyhooed the sale of land like a Madison Avenue advertising man, which he should have been.

Spending his syndicate's money with the abandon of a minor government official with an unlimited expense account, he fairly forced civilization on the wilderness—James Wadsworth called it "Williamson's hot bed method," and waited patiently for it to fail. But it was spectacular while it lasted.

That first summer of 1792, Williamson drove a wagon road 170 miles across the Alleghenies to connect with the route to Philadelphia. Within three years, he had founded three incipient cities in the wilderness—Williamsburg, three miles south of Big Tree, which later became a ghost town; Bath and Geneva. The luxury-loving captain saw to it that Williamsburg had an inn equal to the best in Europe. In Geneva he built a really magnificent hotel, which opened with a splendid ball at which ladies in hoops and patches and powdered hair danced with gentlemen in knee breeches and ruffles; and at Bath he built a beautiful little theatre where the super-sophisticated comedies of Molière were presented by a troop of professional actors.

In the fall of 1793, only three years after the Wadsworths broke a trail through the forest, Williamson staged a tremen-

dous fair and race meetings at Williamsburg to which people came from almost all the states in the Union. The racecourse was built on the flats, and there in one of this country's historic horse races Silk Stockings, an unknown from Jersey, beat the great mare Virginia Nell, to the considerable impoverishment of the southern aristocrats present, who had to sell some of their jewelry and clothes to pay off.

Though the Wadsworths thought Williamson's methods unsound, they helped to finance the fair, and had a roaring good time at it, especially Bill. However, it was a strange, almost dreamlike sight to them to see glittering coaches-and-four complete with liveried coachmen and footmen lumbering up the newly built wilderness road, and to hear the dandies from New York ordering brandy flips in the taproom at Williamsburg in their languid English accents. Even more exotic seemed the slaves that the southern planters brought along to wait on them. This scene of luxurious bustle was taking place only three miles from the one-room log cabin in which the brothers still lived, and within howling distance of the wolf packs in the primeval forest. What the Indians thought of it all they unfortunately never said.

The fair was one of Williamson's promotional stunts that paid off. The southern aristocrats like the Carrolls, Fitzhughs and Rochesters were so enthusiastic about the Genesee country that they purchased large tracts of land both south and north of the Wadsworths' holdings at Big Tree. Later they built mansions and proposed to establish estates in the grand manner of the southern planters. Williamson delightedly wrote, "The various settlements have begun to assume an air of respectability never before instanced in so new a country."

However, many of Willamson's plans went badly awry. When he imported indentured laborers from Germany to work the land, these supposedly docile fellows started a minor revolution at Williamsburg in which the gallant captain nearly got skewered on a pitchfork; and he was only too delighted when "the peasants" took off for Canada. Nor did the plantations of the Southerners work out according to plan. This was a country where only free men prospered. James H. Smith flatly states in his *History of Livingston County:* "The settlement made by

the Wadsworths was the only one which continued to exert a permanent influence on the development of the country."

Meanwhile James Wadsworth was just as active as Williamson in his slower, surer way. By handbills and placards, and advertisements in the big city newspapers he sought to induce genuine settlers to come to the valley, offering them reasonable terms and extensive credits. Most effective of all were his personal appearances before meetings of prospective customers. For a few years he lived the life of a traveling salesman, moving rapidly through Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York City and Philadelphia, holding meetings wherever he went, and infecting his audiences by his persuasive logic and his genuine enthusiasm for the Genesee country.

James also conceived the idea of offering forest lands in exchange for going farms in Connecticut and other settled areas. This was an immensely effective device because it enabled ambitious farmers to accept his offers while their ardor was still hot without waiting to dispose of their properties. James assumed the risk of finding a purchaser for their farms, but there is no record of his having lost any money on these deals.

In 1795 James began thinking of extending his area of operations beyond the sea. Robert Morris was going broke rapidly, and was desperate to dispose of his enormous holdings, with the exception of 100,000 acres at Mount Morris near the southern end of the Genesee Valley, which he reserved for his son, Thomas Morris. Other gentlemen who had land for sale urged James to represent them. Young Wadsworth wrote from New York to Jeremiah:

> Honored Sir:
>
> I am extremely happy to learn that you think a little more favorably of my going to England. I was so affected at Philadelphia with the situation of Mr. Morris and others that I more than once determined to go back to the Genesee River and there to stay. For that reason I did not urge my going to England. . . .
>
> I will now confess that I have it very much at heart and that I contemplate extensive sales more than I expect to acquire a fortune by it. I am, however, of the opinion that my business will

prosper, and if I conduct it with good judgment there, there is a strong probability of my making a handsome profit.

I do expect also some improvement and much satisfaction by surveying the old world. I think one would be able to judge with more accuracy of the further progress of business.

Remembering that this is the letter of a young man to his rich relative and sponsor, it is possible to read between the sedate lines the fact that James is fairly busting to go to Europe.

However, he had not lost any of his acumen. He writes a little later that he has "conversed with Mr. Swan on the subject of the Connecticut lands notwithstanding that I consider him capable of anything except acting honorably"; and he has talked "Capt. Simmons and Johnson" (whoever they were) into giving him the agency for another 120,000 acres of land in Tioga County. "They pay my passage both ways and allow me 300 guineas." Considering the fact that he was going anyway, this was not a bad deal.

He adds:

> Since it has been known that I am going to England, I have had offers of many letters and invitations, which I am sure are in consequence of the considerable respect paid your name in this place. These are among the many advantages I have derived from your patronage, and I hope in future life I am able to find myself not altogether undeserving of it.

In May, 1796, James sailed into the harbor of Plymouth. Though his first letters from abroad maintain their sober tone, one can feel a young man's excitement seething under the businesslike phrases. From the top of the mail coach galloping over the wonderfully smooth road to London, James looked with sheer delight at the lovely vistas of an English spring. How very green and lush were the small ordered fields, crowded, by his standards, with sleek cattle; how neat the hedges, and how delicate the mist of hawthorn by the roadside. Later, at the great country houses, to which his introductions gave him entree, he noted the stately ancient oaks in their parks and in the coppices among the fields. Thereupon he resolved that on his lands in

the Genesee, he would preserve such groves to lend their dignity and beauty to his valley.

His letters home describe the rapidly worsening state of affairs in Europe due to the Napoleonic wars:

To Jeremiah Wadsworth
Dear Sir:

An event that will be memorable in the Commercial World happened here yesterday. The Bank of England by an order from the Privy Council stopped paying specie. The reason given . . . the unusual demand for guineas. . . . The real cause was the general gloom which overpowers the Nation . . . [and] shows apprehension of a run on the Bank. [When the news was made public] . . . the utmost alarm and anxiety was upon every countenance.

As I told you this summer, I have the highest opinion of the sound monies of this country, but I am very apprehensive of the consequences of this late measure. Distrust has gone forth, and it would be difficult to restore confidence.

In this state of affairs Wadsworth had very small chance of disposing of wilderness lands. As he says: "I shall now be more at leisure as a stop is put to all negotiations for American lands for the present."

James put his leisure to good use by taking a tour of the interior of England "to examine the state of agriculture and view the manufacturing towns." In the Midlands he saw green fields turned black by the soot of smoke-bannered chimneys, and the dismal, dirty, rickety tenement towns crowding up to the bleak, brick factories where men and women and small children worked a fourteen-hour day. The effect of these mournful slums upon him was evidenced by his determination throughout the remainder of his life to hold his valley free of any sort of manufacturing beyond the capacity of a water wheel and his tremendous concern for educating all the people of his state and country.

In fact, the result of this trip, as well as his disappointment with English methods of finance and business, was that he became violently anti-British. So strong was this feeling that it

brought about a tragedy in his own family, and influenced the attitude of the Geneseeans for half a century.

Seeing that no business could be done in the panicky state of England, James went to the Netherlands, where he had more luck with the Holland Company. Indeed, he extricated himself and his cousin Jeremiah rather neatly from what might have been a financially dangerous situation. The Holland Company had already conditionally agreed to buy Robert Morris' 3,000,000 acres west of the Genesee; the condition being that he clear the title with the Indians. James writes Jeremiah:

> My reception was altogether satisfactory [though] the situation on the Indian Nation prevented a positive arrangement, I have a strong assurance of as handsome a share in the agency as they [The Holland Company] could consistently give. [Including] some of the Geneseo land at a price of two dollars an acre.
>
> . . . Part of your land can be included in the contract if you wish. You will think from this that my sentiments regarding Geneseo land have changed. They are. . . . I have recovered from the delusion, under the influence of which most people engage in land business. It is with no small satisfaction that I say to you that when I have completed such sales of land . . . that our ability to meet our payments is now reduced to a certainty. We shall make a saving of something handsome, I hope.

If James Wadsworth had learned nothing more from his European tour than the folly of speculating in real estate, his trip would have been well worth while. He spent over two years abroad. He never stayed away from his valley so long again.

At home Brother Bill was working hard to improve the Wadsworths' ever-expanding acreage. The Home Farm which he personally managed consisted in 1796 of about 2,000 cleared acres. There is no record of how much other land the brothers had at that time, but by 1800 James held 34,500 acres, most of it in leased farms.

In order to get settlers in and their land under cultivation, the Wadsworths were willing to make very generous terms. In return for the tenant's promise to clear and fence the land, and

build a house and barn of certain minimum specifications, he was given free use of it for from two to seven years, after which a rental of from twenty to thirty bushels of wheat per 100 acres was to be delivered at one of the Wadsworths' gristmills not over ten miles from the farm. In some leases the Wadsworths even contracted to help build house and barn.

The Home Farm set the agricultural pattern and spearheaded progress for the whole new township of Geneseo, of which Bill Wadsworth became one of the first assessors. He also raised a company of militia and became its captain. Despite the fact that he and his brother were now by any standard rich men, they were still living in their first log cabin when, in 1795, the Duke de la Rochefoucauld came riding up the road from Canawaugus with his entourage of a young Englishman, three servants and a poodle named Cartouche. The duke, who had letters of introduction to those great American Landlords, Messrs. James and William Wadsworth, was somewhat taken aback by their manorial dwelling. He described it in his memoirs as being "a small log house as dirty as any I have ever seen." It was cluttered up with stores of all kinds—meat, vegetables and live chickens! The duke says, "It stank so I could hardly bear it."

Bill Wadsworth hospitably invited him to spend the night. It must have been a shambles. Cartouche killed one of Jenny's chickens, and she told that "eminent nobleman" just what she thought of him and his dog. However the dinner she cooked was surprisingly good.

The duke was up early the next morning—he probably had not slept a wink. He describes sitting outside the cabin in the sunshine with Captain Wadsworth, who was going to a muster of the militia, while Jenny dressed the captain's hair. An Indian came in and bought a barrel of whiskey, and two settlers arrived from Williamsburg to negotiate for some land.

Then it was time for Bill to go. A "splendid horse" was brought up. Wadsworth shook hands with his guest and extended an invitation to "stay for a week," which was hastily declined.

Then Captain Bill mounted his black charger. At that moment, we see him through de la Rochefoucauld's eyes as he sits on his horse with accustomed ease. He is six feet tall, and his

rangy body in the blue and buff uniform is as hard as hickory. Under his cocked hat, his wild brown hair for once is combed and clubbed with a neat black ribbon, and his hawk-nosed face and splendid deep-set eyes are softened in friendly farewell to his guest. Then he wheels his horse and gallops off through the long corridor of oak trees.

In 1797 the country east of the Genesee River was assuming a well-settled aspect. Log cabins were being replaced by frame and stone habitations. Even rough and ready Bill Wadsworth began to feel that the log cabin was inadequate. In the spring of 1797 he began to build a foursquare, cobblestone house close by it for his brother and himself. Perhaps he intended a surprise for James. Certainly, after the elegancies of London and Amsterdam James would have found the cabin pretty noisome. The new house was almost finished by August of that year.

Other permanent dwellings were going up all over the valley. However all this building, all the plowing and planting, the growing herds, the whole burgeoning civilization still stopped abruptly at the brink of the Genesee River. Beyond it stood the empty wilderness broken only by a few Indian villages with their patches of corn and straggling peach orchards. Even at its peak, when they proudly held "the western door of the Long House," the Seneca population had been surprisingly small. In fact the whole Iroquois confederation when it extended from Lake Erie to the Hudson numbered perhaps 10,000 persons, which works out to about one Indian to six square miles of land. Reduced by war, white men's diseases and whiskey, there were now far fewer. The western lands were a vacuum into which the rising tide of immigration was bound to burst.

In the summer of 1797 the Senecas were induced to accept an invitation to a powwow to consider selling their lands. The Holland Company was anxious to complete their purchase, and Robert Morris, writhing in the final throes of the financial crisis which put him in a debtors' prison two years later, was frantic to clear the title to his lands and get the Dutchmen's money.

A meadow between the Wadsworths' cabin at Big Tree and the gigantic oak by the river which gave the place its name was the site of the conference. There an open pavilion of log poles

roofed with branches was set up. There was a dais for the commissioners and rows of backless benches for the warriors. Bill Wadsworth lent his nearly finished cobblestone house to the commissioners and the representatives of the Holland Company.

The white men present included William Wadsworth—James was still in Europe; Thomas Morris, representing his father; Captain Williamson; three Hollanders; General William Shepard, representing Massachusetts; Captain Chapin, superintendent of Indian Affairs; and James Rees who acted as secretary. The commissioner representing the United States of America to see that the Indians got a square deal was Jeremiah Wadsworth. The aging man, who had played so great a part in the destiny of the valley, thus came to it for the second and last time. Since he had so many ties with the land he seems an odd choice as guardian of the Indians' rights, but the records show that far from subverting his wards, he discharged his duty to them with complete integrity and proper vigilance.

The Seneca Nation came en masse to this last occasion on which they were treated as a sovereign people by the white men. In addition there was a ragtag remnant of Oneidas, Onondagas, Mohawks and Tuscaroras who came to enjoy free food and firewater. Three thousand Indians were camped on the flats beyond the river in all the wild confusion of babies, dogs, squaws and tumultuous braves. They were having a splendid time at the expense of Mr. Morris who was determined to keep them happy so a treaty would go through. They consumed vast quantities of cattle and sheep and 1,500 flour rations a day. So ravenous were some of the braves that when the first beeves were slaughtered, they grabbed the raw meat and devoured it still dripping blood. In addition to all that food philanthropic Mr. Morris distributed twenty-five gallons of whiskey every day to his Indian guests.

Despite all this Robert Morris was highly unpopular with most of the Senecas, who referred to him as "the big eater with the big belly who would devour our lands."

On August 28, 1797, the council was opened as Thomas Morris himself ceremoniously lighted the council fire. Cornplanter, wisest of the sachems, spoke words of courtly greeting. Then Jeremiah Wadsworth presented his credentials as com-

missioner, and told the Senecas of their rights and of the interest of the Government of the United States in seeing to it that justice was done to them—any treaty must be signed by their own free will. Finally he urged them to come to him with all their problems.

Despite the savage hubbub of the tepee villages and the antics of the irresponsible braves, the Senecas were represented in the council with the dignity and moving oratory that befitted a great though dying nation. All their famous chiefs were there; bellicose Red Jacket wearing a British officer's scarlet tunic from which he took his name; Cornplanter, who was partly white, philosophically represented the views of the more liberal element. There was Tall Chief, who had smoked the peace pipe with President Washington in the nation's capital city of New York; the Young King; Little Beard, for whom the Indian town on Squawkie Hill was named; and Farmer's Brother. Finally, but far from least, was little Mary Jemison, famous as the White Woman of the Genesee. She had been captured at the age of fifteen during an Indian raid on her home in Pennsylvania many years before, and had married a young warrior named Sheninjee. When he died Mary, who was a tiny blonde, married a "famous and ferocious Seneca chief" named Hiakatoo who was over six feet tall. Though he was sixty years old, Mary observed in her memoirs, "He was not altogether divorced from his powers," which seems to be verified by the fact that she bore him six children. She was his faithful wife for forty years until, well beyond his hundredth year, he died.

Though Mary was always loyal to her adopted people, she steadfastly kept her English speech and taught it to her children. For this reason she was particularly influential in the making of the Big Tree Treaty, where she acted as interpreter both as to the language and the intentions of Indians and whites in the council and also in the private meetings between the white men and the sachems, who trusted her implicitly.

The council at Big Tree dragged out for a whole month, and cost Mr. Morris $15,000 in food and liquor. Red Jacket, leader of the anti-American Indians, made oration after magnificent oration telling of the Senecas' pride in their beautiful land. "It raises us in our own estimation," he said. "It creates in our

bosoms a proud feeling which elevates us as a nation. . . . If we are courted . . . it is because the Senecas are known as the proprietors of a broad domain."

Some of the other chiefs were more willing to listen to the cajoleries of Thomas Morris, who offered $100,000 for the lands, and proposed that the money be placed in trust with the United States Government to yield the Seneca nation $6,000 a year. This offer took considerable explaining. The only way Thomas Morris could make the sachems comprehend how great was the sum was by telling them that if it were in silver, thirty wagons would be needed to transport it. It was even more difficult to get across the idea that if you planted money it would grow.

At one point all seemed lost. Red Jacket triumphantly covered the council fire and announced that the conference was ended. The pavilion shivered to the stamping and screeching of the riotous warriors, and the Dutchmen shivered in expectation of being scalped.

The next day Morris managed to reopen the proceedings by pointing out to Farmer's Brother that by tribal custom only he who lighted the council fire had the right to cover it. The legalistic Indians admitted that this was true. But for a long time nothing was accomplished.

Finally Morris had the brilliant idea of distributing to the squaws the gifts he had brought in case a treaty was signed. In calico, and silk prints, with bracelets and ropes of beads and absurdly glamorous hats, the happy squaws paraded around showing themselves off. In the councils of the Seneca Nation women had a far more important place than the squaws of the western tribes. These ladies now felt that Thomas Morris was a very kindly gentleman, and they brought their warrior husbands and brothers to a more reasonable frame of mind. So the main outlines of a treaty were agreed upon.

However, most of the chiefs demanded small reservations where they had planted fields or orchards. Their claims were settled by allotting them small square sections of land. All, that is, but Mary Jemison. She went for the commissioners like four feet nine inches of blond spitfire demanding that the lines of her property be run according to certain creeks and other land-

marks that she named. Thomas Morris was frightened lest the whole treaty fall through. Wearily he said, "Give her what she wants. What matters fifty or a hundred acres?"

So at last the Big Tree Treaty was signed and sealed. The last great encampment of the Seneca Nation broke up, and they drifted off to the reservation allotted them in the northwestern part of their territory. They had not, in fact, been cheated, for their lands were worth no more than was paid unless they were settled and developed.

Least of all had Mary Jemison been cheated. When the surveyors ran their lines along the courses she had specified and to which Thomas Morris and the gentleman from Holland had agreed, they discovered to their horror that little Mary owned 17,297 acres of the finest land in the Valley.

CHAPTER IV

General Bill

THE pioneer settlements of the East attained stability far more quickly than those of the western frontier. There were no roaring barrooms, no gunplay, nor any need for vigilantes. Perhaps this was due to the sober, religious character of the settlers, perhaps to the fact that there was no gold to fight about. Whichever, by 1800, ten years after the Wadsworths furrowed the first field at Big Tree, life in Geneseo had assumed an aspect not far different from the pattern it holds today. Farming, then as now, was its main concern, though the emphasis on what crops were most profitable has shifted with the changing times. The Genesee Valley became known as the breadbasket of the East. Yields were as high as forty bushels of wheat an acre; and "Genesee" stamped on a sack of flour was the guaranty of highest quality. The next most popular crop was Indian corn which provided food for the farmers, fodder for their beasts and whiskey for everybody.

Alert to the need for diversification, the Wadsworths introduced the growing of hemp on the flats and achieved the astounding yield of half a ton per acre. They also inaugurated the culture of flax and tobacco. William went down to call on Chancellor Livingston at Clermont on the Hudson, and brought back some well-bred Merino sheep. By 1809 there were over 1,200 sheep and 700 lambs grazing on the Wadsworths' flats by the river.

A principal difficulty of the Genesee country was getting its produce to market. There were three main ways to ship it. The first was by wagon to the Seneca River and thence down the Mohawk and Hudson rivers to New York. Another was by Lake Ontario to Montreal and down the St. Lawrence. The

third could only be used in spring, when big flatboats with shedlike roofs, called arks, which could carry 1,200 bushels of wheat, rode the high spring floods down the Cohocton and Susquehanna rivers to Havre de Grace, Maryland.

Beef cattle were driven to market in the great eastern cities over the wagon roads. In 1800 the Genesee cattle were a poor lot. They are described as "small, short-bodied, thin and coarse-haired, steep-rumped, slab-sided and have little aptitude to fatten. . . ." What such beasts looked like after walking all the way to New York is a solemn thought.

There was no transportation problem in one important product of the Genesee country. Virtually all the whiskey they made was drunk right in the Valley.

Naturally all this growing of wheat rapidly deteriorated the soil. The Wadsworths set the pace for maintaining its excellence by constantly experimenting with fertilizers on the Home Farm. On their tenant farms the leases made detailed provision for the care and improvement of the land. Rotation of crops and manuring were explicitly provided for; and in what were called "the dung clauses," it was stipulated that the tenant "shall not carry away, or sell, or dispose of, or remove off the premises, any of the manure or dung that is now on same or that shall be made or arise of or from the same . . . [instead] he must expend the same yearly on the premises."

In another important clause of all Wadsworth leases from those early times right up to the present, the tenants agreed to pay all taxes and assessments on the land. This was the unique feature of the leases which they instituted. It was extremely sensible; for it gave the tenants a stake in keeping taxes down, and a vital interest in town and county government, and it also discouraged drifters.

Very early the citizens of Geneseo gave thought to the care of their souls. In 1800 the Wadsworths set aside land for a Presbyterian church, and contributed most of the money to build it. Then came the matter of securing a suitable pastor. How this problem was solved to the spiritual, material, and romantic benefit of the Geneseeans is told in a letter from James to Jeremiah dated July 23, 1800:

I send this letter by private conveyance to Litchfield which may or may not reach you. The inhabitants of this town have been engaged for some time past in securing a minister. A Mr. Murdock . . . from Sandgate came here well recommended. His character appears agreeably distant from the fanatics' zeal of the Methodists and the libertinism of some of our Episcopalians. We have requested him, without a dissenting voice, to come here among us and to minister in holy things. We pay him $300 a year in produce. His salary is to increase with the increasing population of the town. He has a large family and was literally starved out at Sandgate. He has agreed to bring with him a number of good families.

There is another part of this business in which we see not a little interest. Mr. Murdock married the sister of Gen. Worth's lady. He has five daughters, as reports say, the most beautiful girls in Vermont. Two or three of them are now marriageable and more of them will be very soon. We are all on tiptoe. He moves into the farm in September. Expectations are very high for that month.

Later the Wadsworth brothers forgot their dislike of the "libertinism of the Episcopalians." According to well-founded traditions their change of heart was brought about by a very embarrassing incident. On a certain Saturday night, Bill and James got into a poker game at the local inn which lasted well into the morning hours. They arrived at the Presbyterian Church on Sunday morning in a somewhat shaken condition. Their pastor—whether Mr. Murdock or another, history does not state—greeted them with a suspicious sniff, followed by a snort.

From his pulpit the Reverend fixed an accusing eye upon the brothers, who were more in need of human kindness than censure, and in ringing tones exhorted the congregation to pray for those who drank. "More especially," continued this Luther in broadcloth, "let us pray for mercy for those misguided souls, who drink and play cards; and for the greater sins of those who drink and play cards into the morning of the Sabbath. In particular let us pray God for mercy upon the souls of William and James Wadsworth."

One can only imagine the brothers reacting according to their natures under the amused stares of the congregation—William

turkey-red, fierce brows bristling, blue eyes flashing; James pale with smoldering rage. What is definite is that James went straight to his land office to study the map of his holdings and select a choice plot for an Episcopal church. The Wadsworths have belonged to that church ever since.

Though William was regarded as the fighter and James the scholar, the latter was as valiant as his tougher brother, and as touchy on a point of honor. His courage was proved by that lonely ride through the forest of the Senecas; his temper by the fact that in 1801 he fought two duels with the Kane brothers, whose sister was Mrs. Thomas Morris. The cause of them is not recorded or remembered; but it is possible that Morris' tangled financial affairs may have led his kinsmen to impute a lack of integrity in the way James handled his agency of the Morris lands. That would be the surest way to inflame James Wadsworth, for his integrity was his dearest possession, nor was it ever questioned before or after that. At any rate he fought them both according to the code of honor that then prevailed. In his duel with Oliver Kane his second was John Church, Alexander Hamilton's brother-in-law. Both fights were apparently bloodless.

Nor, for all his scholarship and sense of responsibility, was James a somber character. That picture he gives of himself standing "on tiptoe" awaiting the arrival of the Reverend Murdock's ravishing daughters indicates a lively sense of humor even about himself. It also foreshadows an event which presently took place.

For some years the younger Wadsworth had been looking for a wife. His desire to marry was not as frivolous as his letters to Jeremiah suggests. He felt a deep need for a home, such as he had never known since his parents died when he was in his teens. Then, too, though he was anti-British, he had absorbed certain of their ideals. Though he hated the seamy urban side of English life, he had been moved by the beauty of their great country houses, and admired the ordered abundance of life in them. He especially approved of the traditional concern of the squire and his lady for their tenants. He wanted to emulate this admirable aspect of English life in his own country. And what use was all

the labor and planning and the anxieties of his thirty-five thousand acres if there were no one of his name to carry on? He knew that he could more profitably invest his capital at 7 per cent and live at ease if it were all to end with him.

But James had been a bachelor so long, and he had seen so much of the great world, that he was extremely particular. In 1804 he found a lady to whom he could as he wrote to Jeremiah, "make my bow"; but he had to go back to Connecticut to find her—apparently the Reverend Murdock's daughters were not quite ravishing enough. Certainly his lady was a beauty, as most Wadsworth brides have been ever since.

She was Naomi Wolcott, whose father was Samuel Wolcott of East Windsor, Connecticut. Her cousin, Oliver Wolcott, had been Secretary of the Treasury in Washington's last cabinet. Naomi was twenty-seven and James was thirty-six when they were married on October 1, 1804.

James had no intention of bringing his bride home to the sturdy cobblestone house that stood on the edge of the plateau like a fortress—it even had loopholes in the gables. Instead he gave it to Bill, and built a mansion for his lady. "The Homestead," as it has been called ever since, was not the rambling Victorian house that various additions later made it. In its inception it was a spacious but simple white wooden house with the severe lines and fluted columns of the Greek revival or Federalist style. A central hall ran through it off which the traditional four rooms opened—two parlors, a library and dining room. The classic entrance faced to the east, but the house was oriented toward the west; and from its terrace—now a wide veranda—James could look across the Valley and oversee his fields in all their varied shades of green, from the pale grass of the pastures where his cattle grazed through the deeper tones of flax and hemp and tobacco, or the silvery gold of wheat.

It was an idyllic setting in which to raise a family; but there were to be one more series of alarm and excursions before serenity finally settled on that house. This was the War of 1812, when America growing weary of the cavalier way England exercised her control of the seas—the impressment of American seamen; the harassing of American shipping; the pretended blockades of European ports and, above all, the obnoxious Or-

ders in Council, which required American ships bound for Europe to stop at British ports to be searched and pay a tax—decided, rather recklessly, to challenge her motherland once again.

The beginning of the war found strong British forces stationed at Queenstown Heights across the Niagara River only about seventy miles from Geneseo. It was then that William Wadsworth came into his own. All those years of training with the militia paid off. He was made a major general, in charge of transport for the militia. General Bill marched to Lewiston on the American side to reinforce Major General Stephen Van Rensselaer of the York State Militia and Lieutenant Colonel Winfield Scott. The latter commanded about 400 regulars. Wadsworth had given actual command of his men to a regular army officer, Captain John E. Wool. With unprecedented modesty for a general of militia, he considered Wool more able than he.

Long before dawn on October 13, 1812, Van Rensselaer decided to attack Queenstown. Thirteen boatloads of men crossed the river in pitch-darkness under the plunging fire of the British cannon. They contained Colonel Scott and his regulars, and such militia as could be persuaded to go; a total force of about 700 men. At least 1,500 militia men refused to obey orders to cross on the grounds that they were not supposed to fight outside of New York State. But General Bill went as a volunteer. What happened then is vividly described in a letter from John Noyes Wadsworth's son, Wedworth Wadsworth, who was staying with his uncles in Geneseo:

> Geneseo, 16 Friday Oct. 1812
> HONORED FATHER
> *Sad and Disastrous news*
>
> The direful affects of which I hardly know where to begin. Your dear Brother is covered with wounds and a prisoner among the dying and the dead. . . .
>
> This information reached here yesterday, Thursday at 11 O'clock. At 12, Uncle James, Mr. Standley, Miles Clark and another man started for Lewiston on horseback. They will be there this evening. Since Uncle's departure . . . men of integrity have

arrived here who witnessed the bloody time. [They] assert that at 4 O'clock Tuesday morning thirteen of the first boats attempted to cross the River at Lewiston over into Queenstown under Uncle and Col. Van Rensselaer. The enemy discovered that they were crossing and opened their Cannon from the Heights, which are close by, upon them, loaded with Grape Shot, 4 or 5 boats were destroyed. The rest landed and stood their ground until more came over. They then marched for the Heights. Col. Van Rensselaer, aide to Gen'l. Van Rensselaer the noted warrior, received three balls and was taken across the river. In spite of opposition they gained the Heights, though covered with Cannon, dispersed the enemy. The enemy then sent on the Indians who surrounded them except on the river side. Uncle with a few men drove them with the Bayonet and destroyed 5 or 600 of them.

This was the first general attack. They had then a short interval of peace. The English then came on them with their troops and some flying artillery. They were again repulsed with great slaughter on both sides. . . . Uncle expecting a third attack went to the edge of the Heights waved his Sword and beseeched his officers and soldiers to come over, but the view of the battle, which was in plain sight, and boat loads of dead and wounded caused such a panic amongst them that they would not fill the few boats. Desertion took place on both sides of the river. Amongst our men such confusion was never witnessed. . . .

At length, 2 O'clock, the fatal hour arrived. The enemy commenced a deadly fire with their Artillery and Musketry from almost every quarter against a little band of veterans. They maintained the contest a long time until a handful of men remained, they being on the edge of the precipice and not the least prospect of succor or even life for five minutes longer, surrendered, prisoners of war.

All say Uncle is badly wounded and continued fighting with his right arm broke and his sword in his left hand. Some say he fought with a Gun. . . . Report says that 2,000 went over 1500 killed and taken. Loss of the British unknown. They found three times the strength on the other side that they expected and Gen'l Brock to command them. . . .

Affectionately
W. Wadsworth

Poor Wadsworth in his agitation somewhat exaggerated the battle of Queenstown Heights. Only about seven hundred Americans crossed the Niagara River and nearly half of them were killed or wounded. Lieutenant Colonel Scott reported that only 130 regulars, 17 officers and 253 militia surrendered. They were out of ammunition.

But Wadsworth's account was in the main true. Hundreds of men saw General Bill Wadsworth leading charge after charge in his torn and bloody blue uniform with his right arm dangling useless at his side. Thousands could testify to seeing him standing on that last thin sliver of land at the edge of the bluff, pleading in stentorian tones to his men on the safe bank to join him and save the day. When they would not, he shook his bright sword and cursed them so terribly that one awed eyewitness wrote, "His language was said to be the worst in the whole American Army."

From the time of the Battle of Queenstown Heights until the war ended on February 15, 1815, the Genesee country was never free of the fear of invasion. General Bill was soon paroled. He came home to recuperate and fulminate against his enforced inactivity. In December he wrote of the epidemic that the Americans had caught from the British, which was sweeping through Geneseo. The doctors called it "typhoid pneumonia," but it was apparently a virulent form of influenza, from which one out of every three or four sufferers died. The cemeteries of Geneseo were overflowing with its victims.

Though the militia had let him down so badly, General Bill stoutly stood up for them against the storm of public abuse. In a letter to General Van Rensselaer he wrote:

> I do not say where the regulars and militia who were not there . . . were, but it is clear they were not where they ought to have been. . . . I am conscious that on the 13th and that on every other day during the campaign, I endeavored to do my duty. With this I shall rest satisfied, however others may estimate my services. I am aware that the militia have their faults, but they have their merit, too, and it is that merit of which they ought not to be deprived unless it is intended to render them useless in the future.

In fact, the militia who had crossed with Wadsworth fought as bravely as the regulars in that desperate last stand. And later, when the British invaded New York, they again fought well and stopped them far short of the Valley. The Senecas fought alongside the Americans. Even Red Jacket, still wearing that tattered coat of enemy scarlet, led his warriors in the battles and skirmishes along the river and in the woods of the Niagara Escarpment.

In December, 1813, the British took Fort Niagara on the American side and burned Buffalo. Refugees poured back through the deep snow in the forest and the newly planted fields to the Genesee. Orasmus Turner described the scene on the Big Tree Road: "During the latter part of the 30th and forenoon of the 31st the road . . . presented one continuous column of retreating soldiers, men, women and children from Buffalo, families from the settlements . . . and the Indians *en masse* from the Buffalo Reservation. An ox sled would come along bearing wounded soldiers—another with the family of a settler, a few household goods that had been hustled upon it, and two or three wearied females . . . then a litter, borne upon men's shoulders on which reclined a wounded soldier or an infirm citizen, then squads of women and children on foot; then a remnant of some dispersed corps hugging . . . 'as spoils of the vanquished' the arms they had neglected to use; then squads and families of Indians on foot, the squaw with her pappoos [*sic*] on her back, and a bevy of juvenile Senecas in her train; and all this but a stinted program of the scene that was presented."

That was a hard winter for the Geneseeans, who sheltered the refugees. They were sleeping shoulder to shoulder on the floors of the inns and the parlors of the homes. Every smokehouse and barn was occupied and they ate the country bare. When in the spring of 1814 British warships bombarded Charlotte near the mouth of the Genesee River, a tremor of fear ran up its silver wire. Twenty-five hundred men from the Valley rallied on the hills facing Lake Ontario; and their cannon drove the enemy ships away.

So the war ended with the British still holding Fort Niagara, still threatening, but with the Valley untouched, save for its sorrow for so many of its men who had died to keep it inviolate.

General Bill had no further occasion to wear his fine major general's uniform except for musters and parades. And to have his portrait painted. The picture hangs in The Homestead now. It is unusually free from the stiff formality of contemporary portraiture, as though the fiery spirit of the man inspired the artist beyond his knowledge of technique. The dark blue, frogged tunic with its high-rolled collar faced in buff, the gleaming bullion epaulets with their general's stars, and the white cross belt that steadied his scabbard are all impeccably tidy and elegant. But the long-nosed face above a high, white stock looks wild and free. The thinning tousled hair, the firm full chin and, especially, the fierce eyes looking for a foe, are the essence of the man.

Though General Bill had no children, his features were repeated in his brother's descendants. So plainly did they mark the breed that generations later a young lady visitor to the Valley remarked plaintively, "All the Wadsworth men look like angry eagles." Which coincides nicely with the motto of the Wadsworth crest: *Aquila non captat muscas.*

CHAPTER V

Lord of the Valley

THE five children of James and Naomi Wadsworth—Harriet, James Samuel, William Wolcott, Elizabeth and Cornelia—grew up in a land that was as different as possible from the wilderness their father had cleared. In fact, it was almost as different as England from America. For James very nearly succeeded in his ambition to live the life of an English squire. Incidentally, until 1838 James kept all his accounts in pounds, shillings and pence. An English traveler, the Honorable Charles A. Murray, who long afterward married Elizabeth Wadsworth, gives a glimpse of the estate at this time:

"The broad meadows of an alluvial soil, covered with the richest grasses, as watered by the winding Genesee River, are studded with trees beautifully and negligently grouped, among which are scattered large herds of cattle. . . . The meadows here and there are interspersed with fields of Indian-corn and wheat, while the hills that rise on each side are crowned with timber."

But Wadsworth did not just sit back and look at the view and count his money. He felt socially responsible for the Valley that, as Murray put it, "he had created," and so he turned his energies to public service. He never ran for high office, but he developed into a behind-the-scenes power in politics and an expert lobbiest. The object of his lobbying was public education, which became the great purpose of his life.

In 1816, right after the war, James was elected commissioner of common schools and two years later town inspector of schools. Due considerably to his influence, the township of Geneseo, which extended from Conesus Lake to the Genesee River and

from Mount Morris to Canawaugus—by then called Hartford—contained six schools.

But James was discontented with the situation and energetically set out to improve it. With his own money he built an industrial school at the hamlet of Seven Nations, two miles north of Big Tree. In 1827 he completed his most ambitious personal project, an academy on Temple Hill on the east side of the village. It was built of brick and marble with classic Georgian lines. This high school was "sufficiently extensive to teach six hundred pupils particularly in the higher branches of science." To man it Wadsworth imported three young Harvard graduates, friends of his son James, Cornelius C. Felton, Henry R. Cleveland and Seth Sweetser. Felton afterward became president of Harvard University.

At this time Wadsworth proclaimed his faith that "it will be no injury to a mason to become acquainted with the properties of air, nor to a millwright with the properties of fluids, and, I add, to the mighty mass of mind throughout the State to reason correctly. . . .

"The man who is scientifically instructed is a double man, whether he acts in General Scott's regiments in the lines, or in a workshop, or on a farm, or in the cabinet at Washington."

James' final gift to Geneseo was the fine brick library called at first the Athenaeum and now the Wadsworth Library.

However, Wadsworth's political action for education was even more effective. He pushed through the New York Legislature the first bill authorizing the purchase of books for school libraries. At the same time he personally financed the writing and publication of textbooks on education which became standard authorities. In all he spent over $90,000 on public education; and he even talked his old friend, John Jacob Astor, into presenting to New York City the magnificent Astor Library, which is the ancestor of the great New York Public Library.

Meanwhile, James' life at home was all that he had hoped for. The Homestead, ringed by his prospering farms—it was said he could ride all the way from Geneseo to the booming town of Rochester on Lake Ontario twenty-eight miles to the north on his own land—was the very picture of happy family life. Naomi was an intelligent partner, who could hold her own in any con-

versation. Her children were devoted to their parents and each other. How devoted is indicated by a letter little Elizabeth wrote to her younger brother, William Wolcott, at Harvard:

September 9, 1828

Dear Brother:

I am sitting directly in front of your portrait and though I do think the features are too large, yet I still think there is a great resemblance between it and his majesty. I think that hardly a day passes without my giving it a kiss. I assure you that I have made a small place on the forehead quite yellow with my frequent unremitting kisses. . . .

Most spoiled and cherished of all the children was the eldest son, James Samuel Wadsworth. His biographer, H. G. Pearson, says that as a youth James Samuel was "bold and ardent in character, and full of high spirits." Actually Jim was as wild as one of the young eagles that still nested in his father's oak trees. The first noteworthy event of his life was when he was expelled from Harvard. The cause is either forgotten or those who know won't tell. He was a member of the senior class of 1828, but he did not get a degree. It does not appear to have been failure in his studies, for though he definitely did not possess his father's passion for education—there was more of Bill in him than James—he apparently was keeping his handsome head above scholastic water right up to the abrupt conclusion of his academic career. An infraction of discipline is the euphemistic way of describing what happened, which usually meant either alcohol or women. And Jim was certainly no drunkard. . . .

From Harvard he went to read law in Daniel Webster's law office in Washington, which was soon taken over by the coonskin-capped Democrats led by President Andrew Jackson. From Washington Jim Wadsworth went to Yale to continue his study of law and finally with McKean and Denniston in Albany—not that he ever intended to be a lawyer, but simply to fit himself to manage the great affairs to which he would fall heir.

Whether the Harvard faculty liked him or not, his fellow students adored him, and when he came home for holidays he brought a laughing, skylarking crowd back with him. His special

clique called itself the "Five of Clubs." The Homestead rang with gaiety in which Jim's pretty sisters shared. Everybody teased everybody else, and even dignified James was not safe.

Soon, however, gaiety ended at The Homestead for the rest of James' life. Naomi and his daughter Cornelia died within a few months of each other in 1831. Bill, whom James still adored, followed them in 1833. That same year Harriet, James' eldest child, died. Jim came home for good to stay with his father and take an increasing part in running the farms. The quick succession of tragedies seems to have sobered him, for there were no more escapades, though his spirit remained high and valiant until the very moment of his death.

In 1834 Jim fell in love with Mary Craig Wharton, whose father was an affluent Quaker merchant of Philadelphia. Of all the handsome women the Wadsworths married, Mary Craig was, perhaps, the loveliest. Her portrait by Sully shows her classically beautiful head—shining brown hair smoothly parted in the middle, wide-apart hazel eyes, small straight nose and an exquisitely formed mouth. Rising gracefully from the tulle that drapes her shoulders, her neck seems exaggeratedly long and graceful. There is a deep dimple at the base of her throat.

The young couple made the grand tour of Europe in the grandest manner. Jeremiah was long since dead, but for his sake they were welcomed by such old friends as Rochambeau, Lafayette and other great French aristocrats who had been young officers when the allies marched to Yorktown.

In England it was James' own friends who entertained them at the beautiful estates he had admired so much, and in their great town houses during the London season. Like his father, Wadsworth loved the English way of life. He persuaded his new friend, Lord Hertford—pronounced "Hartford" in England—to give him a copy of the plans of Hertford's villa in Regent's Park. As soon as they returned to Geneseo, the young Wadsworth picked out a site just north of the village with an even lovelier view than that of The Homestead, and began to build their home.

"Hartford House" may have been called a villa in England, but it was—and is—a mansion by anyone's reckoning. Its archi-

tecture represents the transition from Georgian to Regency. Originally it was a low, graceful stucco building with a severely simple façade on the east, and wings on either side. The western front was enlivened by double bays, with the terrace overlooking the whole sweep of the Valley, on which the Senator later loved to sit. Inside, there was a whole range of high-ceilinged, formal rooms paneled in beautiful woods, and furnished in the stately manner of the time. The young Wadsworth moved into it in the summer of 1835.

But while his eldest son was starting so happy a marriage, James, twisted and crabbed by tragedy, was playing the heavy Victorian father—somewhat prematurely since Victoria was still in her schoolroom at Kensington Palace. Little Elizabeth, now a grown woman with striking features and dark burning eyes, fell completely and forever in love with that young English traveler Charles Murray. James was outraged and adamant at the thought of his daughter marrying an Englishman. But when Murray returned after a year's absence, James reluctantly consented.

Then in the cruelest, most selfish action of his life, he took back his word and forced his daughter to break her engagement on the ground that he could not bear to have her live so far from him. Even with all the saccharine love stories that sate us, the thought of Elizabeth, who was probably the sweetest and most affectionate of all the Wadsworths, grieving from that brutal blow is heartbreaking.

James lived eight years longer and she faithfully kept his house and cared for him. When he died in 1844, at the age of seventy-six, Murray, also faithful to his only love, wrote asking Elizabeth to marry him. She looked into her mirror and saw the lines that sorrow had etched on her face, her hair streaked with gray, though she was only twenty-eight; and wrote refusing that which she thought had been merely a chivalrous gesture.

However, with the reckless improbability of a Victorian novel, fate relented. Six years later when Elizabeth was traveling in England, her train stopped at some small junction, and Charles Murray unknowingly stepped into her compartment. A few months later they were married and went to live in Cairo, where Charles was British Consul General.

But fate, like James, turned out to be an Indian giver. A year after her marriage Elizabeth died giving birth to a son.

Though the Wadsworths certainly liked to live in an aristocratic manner, they had no truck with the English system of primogeniture, or eldest son take all. Instead they divided their lands among their children, which makes their survival as a landholding family even more remarkable. When James died, his eldest son could have had The Homestead. James S. liked his own Hartford House better, so his younger brother William W. got The Homestead, and that branch of the family still lives there.

The elder James died a very wealthy man, but his son became a great deal richer. Certainly he had a head start even though he inherited less than half of his father's lands. His wife brought him additional capital. That sort of setup can go to pieces rapidly if the owner is extravagant and feckless. Wadsworth was wildly extravagant and extremely generous—during the great Irish potato famine of 1847, he sent a whole shipload of grain to their relief. Irish immigrants were welcomed and helped to establish themselves in the Valley. It was at this time that one Sunday Wadsworth saw a group of people kneeling before a priest in the mud of an open field. He stopped his carriage and asked the priest why he was holding service there. "We are Irish Catholics just come to Geneseo," the priest replied. "We are too poor to build a church."

"Then I'll give you land and help you build one," said Wadsworth.

Fortunately Wadsworth was an excellent manager, and he had luck. During the first years of his ownership wheat went to three dollars a bushel. The land for which James had paid eight cents an acre sold as high as seventy dollars. He still kept only 2,000 acres in the Home Farm. He grew very little wheat, thinking it wiser to keep the land in grass. On it he fattened steers for the market. These "neat cattle," which at first had come from New England, were now shipped in from Ohio and Illinois. He also bred beef cattle, vastly improving the formerly miserable breed by sending in prize bulls to mate with carefully selected heifers.

Wadsworth maintained and improved his father's system of renting the farms. His leases ran only one year, as they do now, but no industrious tenant had to worry about renewal. Indeed three generations of tenants have sometimes occupied the same farm; and these farmers say that it is safer to rent a Wadsworth farm than to own your own.

The rent on wheatlands was six bushels an acre. However, Wadsworth maintained all the farm buildings and helped the tenant make necessary improvements; and if the latter gave up the lease, Wadsworth made a fair allowance for anything the tenant had done on his own. He insisted that the crops be rotated—two years of clover or grass to one of wheat. On the fields in such cover crops, he took a nominal rental of one or two dollars an acre.

In addition, Wadsworth was ahead in every movement to improve the Valley. He was a director and a large subscriber to the companies that brought railroads up the Valley, and to the company that built the Genesee Canal to connect with the Erie at Rochester. He lost heavily on these deals, since neither the railroads nor the canal paid. Nevertheless what he lost on the swings of transportation, he made up on the roundabout of increased land values and lowered shipping costs.

When Elizabeth died in 1851 her infant son, Charles Murray, Jr., inherited her share of the land. However, he was debarred from holding it by the laws of New York because he was a British subject. Wadsworth lobbied a special act through the legislature permitting him to hold the land in trust for the infant until he should come of age and decide whether or not to remain an Englishman.

In 1852 William W. Wadsworth fell on the ice on the stone steps of the Street Farm and cracked his skull, leaving his widow, who had been Emmeline Austin of Boston, and three small children to the care of his brother. Thus Wadsworth had the responsibility for the entire management of all these properties. In addition he had six children of his own to raise; and was up to his neck in the confused maneuvers of national politics. No wonder his English brother-in-law, Captain the Honorable Henry A. Murray, wrote that Wadsworth "is the nearest

thing to perpetual motion I ever saw . . . and he has more irons in the fire than there were bayonets at Sevastopol."

If James, Senior, had almost succeeded in living like a great English aristocrat, his son fully realized that ambition. He owned a handsome town house between Fifth Avenue and Broadway on Sixteenth Street in New York, where he spent most of the winter months. Hartford House was what the British would call his seat, and what he called his home. There he presided like a patriarch, though only forty-five at this time, with his still-beautiful wife and his six children, neatly alternating boys and girls—Charles, Cornelia, Craig Wharton, Nancy Wharton, James Wolcott and Elizabeth.

Nor was he one to wear a rut between Geneseo and New York. He was forever dashing off to Washington, and he went to Europe almost as casually as though it were only fourteen hours by plane instead of nearly fourteen days by the little hybrid steam-sail ships that had not yet metamorphosed from "packets" to "liners."

Wadsworth planned one trip which even in this air age would make a brave man blanch and a Ford nervously feel his pocketbook. This was a tour of Europe with his wife and all six children, the youngest of whom was three years old.

Their first stop was Paris where Charles Wadsworth, who had been in Cairo, met them. They all took a train to Tours in the south of France, where James had arranged to be met by an enormous carriage called a "berline," which had a double folding top rather like two convertibles facing each other. Wadsworth had commissioned his courier to buy it secondhand. When the carriage drove up to the door of his hotel Wadsworth saw that a huge coat of arms in brilliant colors surmounted by a coronet was emblazed on its doors. This so revolted his democratic principles that he held the whole expedition up for two days while the berline was repainted.

At last they drove gaily off through the summer sunshine, drawn by four horses guided by postilions in top hats, blue liveries and jack boots. The double top of the carriage was open so that all the young Wadsworths could enjoy the magnificent

views of the azure coast and the glimmer of snow on the distant Alps. They spent a full year touring in Europe.

They all came gladly home to Hartford House the next summer, more closely knit as a family than ever by the memories of fun and adventure and great beauty they shared.

Back home they shared in the work of the place. The Wadsworths believed in thoroughly indoctrinating their children in knowledge of farming and love of the soil. As the boys grew up, they worked at first on the Home Farm, and later were sent as full-time hands to the tenant farms. Though it was a time when ladies were supposed to guard their complexions with big hats and veils and gloves against the sun, the Wadsworth girls were also sent to work in the fields, and even Mrs. Wadsworth did her share when a crisis came up, which happens on a farm every other week in summer.

The grandest fete that James S. Wadsworth gave at Hartford House was in the summer of 1857, when his daughter Cornelia married Montgomery Ritchie of Boston. Though times were hard, it was a splendid occasion worthy of the lord of the Valley. Though he did not guess it, this was the magnificent swan song of Wadsworth's tenure of Hartford House.

From his opulent way of living, his love of fine food, good wine and spirited horses, and his patriarchal family life, one would put James Wadsworth down as a typical kindly, conservative magnate of his era. One would have been totally wrong. For in his political thinking and his action in that arena, Wadsworth was virtually a wild-eyed radical who gloried in that title. He had an impassioned belief in democracy and hatred of slavery of any sort. The rule of his life was embodied in the platform of the radical Democrats: "Free soil, free speech, free labor and free men."

In fact, Wadsworth could hardly remember when he was not interested in politics. He was growing up at the time his father began to be active in public service and, since they were together a great deal, he met most of the leading York State politicians. Later in Daniel Webster's law office he inevitably encountered many of those on the national scene. The controlling cause of young Wadsworth's radicalism was his passionate love of freedom, fanned by his close friendship with those leaders of

the Democratic-Republicans, President Martin Van Buren and his son, who was called "Prince John."

John Van Buren was one of the gay young men who came to stay at The Homestead in its time of jollity, when his father was President Andrew Jackson's brilliant Secretary of State; and he continued to be a frequent visitor to Geneseo throughout the years. In return Wadsworth was often a guest of the Van Burens at Lindenwald in Kinderhook on the Hudson, and at the White House. He had long thoughtful discussions with President Van Buren and came to value his democratic ideals and, above all, his consistent opposition to the extension of slavery. In fact, Wadsworth idolized Van Buren as a youth will an older man whose wisdom illumines and molds his mind.

In the Presidential campaign of 1840, President Van Buren ran against General William Henry Harrison, the candidate of the new Whig Party. Harrison was the victor of the battle of Tippecanoe against the Indians and one of the few authentic heroes of the War of 1812. Setting a precedent that still persists, the hero beat the statesman easily.

Wadsworth was not happy over his idol's defeat, but he was not nearly so upset as he was four years later at the news that the Democratic Convention of 1844, at Baltimore, had dumped Van Buren to nominate James K. Polk, a pro-slavery candidate. Wadsworth's rage and grief is expressed in a letter to the former President:

> My dear Sir:
>
> We are prostrated by the news from Baltimore. . . . It is an overwhelming outrage, which excites equally our surprise and indignation. . . . Even my Father, feeble as he is, and nominally a very good Whig, seems to resent it as much as any of us.

(James, senior, died the following week.)

From party loyalty and a real regard for Polk, Van Buren held the radical Democrats in line, and Polk was elected. During his administration the Mexican War was fought, which Wadsworth considered unjust, though he was so elated by one American victory that Mrs. Wadsworth had a hard time dissuading him from naming his youngest son Monterey. The slave state of Texas was added to the Union, and it was proposed to

add other slave states. This, Van Buren and Wadsworth bitterly opposed. When the Democrats nominated Lewis Cass in 1848, Van Buren split the New York Democrats wide open to run for President on a splinter ticket.

The conservative faction of the party was known as the "Hunkers," probably because they hunkered after office; Van Buren's followers were called the "Barnburners," because they were said to think like the Dutchman who burned down his barn to get rid of the rats. Wadsworth was an enthusiastic leader of the Barnburners. However, the Whigs had nominated another hero, General Zachary Taylor, who won in a walk over the divided Democrats.

Now the fatal division of the Union became increasingly stringent. Slavery was the one great national issue on which all men might disagree. The chance of compromise for peace became ever more remote, as the issue hardened from a matter of politics to a question of conscience. Wadsworth saw it all in clear black and white. To him slavery was an unmitigated evil which must be cut out by the roots from the body politic even though the operation proved fatal to the Union.

Wadsworth's stand took courage, for it was abhorrent to most people of his social status; and he was sensitive to their disapproval. He later spoke of "the odium which the spurious aristocracy . . . have attached to the word 'abolition.' They have treated it . . . as some low, vulgar crime not to be spoken of in good society or mentioned in fashionable parlors."

In 1856 Wadsworth presided at the "Free Democrats" convention at Syracuse. He keynoted it with the phrase: "One of the cornerstones of the Democracy of New York, a stone of Jefferson granite, [is] opposition to the extension of slavery." Then he led them out of the Democratic Party to join with their former opponents, the Whigs, in the new Republican Party.

At the New York Republican Convention in September, Wadsworth ran second for the nomination for governor, and refused the nomination for lieutenant governor.

Wadsworth was a delegate to the Republican Convention of 1860, held in an enormous wooden shack called the Wigwam in Chicago. William H. Seward of New York, a friend of Wadsworth's and a protégé of Thurlow Weed, was the leading can-

didate for the Republican nomination. But Wadsworth believed that Abraham Lincoln was the better man. Joining forces with such brilliant New Yorkers as Horace Greeley, William Cullen Bryant and Dudley Field, he tried to stem the Seward tide.

That was one of the wildest conventions on record. When Seward's name was put in nomination, the shouting was "frantic, shrill and wild. No Comanches, no panther, ever struck a higher note or gave screams of more infernal intensity." When Lincoln was named his followers took deep breaths and "gave a concentrated shriek that was positively awful, accompanied by stamping that made every plank and pillar in the building quiver."

Through this hideous uproar Wadsworth's tall, elegant figure moved quietly among the frantic delegates. Talking in a low, persuasive voice made audible by the weight of his political influence, he convinced many of them that Seward could not carry his own state. Thus he played a significant role in the nomination of Abraham Lincoln.

After the convention Wadsworth was offered the Republican nomination for governor of New York. He wrote that he considered Governor E. D. Morgan deserved renomination for his courageous stand against corruption: "For these reasons I have refused to have my name presented to the convention, and should, if a delegate myself, earnestly urge the renomination of Gov. Morgan."

However, Wadsworth was elected a delegate from New York to the last-gasp peace conference in February 1861, at which twenty-eight states sought to find a way to preserve the Union. Its failure was inevitable. Tempers were by now too high, politicians had talked themselves too completely into a sense of righteous indignation, to permit of compromise. But Wadsworth's adamantine hatred of slavery certainly did not contribute to a peaceful solution.

CHAPTER VI

From Bull Run to the Wilderness

When war broke out between the North and South, Wadsworth was in New York. As a member of the Union Defense Committee of New York, his first contribution to his country's defense was to charter and provision the ferryboat *Kill von Kull* and send her to the relief of Union Troops at Annapolis who were cut off from Washington by the Confederates. He rode into Washington on the first train that got through from Annapolis. Then he hurried back to New York to volunteer.

Governor Morgan of New York appointed Wadsworth a major general of Volunteers, as was only right and fitting according to the Governor's ideas. However, Wadsworth had the good sense to realize that he was hardly qualified for the job, despite a lifetime of drilling with the militia. So he declined, and wrote to General Irwin McDowell, commanding the Union Army in Virginia, asking for a position on his staff. McDowell was flabbergasted by such a modest request, and rather embarrassed by the thought of a man ten years older than he and far more distinguished acting as his aide. But he could hardly refuse. Late in June, Wadsworth reported for duty at McDowell's headquarters in the beautiful, pillared mansion of Arlington which was still warm from the presence of its former owner, General Robert E. Lee, C.S.A.

So it happened that in the lovely hot days of July, Wadsworth in his new blue uniform, with his gold-laced kepi jauntily set on his silver hair and his white sideburns bristling with martial ardor, rode with General McDowell's sparkling staff through the rolling Virginia fields until on Sunday, July 21, they came to the banks of a little stream called Bull Run.

The battle started gaily, as battles used to do, with drums and

bugles and bright flags; and long, curving lines of men, wave after wave of them uniformed in all the colors of the rainbow, charging behind glittering new bayonets through the blue-gray clouds of smoke. Riding fast along the front to carry an order from McDowell, Wadsworth heard the sickening thwack of a bullet against flesh and the beautiful horse he had brought from Geneseo stumbled and went down as he stepped clear. A few minutes later he was mounted again and, though only a staff officer, he led the charge of the 13th Infantry against the Confederate cannon on the hill by the Old Stone House.

Even in battles long ago dirt and blood and agony of death soon betrayed beauty. After six hot hours of fighting there came a final splendid charge up a long slope against the straight gray line of General T. J. Jackson's brigade. The Confederates withstood the shock "like a stone wall." Then the gray lines rushed forward with their shrill, siren scream, heard there for the first time. Hearing it, seeing those fierce faces behind the long knives on the guns, the blue regiments swayed with fear that swelled into terror and burst in blind, mindless panic. A platoon dropped their guns and ran away. Companies and regiments caught the infection—all those gay colors mixed and muddied. Thirty thousand men fled for their lives, running, panting, lashing frantic horses, even climbing trees in their mortal fear.

Wadsworth rode recklessly among them trying to rally a rear guard. Soon he found himself almost alone on a hilltop facing the Confederate lines. A soldier of the regular army who had not run away described that moment to his son who wrote the story:

> The Reb's artillery fire was hot and the big balls were bounding over the field all around. The man was decapitated next to me. The Volunteers and Marines ran from the field, and there remained no one in sight except Lt. Anthony Wood and General Wadsworth. The General was on top of a hill before us, brandishing his sword, and doubtless appeared to eyes behind Rebel field-glasses to be issuing commands to a large army corps.
>
> After awhile, as no Rebs appeared, the General ordered Lt. Wood and myself to retire after our fleeing companies. To the Union forces and to Civil War historians, the mystery has always

been, why did not the Rebel forces follow up their advantage of Bull Run. . . . My father voices no conclusion. He was only a private, but he did his duty even when he was the last common soldier to stand with the General.

Without accepting the implication of an old soldier's memories, that Wadsworth singlehanded bluffed the whole Confederate Army, there is a possibility that he delayed them for a few precious minutes. It is certain that he was one of the last field officers to leave the desolate field of Bull Run.

From there he went to Centreville, soon to fall to the Confederates, where he spent the last hours of daylight helping the wounded into wagons, and encouraging the blood-spattered surgeons to remain behind to care for those too badly hurt to be moved. The next day in a torrential rain that he hoped would discourage the enemy advance, Wadsworth worked getting the wounded at Fairfax Court House started for Washington. He himself did not leave until he saw Jeb Stuart's cavalry cantering toward the town.

On the road to Washington he met his son-in-law, Montgomerie Ritchie, riding back with a message from Secretary of War Simon Cameron to the Confederate commander asking for a truce to bury the Union dead and relieve the wounded. Wadsworth took the letter under a white flag to Confederate headquarters, now at Centreville, where he waited all night. Cameron's letter was so insultingly phrased that Confederate General Joseph E. Johnston refused the truce. Heavyhearted, Wadsworth rode the weary miles back to Arlington, where he arrived the third day after the battle, the last man to return from Bull Run.

In August, 1861, Wadsworth was offered a commission as Brigadier General of Volunteers with field command of the First New York Brigade. He still had doubts of his competence, but those who had seen him at Bull Run did not. So he accepted, and asked for a West Pointer as his aide. He got Lieutenant John A. Kress, who had been only three years at the Point, but turned out to be invaluable. His other aide was Lieutenant Craig Wadsworth.

General Wadsworth worked his men hard, drilling them con-

stantly and building fortifications; for the Confederate pickets were within four miles of Arlington and their campfires could be seen from Washington. In September General Johnston pulled them back, and Wadsworth's brigade was sent to occupy their former camp. Thus he was entrusted with the extreme outpost of the Union Army. He spent the winter in a shot-up farmhouse on Upton's Hill seven miles from Washington. His brigade adored Wadsworth for good reasons, as they later showed on even bloodier fields than Bull Run. What is more surprising is that he won the affection of the southern farmers whose land he was occupying. In no time at all Wadsworth began to regard them as though they were his own tenants, taking their troubles on his shoulders, and relieving those in distress with his own money just as though this were his own Genesee Valley. One farmer wrote, "I verily believe he is better acquainted at this moment with the personnel of Fairfax County than I, who have lived there nearly thirty years. . . ."

General George B. McClellan, Commander in Chief of the Army, which now consisted of 150,000 men, did absolutely nothing all winter. Wadsworth frothed with impatience, and did not endear himself to McClellan by expressing his disgust to Senator Charles Sumner: "Starting with a prosperous and patriotic North we have reached bankruptcy and got seven miles into Virginia."

In March President Lincoln and his new Secretary of War, Edward M. Stanton, got tired of McClellan's excuses and demoted him to command the Department of the Potomac. Wadsworth was made Military Governor of Washington. "Little Mac" was enraged, but his angry objections were ignored.

Wadsworth was not happy either; for he hated to leave the brigade he had grown to love. As the news that he was going spread among the regiments, the men came pouring out of huts and tents to surround him; trying to reach his hand; calling "Good-bye, Waddy!" When a band struck up "Old Lang Syne," most unmilitary tears were shed by emotional men and their beloved commander.

Wadsworth's new post sounds like a cushy job. It was, in fact, a thorny cactus. He was responsible for the defense of Washing-

ton. But McClellan still had most of the Army, and he soon took it on the ill-fated campaign on the Virginia Peninsula.

At first Wadsworth could not even find out how many men McClellan had left him to defend the nation's capital against such proficient strategists as General Johnston, Stonewall Jackson and Jeb Stewart, who were roaming around Virginia with 80,000 men. When he got an official check, the theoretical total came to 19,022; but when he ordered maneuvers to meet a hypothetical enemy only about 4,000 men turned out, most of them with little or no ammunition. He had no horse artillery whatever. Had Lee but known it, he could have taken Washington with a single brigade. When Wadsworth reported this to Stanton, the latter turned purple with rage. But nobody could do anything about McClellan.

For eight hectic weeks Wadsworth commanded the defense of Washington. He spent that time in continuous motion, organizing and training raw troops; building fortifications; commandeering untrained horses to pull his few pieces of artillery; rushing reinforcements to General N. P. Banks in the Shenandoah Valley when Jackson scared the wits out of that nervous gentleman; calming Stanton down when the Secretary realized that there were only 300 cavalry left in Washington; and at the same time trying to police a city swarming with all the ragtag and bobtail backwash of war and innumerable hangers-on trying to make a dishonest dime out of their country's peril.

After those eight weeks, the Army was again reorganized. Lincoln created the Army of Virginia under General John Pope, which was given responsibility for the defense of the capital. Wadsworth remained as Military Governor. The one rewarding part of this experience was his growing intimacy with President Lincoln, with whom he often spent six hours a day. He also formed a delightful friendship with Lincoln's young personal secretary, John Hay. Hay was a small but handsome young man with enormous energy and a quick wit that lightened the dreariest conferences. Wadsworth loved him especially for the insouciant way he cut red tape.

Wadsworth had plenty of that incumbrance to contend with. He now had responsibility for thousands of prisoners of war,

whom he humanely helped to get messages to their families in the South; and five thousand Union wounded, for many of whom he got sick leave and even financed their trips home to recuperate. His extra-legal activity was rescuing Negroes who were constantly being rounded up and returned to slavery in the very capital of the Land of the Free.

In August, 1862, New York politicians began writing to Wadsworth urging him to run for governor. To one such he replied:

> I do not find any sufficient reason for absolutely refusing to accept the nomination for Governor, but I unaffectedly dread it, and *long* to be at home and rid of public cares.

On September 13, Wadsworth wrote to a committee headed by Horace Greeley that he would accept the nomination provided there was no compromise on the slavery issue. Only nine days later, on September 22, 1862, Lincoln issued the first Emancipation Proclamation. Two days after that the New York State Republican Convention met. Wadsworth, as the strongest anti-slavery candidate, was nominated on the first ballot, despite the opposition of Thurlow Weed, boss of the state Republican Party who still wanted to pussyfoot on that question.

All the Republicans, including Wadsworth, expected an easy victory over the Democratic candidate, Horatio Seymour. But instead there was a hot fight. Seymour made his issue the failings of the Federal Government, the military defeats, and the waste and confusion. It was all too true. In addition there were a lot of New Yorkers who would not go along with the abolition of slavery, still hoping for a compromise peace with the South. Finally, Thurlow Weed's conservative Republicans undercut Wadsworth.

Meanwhile the desperate Democrats were attacking with vitriolic violence. As the bitterness of the campaign increased, they assailed Wadsworth personally as a tin soldier and a meddler in military affairs. Old "Prince John" Van Buren even came out of retirement to launch the banderillas of his wit against his former friend.

During all this time Wadsworth had remained on the job in

Washington, which he considered more important than campaigning. This was a tremendous handicap in the time before electronics when the only way to communicate one's ideas was to speak directly to the people. Finally, on October 30, 1862, he came to New York to make his last and greatest speech at the Cooper Union.

He went first to Thurlow Weed's room at the Astor House. Weed greeted him unhappily. "James, for the first time in my life I am not glad to see you," he said. "You have been brought here to make an abolitionist speech. You will do it, and thus throw away the state."

Weed spoke the truth, for he knew the sentiment of the state as no less skillful politician could. It is even possible that Wadsworth believed him, for he had great respect for Weed's sensitivity to the tides of public opinion that sweep the ballot boxes. Yet, being the kind of man he was, it was inconceivable to him, as it was to Weed, that he could evade the issue. He must expound the principles in which he so ardently believed, or think himself a coward and a hypocrite.

So Wadsworth went to face the great audience and speak his mind:

"The man who pauses to think of himself, his affairs, of his family even, when . . . his country lies prostrate, almost in the agonies of dissolution is not the man to save it. We must lay aside all subordinate considerations and . . . fix our minds on the true magnitude of the question we have to solve. . . ."

Wadsworth then spoke of the charges against Lincoln and his administration, and voiced his belief that Lincoln had done all that was possible under the circumstances. Then he defended the Emancipation Proclamation, his voice ringing out as he said, "Gentlemen, I stand by Abraham Lincoln. It is just, it is holy so to do. I ask you to stand by him and sustain him in his efforts."

As the audience wildly shouted, "We will! We will!" Wadsworth turned to attack the peace-at-any-price Democrats, and their policy of surrender:

"Your soldiers in the field . . . sleeping tonight upon the cold ground as they are, to sleep tomorrow, perhaps, on the bat-

tlefields, to sleep in death forever, they say, 'Surrender never!' "

Finally Wadsworth spoke of the probability that the early returns from New York City would encourage the peace-at-any-pricers. Then he roared out his faith in the state:

"But wait, gentlemen, wait till you hear from the hills of St. Lawrence on the north . . . from the hills of Allegheny on the south; wait till you hear from the valleys of the Mohawk, Cayuga, Onondaga, and [here his voice softened saying a beloved name] Genesee; wait till you hear from them, gentlemen, and you will hear a voice which will bring joy and glad tidings to every loyal heart in this land, and make it cry out: 'The country is saved!' "

The round walls of Cooper Union seemed about to collapse as the audience stood, shouting, stamping and aflutter with white handkerchiefs. It had been an immensely moving speech; not, perhaps, because of its logic; not, certainly, for its literary style; but because the man who made it was so transparently moved himself; because he passionately believed every word of it; and because he had dedicated his life to this cause.

That Wadsworth completely won his audience, even the doubters, is unquestionable. But to convince a few thousand people was not enough. If he could have spoken just a few times more in other cities, in Albany and Utica, Rochester and Binghamton, the result of the election almost certainly would have been different. Those thousands who never heard Wadsworth's voice decided the issue. In a total vote of 503,555, Wadsworth lost by only 10,571 votes.

He had gone back to his duties in Washington the night of the meeting, so, after days of uncertainty while the upstate returns came in, slowly closing Seymour's advantage in New York City but not quite enough, Wadsworth heard of his defeat in his own office in the capital. His aide, Colonel Clinton H. Meneely, wrote:

> General Wadsworth came to my office door, stood erect, and holding his hand on his breast, said: "Here is one person who thinks just as much of General Wadsworth *after* the election as he did *before*." He had not sold himself, and he felt that, although defeated, he was a man.

Though Wadsworth had been beaten, indeed because of it, he got his dearest wish. Secretary Stanton had refused him active duty because he thought him the best man for governor of New York; now, he ordered Wadsworth to the front.

First the General had a brief leave at his home in New York —his first in sixteen months of service. He returned to Washington on December 7, and hung around waiting and hoping. Six days later the news of the bloody defeat of the Army of the Potomac under General Ambrose E. Burnside at Fredericksburg reached the capital. Wadsworth was immediately ordered to the front. He left at six the next morning. Once again he saw that splendid army in the shambles of defeat, lying virtually helpless on the south bank of the Rappahannock River where Lee had stopped them in slaughter. The chaos and misery, the thousands of unburied dead and tens of thousands of wounded made it the most terrible scene he had ever witnessed.

Wadsworth did what he could as an unattached officer to straighten out the mess. On December 22 he was given command of the First Division of the First Corps, succeeding Brigadier General A. Doubleday, who as a captain in the regular army had fired the first Union shot of the war from Fort Sumter. Wadsworth's boss, Major General John Fulton Reynolds, commanding the First Corps, was thirteen years younger than he. Reynolds was a great soldier whom he from the first respected, and grew to love. His aides were his old friend Colonel Meneely and Captain T. E. Ellsworth. Captain Craig Wadsworth commanded a company of the Iron Brigade which Bruce Catton calls "the crack brigade of the Army of the Potomac."

After another dismal retreat over the too familiar, muddy Virginia roads, Wadsworth spent the winter with his division at Belle Plain close to the Potomac. During those dark, miserable months he made them his own.

Meanwhile Lincoln was trying out another new commander in chief, "Fighting Joe" Hooker. In April orders came to prepare to march. Each soldier was to carry eight days' rations. Wadsworth doubted if it were possible for men to march under such a load added to that of extra clothes, bedding, ammunition and a musket. To find out, he loaded himself down with the whole kit and boodle, weighing nearly a hundred pounds and

solemnly marched up and down his tent for an hour. Panting and purple he gasped, "No man can carry such a load and live. It's preposterous."

Though he was forced to promulgate the order, he quietly let it be known that he would not be annoyed if the men did not obey it.

That was Wadsworth's personal revolt, carried out with proper respect for authority. But when the orders came to march, on April 20th, 1863, he faced open rebellion in the ranks. Several New York companies thought that their terms of enlistment had expired. They refused to move. General Wadsworth sent the rest of his division ahead, holding in reserve only the proud veterans of the Iron Brigade. Then he led them to the camp of the mutinous regiments, whose officers had formed them into ranks to hear their general.

Wadsworth, sitting on the beautiful, restless thoroughbred he had brought from the Genesee, looked at those men who had fought bravely through two years of war and defeat. Then he spoke in that brazen voice of his which yet had the overtones of heart-felt emotion: "Men of New York, of good deeds, I give you this alternative. New York is ashamed of your conduct; I am astonished. Take two steps to the front as the sign of your willingness to obey the command to march. Unless you do, by the Almighty, I will bury you here!"

For an eternal moment the lines stood fast, as the men looked up at the stern, sorrowful face of their commander. They knew he meant exactly what he said; but they also knew that, in all truth, it would break his heart to give the order. Those who stood with them that day say that it was not fear that moved them, but the nobler emotion of shame. With the unison of West Pointers on parade, the lines took two precise steps forward.

Their general's breath came out in a great gasp of relief. He jerked his hand up, and the band burst into "When Johnny Comes Marching Home."

They crossed the Rappahannock at Fitzhugh's Crossing below Fredericksburg at dawn of April 29, 1863. From the high south bank, the Confederates poured a plunging cannon fire as the

clumsy pontoon boats were launched and poled across. Wadsworth sat on his horse amid the crash of bursting shells smoking a long cigar and watching Craig Wadsworth in the first boat lead "the pontoon charge." As the last boat started, the General shouted, "Hold on!"

He dismounted, and holding the reins, jumped into the stern, swimming his horse behind the boat. One man who saw him standing erect among the men, who had been ordered to lie flat, said, "General Wadsworth will never see the end of this war—he's too brave a man."

Two days later, after a forced night march of twenty-two miles, the First Division joined Hooker's army in the Wilderness. Wadsworth's exhausted division slept through the first four hours of the battle of Chancellorsville; and they did not fight at all. Poor old Fighting Joe was so completely bewildered by not knowing where his own army was—let alone the enemy—that he completely forgot to use the 37,000 men in reserve of which the First Division was a part. They lay at the edge of the swamps for three days of blazing hot sun and sudden downpours of rain, listening helplessly to the uproar of a battle in which thousands of their comrades were dying. Then came the old familiar order to retreat; and back they went up the old familiar roads of defeat. The Army of the Potomac had not been beaten; but General Hooker had.

"We are all humiliated at our rereat," wrote General Wadsworth.

For over a month Wadsworth's division of 4,000 men camped at White Oak Church near the Rappahannock. Then on June 12, word came that Lee was moving up the Shenandoah Valley to invade the North. The First Corps, with Reynolds in command, was ordered to start north to cover Washington. They went up the hot dust-choked roads by forced marches; back through Bealton, back through Manassas and Centreville, angling then toward the Blue Ridge. On June 23 word came that half Lee's army was across the Potomac and General Ewell had taken Chambersburg, Pennsylvania.

Now they really marched, with men dropping from thirst and heat. They crossed the Potomac north of Washington on a

swaying pontoon bridge. By then they had covered a hundred miles from White Oak Church. Their shoes were in tatters; many a man walked barefoot or with rags around his feet. So they came to a town in Maryland, theoretically friendly, but southern in sympathy. General Wadsworth, riding ahead of the miles-long column of dirty, tired men and dust-white cannon and supply wagons, looked sharply around for a shoe store. Not seeing one, he halted and asked two men sitting on the curb if there was such a shop in town.

"Maybe there is and maybe not," was the sullen answer.

"My men are barefoot," said the General. "I want to buy shoes for them."

"You won't git many here," sneered the men.

The Wadsworth temper flamed in the General's eyes. "There are two pair of shoes, at any rate," he roared. "Take them off!"

Laughing soldiers stripped the shoes off the men. Then Wadsworth led a hunt through the town taking the shoes of every man they saw. They got about two hundred pair.

On June 28 President Lincoln got tired of non-Fighting Joe Hooker, and put General George G. Meade in command of the Army of the Potomac. The next day the First Corps marched twenty-three miles in a driving rain from Frederick, Maryland, to Emmitsburg; and on June 30 they came into Pennsylvania.

The red dawn of July 1, 1863, promised a red-hot day. They broke camp at first light, and marching up the Emmitsburg Road, came to a sweet valley between two lines of low hills. To Wadsworth, riding ahead, it must have looked a little like the lovely Genesee. The road ran between wheat fields with the grain just turning to gold, and there was a peach orchard on the right. The hills on both sides were crowned with timber. Ahead of him the General could see the white cupola of Gettysburg's town hall, and on the ridge to the left a brick seminary rather like the academy his father had built on Temple Hill in Geneseo. Then his eyes were fixed on a cavalryman tearing up the road with a long snake of dust behind him. The man brought a message from Brigadier General John Buford of the scouting cavalry:

Lee's whole army was converging on Gettysburg.

In a quick consultation, Reynolds and Wadsworth decided to make a stand on the hills west of Gettysburg–Seminary Ridge. In order to spare the town from enemy fire, Wadsworth took his two brigades across the fields. He ordered the battle flags uncased, and the fifes and drums played "The Campbells Are Coming" as the troops went forward on the double, throwing away knapsacks and bedding, trampling the crops and breaking the rail fences. As they entered the woods, three quick cannon shots were Buford's signal that the enemy was attacking. They were followed by the firecracker popping of distant musketry. The battle of Gettysburg had begun.

Wadsworth deployed the Iron Brigade in the woods on his left, and led his second brigade, commanded by white-haired Brigadier General Cutler, on the double through a peaceful tree-shaded street between the Lutheran Seminary and the old brick houses of the faculty. These regiments were formed into line of battle facing up the Cashtown Turnpike to the west. The six guns of a battery commanded by Captain J. A. Hall were placed to shoot up the Turnpike and sweep the fields between Seminary Ridge and McPherson's Woods. Wadsworth sat his horse on a spur of the ridge where he could watch both brigades. Almost before he had settled himself, General Reynolds, riding with the Iron Brigade, was killed. "The architect of the battle had fallen dead across its portal."

It was a stunning blow to Wadsworth. Not only had he lost a beloved friend and trusted commander but, as the senior officer now present, the awful weight of command fell upon his shoulders. Though he did not yet think of it as the battle of Gettysburg, he already knew that one of the great decisive actions of the war was being fought. He had under his command about 7,000 men including Buford's cavalry brigade. Facing him were 15,000 Confederates of Lee's terrible Army of Northern Virginia, while his scouts reported that 20,000 more Confederates under General Jubal A. Early were quick-marching down the road from Heidlersburg to his rear. Grimly the amateur soldier prepared to parry the thrusts of the West Point-trained Confederate generals.

Over the gently rolling hills from the west poured the gray

Confederate tide. Their first charge broke against a torrent of fire from the Iron Brigade, and ebbed back in swirling gray foam. Wadsworth ordered Cutler's brigade to charge, and it, in turn, was broken and flung back by the Rebel riflemen shooting from the shelter of a railroad cut. So they fought through the hot morning hours, charge and countercharge through the swirling smoke that cleared to show the debris of war—broken bundles of blue and gray lying alone or in little heaps all over the gentle summer fields.

By noon Wadsworth's position eased a little. General Doubleday had arrived and taken command on the left; while a little later General O. O. Howard took over-all command. Reinforcements of 5,000 men had come up, and more Union troops were taking their position on that fishhook-shaped range of hills behind him—Cemetery Ridge—which was to be the stronghold of the Union Army throughout the battle. Howard ordered Wadsworth to hold Seminary Ridge until Meade had consolidated his position on Cemetery Ridge.

But the tide of the Confederacy was flooding fast. Over his right shoulder Wadsworth could see a cloud of dust, more ominous than a tornado funnel, which was Early moving toward Gettysburg. He pulled his brigades back to the crest of the ridge with their backs to the brick buildings of the Seminary. They piled up fence rails as breastworks. Soon Early's men were fighting almost in the outskirts of Gettysburg. Wadsworth's force was like a rock of blue jutting into the surrounding sea of gray. Within half an hour at most he would be completely cut off.

The General sent a messenger back to Howard describing his position, and waited for the attack. It came in all the magnificence and beauty that once gave war an illusion of glory. Advancing with parade precision across the open fields moved the straight gray lines, tipped with their bright red battle flags and the sparkle of sunlight on ten thousand bayonets.

From his horse, directly behind Captain James Stewart's Battery B Fourth U.S. Artillery, six twelve-pounder guns, Wadsworth watched them, moved in spite of himself by that superb spectacle. Then he gave the order to fire, and the guns crashed sending canister and grapeshot ripping diagonally down the

Confederate front. The gray troops wavered, then came on, firing as they ran. A cannoneer of Stewart's battery described the scene:

> [We had] a clean rake along the Rebel line for a whole Brigade length, but it exposed our right flank to the raking volleys of their infantry near the Pike. . . . Then for seven or eight minutes ensued what was probably the most desperate fight ever waged between artillery and infantry at close range without a particle of cover on either side. They gave us volley after volley in front and flank, and we gave them double cannister as fast as we could load. . . . While from the north side of the cut flashed the chain lightening of the Old Man's half battery in one solid streak.

As the cannoneers fell dead or wounded, infantrymen took their places. Wadsworth leaped off his horse and worked the guns with them. A courier from General Doubleday galloped through the smoke with orders to retreat to Cemetery Ridge. General Wadsworth looked up from the cannon he was sighting, his whiskers smoke-blackened and his eyes blazing with battle light. He roared above the bellowing guns, "Tell General Doubleday that I don't know anything about strategy, but we are giving these Rebels hell with these guns, and I want to give them a few more shots before we leave!"

But the Union lines had broken all around them. They hitched up the plunging horses and galloped back through the streets of Gettysburg, as the Confederates swarmed over the ridge at last. General Lee himself, with his great corps commander, General A. P. Hill, reached the hill while the haze of smoke from Wadsworth's guns still hung heavy over it. General Hill pronounced the accolade of Wadsworth's division when he said to Lee, "I never knew the Federals to fight so well."

The First Division fought no more at Gettysburg. It had gone into battle that morning over 3,500 strong. Only 1,300 men got back to Cemetery Ridge. The only thing intact was their morale. Wadsworth reported to Meade in his farmhouse on the Ridge that the First Division was fit to fight again. Meade assigned them a key defensive position on Culp's Hill. It was happen-

stance that the Confederates never attacked their section of the line.

When the battle was over, and Lee's broken army had fallen back to the Potomac, Meade held a council of war to decide whether to make an immediate pursuit. Wadsworth angrily advocated an attack, but the majority of the cautious Union generals, unused to victory, decided to play safe; and Lee saved his army to fight for nearly two years more.

Wadsworth was so disgusted that he asked to be relieved of his command. Knowing his interest in the newly freed slaves, President Lincoln sent him to the Mississippi Valley to inspect the arrangements for taking care of them and recruiting Negro regiments. Wadsworth made the trip at his own expense, giving as his reason, "I wish my account with the Government to be kept with one paymaster only; for it is my purpose at the close of the war to call on you for an accurate statement of all the money I have received from the United States. The amount, whatever it is, I shall give to some institution founded for the life relief of disabled soldiers. This is the least invidious way I can refuse pay for fighting for my country in her hour of danger."

During that winter, Wadsworth paid one more visit to his family who were living in his house in New York. His youngest son, James, later told the story of that night to John R. Williams of the Rochester Museum *Bulletin*:

> Those were the days when every boy and girl had to have a "finished" education. The finish consisted of mainly learning to speak French and to dance and acquire certain graces and conduct. Everyone was military minded. Our boys' school was disciplined like a junior West Point.
>
> Ordinarily I went home every night, but on that particular day, I had failed to study my French lesson and as a punishment I was ordered to remain at school overnight. I knew that my beloved father was coming home for that one day, so I sneaked out and went home.
>
> When I reached our brownstone house, he was there in all the splendor of his blue uniform with his medals on his breast and

the golden stars of a major general on his shoulder straps. He was the most magnificent sight I had ever seen.

We talked together happily for a while, and then Father began to question me about school. He soon sensed that something was wrong. When he asked me directly I told him the story. He got to his feet and so did I, both of us stiffly at attention. My father asked, "What is the first duty of a soldier?"

Saluting I replied, "Sir, the first duty of a soldier is to obey."

Then my magnificent father burst into tears and so did I. Weeping, we kissed each other. Then I went back to school. I never saw my father again.

After eight months away from the Army on inspection trips and other government business, Wadsworth heard that General Ulysses S. Grant had been appointed Commander in Chief of the Armies of the United States. His enormous respect for Grant made him apply for active duty; his record at Gettysburg earned him immediate acceptance. On March 25, 1864, he was assigned to command the Fourth Division of the Fifth Corps under Major General G. K. Warren. This was really his old First Division with a new name, and contained the Iron Brigade. At their head Wadsworth rode through the Virginia spring along a road bordered by violets into the Wilderness once again.

The battle of the Wilderness, the second great slaughter which took place in that strangely fatal terrain, was quite similar to old Joe Hooker's battle of Chancellorsville. There was the same confusion of attack and repulse in the dense thickets of second-growth timber and the swamps and ravines; the same choking fog of acrid smoke in which whole army corps got lost while unseen death decimated their ranks—"a butchery pure and simple unrelieved by any of the arts of war." But this time, as on the first day at Gettysburg, the First Division was the spearhead of the Union line.

At one o'clock on May 5, 1864, Wadsworth received the order for which he had waited impatiently all morning, to attack. The western woodsmen of the Iron Brigade went crashing through the thickets and actually broke the first and second lines of the

Confederate battle before they were overwhelmed and thrown back by a whole Confederate division.

Wadsworth re-formed them in a clearing, and again led them through ravines and thickets to strike the Confederate flank. Around them "the whole Wilderness was roaring like fire in a canebrake," as more than 100,000 men, Union and Confederate, fought hand to hand. Only the fall of impenetrable darkness stopped the First Division's painfully slow advance. So they lay that night in the swamps that echoed with the agony and prayers of ten thousand wounded Americans in blue and gray, lying together in the forest like the brothers they truly were.

The second day was worse. At the first trickle of dawn the advance began with Wadsworth's division leading Warren's corps. An hour later they had almost broken the Confederate line when General Longstreet arrived with 10,000 fresh troops. So desperate was the Confederate situation that General Lee on Traveller, waving his slouch hat, started to lead the charge of Longstreet's Texans. "Lee to the rear!" they yelled and turned his horse by force. Then they hurled themselves like a jehad upon the First Division. "There was a terrific crash mingled with wild yells," wrote Confederate General E. M. Law. Wadsworth riding up the Plank Road went down as his horse was killed. He was quickly mounted again.

Sergeant Frey of the 150th Pennsylvania Regiment wrote:

> Now is our turn. . . . General Wadsworth riding up says, "Give it to them Bucktails!" . . . The battle now becomes close and bloody. Charges and counter charges are made in quick succession. Five times we traverse the same ground, led by General Wadsworth, who sits on his horse with hat in hand, bringing it down on the pommel of his saddle with every bound as he rides at the head of the column. Then, as the bullets strike among his men like hail and they begin to recoil, he rides slowly back in their midst, speaking kindly to them, with ever a smile on his pleasant countenance, which shows no concern for the storm of lead and iron raging around him.

For several hours then the fight stood still, Union and Confederate lines no more than thirty yards apart on Wadsworth's

front. Trying to break the deadlock he rode up the Plank Road where the Twentieth Massachusetts was lying behind a low breastwork of logs. The General ordered them to charge straight up the road. When they hesitated, he wheeled his horse and, as though he were chasing a fox in the Genesee, put him at the jump and cleared it, while the troops ran after him up the deadly road. The Light Brigade itself never met such a concentration of fire. Within seconds Wadsworth's horse fell dead, and what was left of the regiment fled back to their breastwork, their General following them unhurt.

Then came another lull and Wadsworth's strength was suddenly spent. He had virtually no sleep for forty-eight hours, no food but some cold pork, and he had been fighting all day yesterday and for five hours steadily now. He sat back against a tree so paralyzed by weariness that he said feebly to Colonel Monteith, "In justice to my men, I should turn over my command to General Cutler."

Presently his orderly brought him a little food; and, best restorative of all, his son Craig appeared, having been given a brief leave from his company which was in the reserve. For a few moments they talked there in the woods, coughing their words out in the battle reek. Then Craig, shocked by his father's utter exhaustion, begged him to spare himself. The old fire flickered in Wadsworth's eyes. Sternly he spoke, as in New York he had spoken to young James, "Go back to your command!"

When Craig had gone, his father lay resting a little longer. Then suddenly from the forest all around him burst the terrible, high-pitched "Yai hi hai" he had first heard at Bull Run. Though Wadsworth never knew it, this was Lee's master stroke, the crushing flank attack that won the battle. The old General jumped onto his third horse and, riding out where the men could see him, made a sweep with his bright sword to the right, showing them to turn their line to meet this new attack, and himself led the charge of the 37th Regiment. Then seeing that the deadly fire was coming from three sides, he ordered Colonel Oliver Edwards to face his men to the rear and fight his way back. To the men he gave his final accolade, "You have done all I expected a brigade to do."

As he was helping to wheel the broken lines around to the

road, a whole Confederate brigade—Perrin's Alabamans—seemed to rise out of the underbrush. They poured in a point-blank volley. Men could take no more. The brave Pennsylvanians broke and ran, but Wadsworth's horse bounded straight at the enemy. By the time he could check the frantic beast, Wadsworth was within thirty feet of the Alabama line. Major Earl M. Rogers rode bravely up to help.

The last thing Wadsworth ever knew was his horse turning and gathering itself to gallop after his fleeing men. A bullet pierced the back of his head splashing the General's blood over Rogers, and the triumphant Rebel charge swept over the General's body as he lay unconscious where he had fallen.

CHAPTER VII

The Boss

YOUNG JAMES WOLCOTT WADSWORTH did not stay in school twenty-four hours after he learned of his father's death. His first duty was to accompany his mother on her sad pilgrimage to claim her husband's body. The General had lingered unconscious and unrecognized for nearly two days after the battle. After he died, a southern farmer named McCracken, whom he had befriended when he commanded in Washington, recognized him. At this point according to a letter from Bernard M. Baruch:

> Gen. Robert E. Lee happened by and, on being told that the dead officer was Maj. Gen. Wadsworth, asked that Gen. Grant be immediately notified. My father [Doctor Simon B. Baruch, C.S.A.], was present when the ambulance came to carry away the body of the General, and he spoke of the very great respect which was shown the dead officer, who but a few hours before had been one of those directing the conflict against them.

The General's widow was permitted to go through the lines to claim her husband's body, which was brought to Geneseo and buried in Temple Hill Cemetery.

Immediately after the funeral, young Jimmy, who was just seventeen, insisted on enlisting to replace his father. He fought all through the final desperate year of war; was decorated for valor at the battle of Five Forks; and came out of the Army a brevet major at eighteen.

After the war young Major Wadsworth decided he needed a little more education. He went to New Haven, where he arranged to tutor with the class of '68 to which he would have belonged had he not joined the Army. Concerning his college career, his son afterward wrote:

> [My father] roomed in a college dormitory—Old South Middle —took part in some "Town and Gown" fisticuffs, was elected to D.K.E. a Yale College fraternity, and to Book and Snake, a Sheffield Scientific School society. And yet he was never enrolled as a student and did not receive a degree. How he "wangled it" I never found out.

Jimmy Wadsworth must have been a very odd college man indeed. When he first arrived at Yale a group of seniors decided that this bumptious "freshman" would be improved by some of the traditional hazing. Late one night they pounded on the door of his room. Wadsworth suspected their purpose. From his bureau drawer he took the Colt six-shooter he had carried at the Battle of Five Forks. As the seniors battered at the door which began to give way, he put three bullets through it at a height of seven feet. Then he shouted, "I still have three shots. They'll come three feet lower."

The seniors went away.

When Jimmy Wadsworth quit Yale he joined a scientific expedition bent on digging up dinosaurs in western Nebraska and Wyoming. But bones seemed pretty boring when, just a state or two away, the U.S. Cavalry were chasing Indians all over the plain, so Wadsworth forsook the scientists to join the cavalry.

It was a fine free life, during the summer, which was the open season for Indians. Buffalo Bill was the scout of the troop to which Jim had attached himself as informally as he had attended Yale. The famous hunter and the youthful erstwhile major had the spirit of adventure in common and became great friends. Years later, when Wadsworth was a dignified congressman with a splendid handle-bar mustache and a bit of a paunch, whenever Buffalo Bill brought his Wild West Show to Rochester or Buffalo, he insisted that the Congressman ride the "Deadwood Coach." Wadsworth loved nothing better than that wild ride around the arena atop the swaying coach with its six horses at a dead run. The Congressman's siren yell drowned the war hoops of the attacking Indians as he emptied his trusty Winchester—of blanks—at the howling savages.

When Jimmy's mother died in 1872, she left him Hartford House and 8,000 acres of that pleasant Valley. He was her

youngest son, but she recognized that he was the only one fit to carry the burden of responsibility. Four years of war had been too much for her older sons. Handsome Charles, who had served in the war like his brother, had taken to liquor. He lived with his wife, the former Jessie Burden, in a pleasant house beyond the river. Every evening he drove three miles to the inn in Genesee, where he sat drinking with his village cronies until he drooped unconscious on the bar. They would load him into his buggy, and his patient horse would take him safely home.

However, even Charles made his contribution to the welfare of the Valley, for it was he who brought in Durham cattle. His stud herd was based on the great bull Baron Bates for which he paid $15,000; and two $5,000 cows, Lady May VII and Lady May VIII. Then in his magnificent Wadsworth way he brought a portrait painter up from New York to immortalize the beasts on canvas, but their true immortality, and his, was the impetus their bloodlines gave to Genesee cattle.

Craig Wadsworth, who had attained the rank of colonel in the war, wrecked his health in those long, hard campaigns. He died a few years later.

Nevertheless Jimmy's legacy caused some hard feelings on the part of his older brothers. They fairly glowered when the young man moved into beautiful Hartford House with his favorite sister, Elizabeth, to keep house for him. Craig, knowing that James W. would inherit, had already bought The Homestead from William Wadsworth's widow. The Homestead changed hands several times, always in the family. Eventually William's son, William Austin Wadsworth, bought it and he and his mother settled down there. At this point the imperious Widow Wadsworth decided that the noises of the sleepy little town got on her nerves, and decreed that The Homestead must be moved farther back from the road. A New York contractor was hired, who built a new foundation and began the tremendous job. Unfortunately bankruptcy overtook him halfway through, and he decamped for New York, abandoning the great house right in the middle of the flower garden.

In this crisis, the Widow Wadsworth ordered her son Austin to do something. He mounted one of his thoroughbred hunters and, galloping around his tenant farms and those of his cousin

Jimmy, rounded up forty yoke of oxen and hitched them to the house. With a tremendous business of geeing and hawing, goading and yelling; and hundreds of cheering, sweating farmers lending a hand like a roof raising in pioneer days, they hauled that great mansion bodily up the slope to the new foundation upon which Austin—without benefit of engineers—settled it so firmly that it has stood there ever since.

Young James had been a rather dashing character in his Wild West days, just as the youthful General had been. But the moment he inherited, he settled down to a sober, almost solemn acceptance of responsibility. Like his father and grandfather, he decided on a career of public service, but where the father had been a radical in politics and liberal in his dealings with all men, the son was always reactionary and in later life autocratic. As late as 1920, he discharged one of his farm hands for buying an automobile. On that occasion his niece, Mrs. Porter Chandler, gently protested, "Uncle Jimmy, the trouble with you is I don't think you realize that the Age of Feudalism is over."

Every hair on the Congressman's white mustache stood straight up. "Mary," he roared, "you talk like a goddamned Bolshevik!"

It is no wonder that his own son and daughter, and indeed the whole countryside, called him "the Boss." However, his somewhat tyrannical ways were not captious, but rather based on tremendous personal integrity and a deep sense of responsibility, not only to his family but toward his community, his state and the nation. This rectitude only made him more unbending. But the autocrat met his match when he married.

In 1873 his sister Elizabeth fell in love with Arthur Smith-Barry, who later became Lord Barrymore. Her brother gave her a splendid wedding at Hartford House, attended by all the clan, who sank their differences for the occasion. When radiant Elizabeth and her husband had driven off behind her matched, high-stepping horses, and the last coach-and-four, its roof a riot of ladies in crinolines and gentlemen in toppers, had tooled down the long drive, Hartford House was suddenly very big and empty. Feeling diminished and alone under the fourteen-foot ceilings of its splendid rooms, Jimmy decided it was time he looked for a wife.

He found her at the races in Saratoga; a beautiful little spitfire of a girl named Marie Louisa Travers. Her father, William R. Travers, had made a great fortune in Wall Street. He was also an outstanding sportsman, one of the founders of the Saratoga Racing Association and its first president. In an age of notable wits, he held his own with such coruscating cronies as Joseph Choate, Simeon Ford and Chauncey Depew. Maria Louisa inherited his wit as well as his ability to handle people. She did not share his enthusiasm for horses, and frequently expressed her feeling about them with the phrase, "Horses are tigers!"

Maria Louisa was also connected with the great world of politics through her maternal grandfather, Reverdy Johnson of Baltimore, who was Attorney General of the United States, United States Senator from Maryland and, finally, Minister to the Court of St. James.

James W. Wadsworth married Miss Travers in 1876 and brought her home to Hartford House. Life deep in the country was an abrupt change for his bride, but she adapted herself to it with all the grace of Biblical Ruth. Of her, Senator Wadsworth wrote:

> My mother was a city girl and never became what might be called a countrywoman. By that I do not mean that she disliked living in the country. Rather, that she could not become interested in horses or cattle or sheep or crops or anything to do with the practical operation of a farm. . . . Her job was the running of the big house and taking care of me and my sister, Harriet, all through our childhood. To those tasks she was utterly devoted and completely efficient. The quality that saved her from boredom was her delightful sense of humor, inherited, no doubt, from Bill Travers. It was the quiet type, with a smile and a wink, perfectly adjusted to the occasion. I have already spoken of my father's domineering manner. . . . He often thought he bossed the running of the house. He was mistaken. Mother bossed it in her own quiet way. His jurisdiction was on the outside. It ended when he entered the front door.

In his memoirs the Senator speaks of the comparative simplicity of Hartford House. Nowadays when there is a washing

machine instead of a laundress, and the dishwasher has displaced the butler, it sounds rather fancy, but in truth the Wadsworth way of life was simple for an era when American society, surrounded by a pride of liveried footmen, was aping the English aristocracy in everything but the latter's sense that nobility entailed obligations of service. Mrs. Wadsworth employed a cook and three maids.

The Wadsworths had two children, Harriet and their son James Wolcott Wadsworth, Jr., who was the beloved representative of the Valley in the Senate and the House for thirty-five years. Though the Boss was a Tartar, he had a way with boys and young men, and his son loved him dearly. Perhaps this was because the elder Wadsworth stayed something of a boy himself. Despite his Victorian authoritarianism, Wadsworth loved practical jokes and sports, especially baseball and horse racing. He took his wife to Saratoga every season, but his own preference was for the trotters. Indications are that he could pick them. Around the fields of Hartford House is a good mile of wrought-iron, spear-pointed picket fence that must have been enormously expensive even in those days. The Boss won the price of it on a good day with the trotters in Buffalo.

Though Maria Louisa ran it frugally, Hartford House was a very stately home. Its prototype in Regent's Park had been designed for entertaining by its noble owner. The public rooms were huge, with sky-high ceilings, and were splendidly proportioned. Unhappily, at this time, and indeed until the Senator inherited it in 1934, its furnishing and *décor* were monstrous. The lovely paneling of the spacious hall had been stained an atrocious pea green, and a low partition flanked the front door on which were big round knobs for the gentlemen's derby hats. Its walls were crowded with the Boss's memorabilia of Wild West days—buffalo heads and other horned beasts; animal skins, Indian shields, bows and arrows. At night it was dimly lighted by a single Turkish lantern with stained-glass panels that cast faint red and blue and purple and green rays upon the lugubrious array of taxidermy, leaving the floor in total darkness.

The dining room also had its quota of horrors. The green wallpaper was stuffed from behind so the pattern stood out in relief, and the room was dominated by two huge, heavily carved

black walnut sideboards. The equally massive furniture writhed with tortured carving. At dinnertime the table was lighted by a pierced brass shade on the chandelier, which hung so low that only the moving mouths of the diners were visible while the upper halves of their faces were blacked out.

The other rooms were jammed with a heterogeneous collection of chairs, faldstools, benches, ottomans and tables loaded with silver-framed photographs and bric-a-brac from all over the world, while their walls were hung with paintings in Victorian profusion like postage stamps in an album.

The only livable room in the house, and the only room that was lighted after dinner except for the tenebrous illumination of the front hall, was the library. Two student lamps burned on an octagon table in the center of the room, around which chairs were placed, all facing the same way; so the family sat around it, reading, like passengers in a circular railway car.

Luckily, the Victorian taste which congested the classic interior of Hartford House could not mar the great beauty of its façade and grounds. You approached it along a quarter mile of winding wooded drive which suddenly came to a stretch of sparkling lawn, shaded by enormous oaks and elms that had been growing there when Columbus was a street urchin in Genoa. This, the east side of the house, had been somewhat cluttered by the addition of a porte-cochere which nevertheless conformed with fluted columns to its architectural style. But the western façade, which overlooked that enchanted vista of orchards and fields, winding river and forested hills, retained its pure but imaginative design. The central block of the house, rising between low wings, was sculpted in two great bays that swelled outward in graceful curves, giving the rooms within a commanding sweep up and down the Valley. This was the Wadsworths' home, serene, secure and beautiful; the safe inviolable base to which they could always return from far adventures and the turmoils and discomforts of the world.

Unlike the Wadsworths before him—and his descendants—the Boss operated most of the farms himself. When the old leases expired or tenants wanted to give up and retire on their earnings, the Boss, instead of reletting the land, put in a man-

ager of his own, until he was personally farming about 6,000 acres.

Of course he did most of the managing himself. All the long summer days he would be riding through the fields on his gaited saddle horse, his white suit as crisp as though freshly laundered, his tiny boots mirror-bright, overseeing the work; judging the weight of the steers with an expert eye; mentally selecting which lambs to slaughter and which to keep to strengthen the flock; poking into the dairy barns to make sure the straw was fresh and the milk cleanly handled; appraising the wheat and corn, the young peas, beans and sweet corn for the canning factories which had sprung up around Geneseo, Avon, and Mount Morris, making suggestions, giving orders, planning repairs and improvements.

The most profitable operation was fattening western cattle for the eastern market. Every year the Boss would make a trip to the Chicago stockyards and carefully select hundreds of steers to be shipped to his grazing lands in the Valley. He also made numerous cattle-buying trips to the ranches in the West and in Canada. As long as he ran the farms himself, a period of fifty-four years, they made a handsome profit.

Though he was almost a reactionary in politics, the Boss was a very progressive farmer. He is generally credited with having introduced the silo into western New York; while it was his cousin Herbert who taught the farmers of the Geneseo that the waste hulls and stalks and husks from the canning factories made excellent ensilage on which the beef cattle could fatten all winter. In addition, the Boss was endlessly experimenting with new strains of grain and new kinds of fertilizer. In the latter connection, however, he swore by one old-fashioned maxim which he repeated on practically all occasions: "The best manure for the land is the foot of the owner."

Though in the 1880's all the gentry of the Valley were ardent followers of Austin Wadsworth's fox hounds, the Wadsworths of Hartford House never took much interest in the sport. The Boss hunted only a few times, as did the Senator, although they both subscribed liberally to the Hunt. This indifference toward the chase was partly due to the Boss's judgment that "Foxhunting is very bad politics," and partly to Maria Louisa's aversion

to horses. She disliked horsy people even more, and called the sporting men from Buffalo "the Tough Buffs." But she had to put up with them.

Every so often the Boss invited his Buffalo friends for a weekend. They came in their great coaches, laughing and roaring out their disreputable jokes. At the first warning tootle of a coaching horn Maria Louisa retired upstairs. The Tough Buffs never went to bed at all, but ranged through the lower floor, playing cards, eating, drinking and drenching the house with the heavy clinging smell of their cigars. Every four hours their tight-lipped hostess would come to the head of the stairs and angrily throw a clean collar down for the Boss. Her martyrdom was ended by an almost fatal accident.

In their sporting tours to the distant parts of the county, the gentlemen from Geneseo used the Erie Railroad. Austin Wadsworth loathed this sort of transportation, so he bought a Concord stagecoach, and trained a six-horse team to pull it. After that the members of the Hunt would arrive in style on their own coach, the interior of which was liberally stocked with food and alcoholic refreshment. On one occasion they took the coach to a hunt breakfast near Mount Morris. At it they seemed to have drunk rather more than they ate.

In any event, they invited Congressman Wadsworth to ride home with them. Wadsworth, who was more sober than most judges, accepted, and almost instantly wished he had not. Charley Cary took the reins, and laid on to the horses with his long-lashed whip. Out of the drive and onto the main road they went at a gallop with the heavy coach careening and the Boss hanging on like a child on a roller coaster. When they came to the long hill down to Hampton Corners, Cary drove as though he were pursued by the James boys and a whole tribe of Comanches. The horses were running belly-to-ground, the great coach slewing and leaping over the road. As the sharp corner approached, Wadsworth yelled, "Pull up, for God's sake, pull up!" Cary only whooped with glee and cracked his whip.

The laws of physics ordained the inevitable result. Cary got the team around the corner, but the top-heavy coach went over with a sickening crash, sending blue-coated, white-bottomed figures sailing all over the landscape. Because of their pleas-

antly relaxed condition not a man was hurt except the sober Congressman, who shattered his ankle so badly that always afterward he walked with a cane.

When they brought her husband home on a shutter, Maria Louisa put her small foot down so firmly that the Boss never questioned her dictum. He was not to hunt any more. And never again would one of the Tough Buffs be permitted to cross the threshold of Hartford House.

The nearest thing to a real family row came when the Boss fenced one of his fields with wire. His cousin Austin in a froth of fury characterized it as "a trick unworthy of a Dutch market gardener."

The only member of the Congressman's family who really loved the chase was Harriet. Senator Wadsworth says, "At the age of ten Harriet surpassed me as a rider, and she has been better than I on horseback ever since."

Harriet saved up her allowance to buy her first hunter—she could get no help from the Boss—and went down to the stables at dawn every day to care for him. She hunted regularly with the Genesee Valley Hunt, and eventually married Fletcher Harper, a skilled and daring horseman who is said to have broken virtually every bone in his body at one time or another. They finally settled at Friendship Farm, a beautiful place at the Plains, Virginia, in the foothills of the Blue Ridge, where Harper was M.F.H. of the Orange County Hunt for thirty-three years.

When she was seventy years old, the indefatigable Harriet entered a hundred-mile endurance ride in the mountainous terrain of Vermont. And won it.

Much as the Boss loved the land, he did not always live in the Valley. He felt as strong a compulsion to enter politics as his father had. To the Wadsworths public service was an obligation which they owed in return for their fortunate inheritance. In 1878, the Boss was elected to the New York State Assembly where he served two terms. Those winters the family lived in Albany. Then Wadsworth became Comptroller of New York State. In that office he proposed legislation which for the first time levied a tax on corporations within the state. He believed that,

as a matter of sound fiscal policy, the state should derive a large portion of its income from such a tax. Despite the anguished screams of the corporations and all the pressures they brought to bear, the bill was passed. Wadsworth then set up the machinery for collecting the tax. This type of taxation has been a policy of the state ever since.

While he was improving the finances of New York State, Wadsworth narrowly escaped personal financial disaster. One of the New Yorkers who often came to Geneseo in his richly furnished private railroad car was Ferdinand Ward, who was the business partner of ex-President Ulysses S. Grant in the Wall Street firm of Ward and Grant. The financial wizard was riding the wave of speculation with the agility of a Kanaka on a surfboard at Waikiki. He told Mr. Wadsworth that he would double any sum of money he gave him in six months. Wadsworth handed over a thousand dollars. Sure enough, in six months to the day, Ward wrote to him that his credit was now $2,000. Wadsworth promptly asked for his money, to make an improvement on one of the farms, and got it. However, Ward included an invitation to Wadsworth to buy into the firm, with flattering comments on the latter's financial acumen.

It was a definite temptation to Wadsworth. Like all the men who had served in the Army and, indeed, most Americans, he had enormous respect for General Grant. He also had a healthy appetite for wealth. This looked like a golden chance to acquire both the prestige of association with his hero, *and* a fortune. The only obstacle was that his job as Comptroller was not half done. Regretfully he decided that he owed it to the people of the state to see the financial reforms he had proposed through the legislature and, feeling a bit of a martyr, wrote Ward that public business prevented his accepting the offer.

Within two years, Ward's reckless speculations and dubious practices had brought the firm down in catastrophic bankruptcy, tarnishing the honor of his Presidential partner and ruining his associates. Wadsworth was one of a very fortunate few who profited by doing business with the firm. His daughter, Mrs. Fletcher Harper, characterizes her father's escape as "dumb luck." But it might better be described as a fortuitous reward of virtue.

Wadsworth continued his political career by getting elected to Congress where he served two terms before a reapportionment of his district temporarily retired him. During those years the family spent a few months each winter in Washington where they always stayed at Wormley's Hotel, run by a Negro family of that name.

A few years later Wadsworth was again elected to Congress. In 1896 he became Chairman of the House Committee on Agriculture where he served for ten years. According to present standards he was conservative to the point of reaction. That is, he believed with all his heart that the farmer should be his own man, free to manage his affairs for his own good as he saw it, unhampered by government interference, and unassisted by government except in the matter of expert advice.

At the same time he vigorously fought all legislation which seemed to him adverse to the best interest of his charges. That word is used advisedly, for Congressman Wadsworth regarded the farmers of America as his personal wards and thought of himself as their champion in Washington.

But his advocacy of the farmers' interests never ran to the point of dipping into the United States Treasury to give them special favors. As a congressman he considered it his duty to all his constituents to guard the public purse with the utmost diligence. His opinion was that the best government was that which conducted the affairs of the nation at the least possible cost to the taxpayer. In this connection there is an interesting comparison with the present attitude of the House Committee on Agriculture. In a sadly troubled letter the Boss wrote, "Try as I may I can't hold the Department's [of Agriculture] budget below $15,000,000."

In 1906 President Theodore Roosevelt was out to reform the packing industry, and it certainly needed reforming. An amendment for this purpose was tacked onto another bill by the United States Senate and sent over to the House. No Senate committee had studied the amendment, but the Boss, as Chairman of the House Committee on Agriculture, scrutinized it carefully and found that it was a decidedly jejune job, which he proceeded to rectify.

His committee made two principle changes. The act as writ-

ten gave the Secretary of the Interior power to seize any packing plant that failed to meet the standards set by law; this without benefit of appeal to the courts. It seemed obviously inequitable to the Boss. Another section provided that the packers should pay the inspectors who passed on their products. Congressman Wadsworth shrewdly observed that the employee is beholden to the man who pays him. If the inspectors were to be impartial they must be paid by the Government.

With these two changes the bill went to President Roosevelt for his signature. He signed it because he had to, but he fairly chewed up the pen in his rage. Using a vocabulary of invective unequaled since the Prophet Jeremiah, he pilloried the Boss as a tool of the interests and a pal of the packers.

Wadsworth was indeed on friendly terms with some of these gentlemen, notably Herman Swift, whom he had known as a butcher in Albany and whom he advised not to go west. However, it is highly improbable that friendship influenced his conduct. Only a short time before, he had spoken and voted against a bill to put a prohibitive tax on oleomargarine, despite the fact that he and many of his friends and constituents were dairy farmers who would profit heavily thereby.

When the Boss came up for re-election in the fall of 1906, Roosevelt went out to get him. The President wrote to every federal official in his district to the effect that if they supported Wadsworth they would be fired for pernicious political activity. Despite this the regular Republican Party nominated the Boss. Peter A. Porter of Buffalo was nominated by a splinter group, and endorsed by the Democrats. His campaign emblem was a milch cow.

The Boss was defeated, not so much because of his alleged kindness to the packers as because he had voted against the tax on oleomargarine. That was the end of his political career, and he took it hard.

An incidental footnote to history: Peter Porter lasted just one term in Congress. The Boss's meat inspection bill is still the law of the land.

Congressman Wadsworth thus had a useful and important political career, though it was far less distinguished than that of

his father and of his son. Perhaps his greatest service to his country was his influence on his son's character. He set him an example of fearless integrity and devoted public service; and constantly drummed into his head the obligations of being a citizen of what the Boss always referred to as "This beloved Country of ours."

How he molded his son's character is another part of this history.

CHAPTER VIII

The Fox-hunting Wadsworths

In a few lucky lands especially favorable circumstances produce a sudden flowering of civilization. This unlikely combination of affluence, tranquillity, good cooking and intellectual stimulation occurred in the Genesee Valley in the eighteen seventies and lasted over forty years. The Genesee Valley Hunt contributed considerably to this happy state of affairs. As might be expected, Wadsworths played a leading role in this activity; though not the Wadsworths of Hartford House.

While the Boss and Maria Louisa were living comparatively simply at the northern end of the village of Geneseo, a much more luxurious and complex way of life was practiced in Austin Wadsworth's home on the south side. At The Homestead civilization was indeed blooming and burgeoning. Austin had the best cook in Livingston County, maids, footmen and grooms galore; and a stableful of fine hunters. The doors of The Homestead swung hospitably wide to all the world, and the world came through them. Not just sportsmen and society, but such great literary and political figures as Mark Twain, Arthur Brisbane, David Gray, William McKinley, Senator Mark Hanna, and Theodore Roosevelt. Nor was it only the good food and easy hospitality which drew them, for the master of the house had a brain that could match theirs.

Austin Wadsworth was an unusual combination of sporting character and intellectual. Not that he ever cultivated his mind as assiduously as he did his fields, or raised any intellectual crops on it. Nevertheless, it was rich in taste and learning acquired by accident, so to speak—by reading good books for no other reason than love of them.

Because of their father's early death Austin and his brother Herbert had been brought up by their eccentric mother. Her-

bert married young and set himself up in a great rambling Victorian house at Avon, which with his perverse humor he named "Ashantee" (a shanty), overlooking his portion of the family farms. Austin continued to live with his mother at The Homestead. He was her darling and pride, and might well have become a ghastly sort of mother's boy. She raised him much more luxuriously than the sons of Hartford House. There is a marble bust of him as a very young man in the library of The Homestead. It is the image of a sensitive youth with delicate features and a pure poetic brow, wearing an embroidered cape and Byronic collar. From his pedestal he looks dreamily through tall windows at the wide fields of his inheritance. But in his early manhood he took charge of the lands, and ran them as diligently as had old Bill. Nor was there a more daring horseman in the country.

In 1876 Austin gathered a group of gentlemen together and founded the Genesee Valley Hunt. Of course they had hunted foxes before; but they were now to be an organized hunt adopting the protocol and trappings of that aristocratic sport. Wadsworth was elected Master of Fox Hounds. However, according to the diary which Austin kept, the first few meets hardly proceeded according to Hoyle.

The hounds, for example, were a scratch lot, each member bringing his own couple, who obeyed no one but their master. They had no conception of working together and this resulted in wild chases over the countryside, with hounds dashing off in all directions followed by their apoplectic masters. The day often ended with small squads of the Genesee Valley Hunt scattered over three townships.

The M.F.H. had almost as much trouble controlling the hunters as the hounds. They usually met for a breakfast before the meet, and fortified their morale with strong spirits. The master recorded:

> To the native whiskey, then, we owe our present sport, for to it is due the fact that the fittest has survived, and it is doubtful whether there are anywhere straighter, stouter, faster foxes than here.

In 1880 Austin secured a pack of well-bred English hounds

which was kenneled at the Homestead. The members also decided to ride in proper hunting togs instead of ratcatchers. However, they could not quite stomach the traditional scarlet (pink) coats. Some authorities contend that they feared the anglophobic farmers would shoot anybody riding over their fields in a rig that resembled a British uniform. Others, that the Wadsworths themselves were too patriotic to adopt such a costume. Instead they chose the blue and buff of the old Continental uniform, and today the Genesee Valley is the only recognized hunt which never wears the traditional scarlet. The exception to this is the Hunt's full-dress coats for evening, which are scarlet with chartreuse lapels.

Though hounds were now more tractable, the members of the hunt were still rugged individualists. Doctor Trumbull Cary of Buffalo was wilder than Buffalo Bill's Indians. On one occasion, when the field was proceeding at a walk to the spot where hounds were to be thrown in, he put his horse at an "impossible fence" beside an open gate, remarking, "I didn't come all the way from Buffalo to go through gates."

The ladies who rode with the Hunt were equally daring. The three most ardent sportswomen were Miss Fitzhugh, daughter of Charles Carroll Fitzhugh—the last of the great Virginia aristocrats who pioneered the Valley—the Cary girls, Miss Lawrence, Miss Rumsey, and Miss Laura Young.

A fair sample of the trouble the master had with his hotheaded cohorts is in an account he wrote of the meet on October 21, 1880:

> Found in a gully and to Casino's farm and through his sheep, which got out and he stuck us ten dollars for it. Then through Oneida Woods where T. Cary, Doctor Young and some others wanted hounds lifted. This the M. F. H. refused to do upon which they became intemperate, rebellious and undisciplined in their language, causing the M. F. H. to halt and deliver a lecture on the science of foxhunting, and especially the great respect and reverence due to all M. F. H's.
>
> By means of which noble lecture the fox escaped and finally got into a barnyard and killed a chicken and was knocked on the head by the farmer, who subsequently watched us search for him

with pleasure, but kept mum, and afterward sold the skin for a dollar seventy-five to pay for his chicken which might have been worth twenty-five cents.

However, the hearers profited by their lecture and were improved, while the fox deserved to be killed for killing the chicken, and the chicken for tempting the fox, and the dogs to be disappointed for not working harder.

All of which clearly indicates that the master was a true philosopher of the chase. He also had an intelligent appreciation of what was best for the hunt, and carefully guarded the rights of the farmers. The rules he distributed to its members read in part:

> You have no business on a man's land. It is much better for the Hunt that you should be left behind than that some farmer should be injured. If you take a rail down, put it back; if you open a gate, you should shut it; if you break a fence you cannot repair, report it at once to some responsible officer of the Hunt!

All damage was promptly paid for by the Hunt, and the master did everything possible to encourage the farmers to come out, which they did in large numbers. Wadsworth often said, "I would rather see a farmer's boy on a mule than meet the elaborate creation of a London tailor."

As time went on the fields attending the meets grew bigger—and more civilized—and the hunting improved. On October 28, 1882, the master could write:

> A very large crowd, and oyster soup for all. Much fun! Ran in a big circle over some hills commanding a superb view of the Valley. Escorted by crowds of admiring and enthusiastic natives, shouting and cheering. Tom Cary on Engineer and J. Wadsworth on Julia got roll-overs. Killed west of school house. One farmer said, "This is the biggest day Geneseo ever seen."

Now the fame of the Hunt spread swiftly. Nowhere in all America were there finer fields, stiffer fences, more lovely country, a better spirit of sportsmanship or warmer hospitality. It became the fashion for horsey people to spend the hunting season in the Valley. The Big Tree Inn and the hotels at Avon

were always crowded, and numerous sporting people bought or built houses around Geneseo just for the wonderful autumn months.

Among the sporting families who came to hunt with the Genesee, none was more filled with derring-do than the Carys of Buffalo. In addition to the doughty doctor there were three sons, assorted daughters and in-laws headed by a septuagenarian matriarch, Mrs. Trumbull Cary, who was the most indomitable of them all. On one occasion Mother Cary was watching a polo match in Buffalo in which her son Charles was playing for the home team. Battling would be a better verb, for in those high-binding days, polo was less a game than a tournament in which heads were cracked and horses killed in a mounted Donnybrook, and it was a brave referee who dared cry "Foul!"

This particular game was quite spirited, and in a wild melee of crashing horses and slashing mallets Charley Cary was stretched unconscious on the turf. Players and spectators were somewhat subdued by the event; but not Mother Cary. Standing up in her landeau, she roared in Bashun tones, "Is there no other Cary here to take his place?"

Seward Cary ran out on the field, stripped the boots from his unconscious brother's legs. Pulling them over his white flannel trousers, he mounted the casualty's pony, and the game went on.

Every autumn the Carys rented a big house for the hunting season. Though they were a large family, there were far more horses than people, and their annual arrival in the Genesee resembled a migration of Mongols. First came the coach-and-four packed inside and out with household goods and containing the matriarch. It was escorted by a cavalcade of Carys of both sexes and all ages, spilling off the road into the fields, larking over fences, and generally raising hob with the farms en route. The rear was brought up by a column of mounted grooms leading extra horses.

As soon as they reached their house, the Carys sent couriers speeding in all direction to summon the gentry for an impromptu housewarming. In the midst of one such brawl somebody asked, "Where's the baby?" A frantic search revealed it forgotten in a hamper in the back of the coach.

When Mother Cary finally died she was buried with due de-

corum and proper pomp in Buffalo. Her bereaved family then retired to one of their country places to console themselves. After the funeral baked meats it seemed like a good idea to exercise the horses. Soon everybody was jumping in and out of the paddock and over hedges, flower beds and marble balustrades. When the horses were worn out they began jumping the cows. But occasionally a tinge of sadness would shadow their happy faces as somebody said, "How Mother would have enjoyed this!"

Another vivid character who took a house for the hunting season was John R. Townsend. He always had a houseful of sporting guests. One night Townsend gave a formal stag dinner at which all the men wore their evening scarlet. Austin was there, of course, as were the three Cary boys, Norman Van Voohries, Craig Wodsworth, Jr., and his brother James Samuel, known as Jim Sam to distinguish him from the other Jims. These brothers were especially ardent sportsmen. Jim Sam was a rapscallion so loaded with charm that everyone forgave his most outrageous episodes. Craig was a splendid horseman, tall and handsome with that aristocratic angry-eagle profile. He was a noted gentleman rider, and later served his country with distinction in the diplomatic corps.

On the night of Townsend's dinner, when the wine was as red as their scarlet coats, they began to talk of the famous moonlight steeplechase at Melton in England which gave the sport its name. Someone said, "Let's have one now!"

A thunderous shout of approval greeted this idea, and one guest hurried to the Big Tree Inn to dig the grooms out of bed. In due time and several rounds later the horses were brought around.

Some thirteen or fourteen gentlemen, still in evening scarlet, mounted and cantered gaily through the sleepy streets to the gate of The Homestead, where Craig had set up a steeplechase course. There was a magnificent moon, made brilliant by the sparkling air, which turned the fields into silver lawns with the fences looming black as basalt.

Somehow they got the excited horses into position. With a whoop and a holler they charged the first big fence line abreast. The horses flew it almost in unison, men bending over their straining necks, coattails flying stiff as flags, as magnificent a

sight as a sportsmen over beheld. Then on around the two-mile course with a dreamlike sense of flying effortlessly through that crystal night. Dreamlike, too, was the performance of horses and riders. Despite the tricky moonlight, seeming so sharply bright but full of false shadows and deceptive refractions that invited disaster, not a horse went down, not a man even lost a stirrup. Such perfection at high noon of a perfect day would have been amazing. On an autumn midnight it was white magic.

Who won? Not a man remembered or cared. What they all remembered for always was the exhilaration of frosty air, lucent beauty beyond believing, and the swift flight through the silver fields. And the luck that brought them safely home.

In 1901 Austin Wadsworth eventually married Elizabeth Perkins of Boston, a charming but strong-willed young woman, who with tact, patience and determination transformed The Homestead from the Bachelor's Hall it had been ever since the death of Austin's mother, into the show place of the Valley. The dark-haired young beauty from Boston was as keen a horsewoman as her husband. Her combination of gracious hospitality and sporting spirit won the affection of the Valley—no easy task for a newcomer in such a closely bound community.

Austin's brother and sister-in-law, the Herbert Wadsworths of Ashantee, were perhaps the most eccentric of that individualistic tribe. Herbert was no worker; rather a gifted dilettante who laughed at everything including himself and his formidable wife. He was a—largely unpublished—writer, who said, "I have written more, in bulk, than Tennyson"—and an inventor of things that nobody needed like his wooden lap robe for buggies based on the principle of the roll-top desk, and an inverted silo that stuck into the ground instead of towering in the air.

Mrs. Herbert was the former Martha Blow of St. Louis, a very small beautifully formed woman with bright red hair, a much-rouged face and very large diamonds. She was called by her cousins either "the Big Blow from the West" or "the Painted Desert." Her husband called her "Marfy." When Marfy married Herbert she wore a dress made of a single piece of India silk so fine that it could be drawn through her wedding ring. There

was not a seam in this sari; it was wrapped around her lovely body.

Martha also was a great horsewoman. A few years later, Theodore Roosevelt, our ruggedest President, made headlines by riding 100 miles in a single day. "That's nothing!" snorted Martha, who did not care for Teddy, perhaps because the President was a frequent guest at The Homestead. The implacable lady rose at dawn one summer day, mounted one of her hunters and cantered off on a great circle of the Valley which included Conesus Lake. Fourteen hours and six horses later she had traveled 150 miles. As she slid down from her final mount, she muttered, "I guess I showed that old Rough Rider up."

However, that canter was a mere warm-up for Marfy's greatest equestrian feat, which was to ride across-country all the way from Washington to Geneseo. A less redoubtable character would have been prone for weeks thereafter, but not Martha. She clattered up Ashantee's gravel drive just in time for a large formal dinner she was giving that night, at which she appeared in one of her thin, clinging gowns with an emerald snake in her burnished hair and ablaze with all her biggest diamonds.

Mesdames Austin and Herbert Wadsworth were nicknamed by their Cousin Jim Sam Wadsworth the Black Queen and the Red Queen. With these two doughty ladies leading the field, the Genesee Valley Hunt flourished exceedingly. The first sporting event of the season was the annual gymkhana on the Fourth of July, held in one of Austin Wadsworth's big flat fields at The Homestead. On the great day, it would be ringed by coaches and drags and tallyhos, landeaux, dog carts, buggies and surries, all in a riotous bloom of feminine finery and pretty faces under cartwheel hats and lacy parasols. Only the older gentlemen—and few of them—accompanied the ladies, for the rest were all mounted, as eager as knights for the fray.

The events were modeled on those the British Army had developed in India, and they were all carried out at a full gallop. There was tent pegging in which the contestants mounted on polo ponies carried cavalry lances—the cavalry still used them—with which they tried to skewer tent pegs sticking about four inches out of the ground. In the next event papier-mâché heads were mounted on posts about fifteen feet

apart. Armed with cavalry sabers, the gentlemen charged furiously down the line swinging the curved swords left and right as heads rolled in the dust.

The serious business of the year began with the first September frosts. On autumn Saturdays when the morning train from Buffalo and the overnight Pullman from New York pulled into Avon the platform was crowded with ladies and gentlemen come to follow the famous hounds of the Valley across the big fifty-acre fields, which were fenced with all sorts of interesting obstacles from the ancient zigzag rail fences to "serious-looking" picket fences, and brutally strong, high jumps with the rails bound to the posts with baling wire.

Though this was still the Victorian Age when women were supposed to be frail and feminine, the young Dianas of Geneseo were a daring lot. You would often see them leading the field, sitting gracefully at ease in their side saddles, with the great skirts of their dark blue riding habits rippling in the wind to show a small booted leg, their heads becomingly crowned by shining toppers firmly anchored by fetching open-mesh veils.

As the founders of the Hunt grew old there were plenty of youngsters to take their places. Craig Wadsworth's sons Craig, Jr., and Jim Sam were if anything more daring than their seniors. Austin's son, William P. Wadsworth, grew up after the great days had passed, but he was the most ardent sportsman of them all, and is now the Master of the Hunt.

Seventy years after its founding the Genesee Valley Hunt still flourishes and its fields are full of eager youngsters riding hell-for-leather. Though the golden age of the Valley was dimmed by two world wars, the afterglow lingers agreeably on.

Book II

SENATOR WADSWORTH

CHAPTER I

A Senator Is Born

JAMES WOLCOTT WADSWORTH, JR., the Boss's only son, had the good fortune to be born in the dawn of the Genesee Valley's golden age. He almost was not born at all. On August 12, 1877, his tiny strong-willed mother had been in labor for forty-eight hours. The old family doctor, who had tried everything he knew to bring on the birth, was ready to give up. "It looks hopeless," he told the potential father who had been pacing the halls of Hartford House for two days. "Nothing I know can save either mother or child. Perhaps that young doctor in the village has learned something I don't know. Why not call him."

"We'll try anything," the Boss said.

He sent his stableman, Harley Welch, galloping through the village to summon Doctor Walter E. Lauderdale, a very recent graduate of the College of Physicians and Surgeons. In a few minutes "Doc Watt," as he was nicknamed, dashed up behind one of his fast trotters. His recently acquired knowledge saved the day. Two hours later the future Senator greeted the world with an excruciating yell—his speaking voice was always noted for its tremendous timbre.

Young Jim Wadsworth's earliest years must have been tranquil and happy for there is no record of them whatsoever. However, he fondly describes his first real friend. This was that same Harley Welch, who took care of the stables and drove Mrs. Wadsworth's carriage behind a pair of sleepy horses that were not in the least like tigers. He was a witty, redheaded young Irishman who doubled in brass. That is, he was the drum major of the Geneseo Silver Cornet Band. And a fine figure he made in blue trousers with a broad red stripe, a white double-breasted tunic aglitter with brass buttons; gilt epaulets; and a huge bear-

skin shako dripping gold tassels on his proud head. The Senator recalled: "He was very kind to me and let me carry the front end of the bass drum in a fireman's parade when I was nine years old. That is the nearest I have ever come to playing a musical instrument."

Welch was young Jim Wadsworth's best friend until he was nine years old—Jim's sister, Harriet, hardly counted at all since she was over four years younger than he.

You had to be able to ride in those days to get around, and Jim started young. At the age of six his father gave him a pony, and Welch taught him to ride, with the Boss superintending. When he was eight years old Jim started in the local school at the other end of the village. Every morning in sunshine or blizzards he rode his pony to school and tethered him in Fred Mate's blacksmith shop nearby.

When he was nine Jim was given a bigger horse, but this entailed responsibilities. His father said, "Boy, you've got to learn how to take care of a horse; it's more important than knowing how to ride. From now on you must be down at the stables at seven o'clock, take your horse out under the shed and groom her, currycomb, feed her, and everything. Then come back to the house for your breakfast."

Like all young Wadsworths Jim went through the Spartan course of indoctrination in farming that, despite its rigors, has produced in every generation the love of the land which is their strength. By the time he was ten, young Jim was working hard in the fields of the Home Farm, haying, weeding, cultivating, doing everything a boy his age could manage, and perhaps a little more to please his exacting parent.

Even though he had to work, Jim had a lot of fun in those golden summer days—the sort of fun that country boys were having all over America. Later he fondly recalled going down the hill to the railroad station with a gang of friends to put pennies on the track and watch the engine of the "Four forty" come down the grade, all splendid in gleaming brass, hissing steam and clanging bell, to mash them flat.

There was baseball or three-ole-cat, with the Boss coaching his son ardently even then, and picnics at Conesus Lake. Noth-

ing ever felt as fine as that chilly, spring-fed water on a blazing-hot August day.

Best fun of all were the country fairs with their macabre sideshows. "Clarisse the lovely maiden buried alive for the duration of the fair." You paid ten cents to go into the tent where there was a grave mound with a white wooden marker standing at its head. You could talk to Clarisse through an iron pipe leading down to the grave, and she would talk back to prove she was really there. Young Jim paid his dime one day, and went in with his mouth full of grape seeds which he spit down the pipe. Clarisse talked back that time in a vocabulary that made Jim scamper away for fear the lightning of the Lord would strike.

When Jim was fourteen, during summer vacation, the Boss turned him over to Herb Hanby, the most trusted of the hired hands. Indeed Herb, whose grandfather had been the General's gardener, was like one of the family. He took no sass from anyone, and on one occasion when he caught Jim and his sister stealing melons he fired a shotgun over their heads close enough to scare them well.

Herb taught his pupil the basic techniques of the farmers' trade. He was a great teacher, the Senator said. Just watching him work, slow and easy, no waste motion, but the job finished in remarkably short time, was an education in itself. Herb's curriculum included: harnessing work horses so the pull was even and the straps would not gall, the rhythmic swing of a haying fork; cocking the hay just right to save it from rain stain; how to drive the grain binder behind a heavy team; handling the threshing machine and building a good stack of straw. "The straw was really important," Wadsworth wrote, "for it provided bedding for the cattle and sheep and horses throughout the winter, became rich in manure and went back on the land—the best of all fertilizers. [Some people] regard this as backward. But the land is not backward. It goes on producing."

Then there was Herb's course in fence building; how to sink the big white-oak posts four and a half feet deep, tamp in the earth, brace them properly so they stood erect against the pull of the wire, then drive the long straight line of stakes, stretch the wire to follow the contour of the ground, and finally staple it

to the posts—"Hey boy! Drive those staples so they straddle the grain, then they won't pull out easy."

Other necessary jobs, less pleasant but equally important, were altering young buck lambs and the bloody, brutal business of dehorning steers. Compensation came when Herb taught Jim how to drive cattle and sheep afoot and on horseback. The steers were shipped by rail to Mount Morris and from there they had to proceed on their own feet. It took no mean skill to handle a bunch of fifty or more of the unruly, long-horned beasts on the narrow, unfenced roads. Jim always remembered those drives with pleasure in spite of the choking dust, and real danger when some of the herd went loco and charged anything in sight. The last lap was the most spectacular as they moved down the broad main street of Geneseo, filling it from curb to curb with tossing horns and bellowing beasts, while the village girls ran screaming into doorways, and all the men turned out to help keep the cattle moving.

One time of delight was when the Boss took his young son on a cattle-buying trip to Canada. They visited half a dozen ranching towns where Mr. Wadsworth cast an expert eye over the herds of beef cattle and selected those he wanted. The steers were then driven up the ramps into the latticed stockcars. About 250 head were purchased, and when the train of cattle cars was made up, Jim had the joy of riding home in a straw-filled bunk in the caboose like a real drover. Sometime during the night their train was sidetracked at London, Ontario, beside a circus train. The lions and tigers smelled the steers and went wild, while the cattle panicked in atavistic terror. Roaring and howling, bellowing and plunging, the animals in both trains seemed likely to bring the very dome of heaven crashing down. In the caboose, Jim shivered with delighted apprehension.

When he was sixteen Jim really went to work. He was sent to the two-thousand-acre Street Farm at Avon as a hired hand under the farm boss, John Kyle. His apprenticeship was nearly over, it was a real farm job:

> Up at five-thirty, do the chores, breakfast at six-thirty, out in the fields at seven o'clock. One hour for (noon) dinner, back to work. Lay off at six P.M. Then supper and a good one. There were

> eleven men working there and six teams of horses (I had one of them), all the primitive machinery of that day, acres and acres of clover and mixed hay, one hundred acres of wheat, almost as much in oats, plenty of field corn, some sweet corn for the canning factory, and beans. The pastures held 350 to 400 head of beef cattle. It was a big operation and it took a well managed gang to run it. . . .
>
> The men worked for $25.00 a month and their keep. The Boss paid me fifty cents a day. Sounds small but we had real dollars in those days!

Though Avon was only nine miles from Geneseo, that was too far to commute, so Jim lived there all week. On Saturday evening he rode home; took a great, big, badly needed bath; went to church with his family on Sunday; and rode back that afternoon to be ready for work at sunup Monday morning. Apparently they took less care of young Jim's feet than those of their horses, which they arranged to have re-shod at the first sign of trouble. His grandson, Stuart Symington, Jr., recalls: "Gramp's toes were all turned under. The summer he was working at the Street Farm, he was given a new pair of copper-toed boots. By the end of the summer his feet had grown, and his toes were all crumpled from those boots."

Jim did not spend all his youth on the farms. In winter he went to Washington with his parents—the Boss was now in Congress. One Christmas vacation there he had his first sight of Congress in action. As he took his place in the visitors' gallery the Democratic Speaker of the House was having a tough time with the Minority Leader, Republican Tom Reed of Maine.

"The Gentleman from Maine will be seated," roared the Speaker, crashing his gavel down.

Reed just stood there in the well of the House.

"The Sergeant of Arms will conduct the Gentleman from Maine to his seat," ordered the Speaker.

Almost staggering under the weight of his mace, symbol of authority, the small Sergeant at Arms approached the hulking Congressman from Maine. He pulled at Reed's sleeve. The Congressman, pretending to put up a terrific fight, was led up the aisle to a seat. Halfway there Reed turned toward the

Speaker and in a feeble protesting voice exclaimed, "Mr. Speaker, this looks to me like tyranny!"

The whole House roared with laughter. Jim, laughing with them, thought, "Gee, I'd like to be a congressman someday."

In addition to his agricultural training, young Wadsworth was carefully indoctrinated with his father's patriotic fervor. When his son was nine years old the Congressman said to him, "Jim, you read pretty well by now. I want you to read this book and learn something of the history of your country."

He handed Jim the first volume of a series of juvenile books by Charles Carleton Coffin entitled *The Boys of Sixty-One.* Jim records that he was fascinated by it. In quick succession he read the sequels, *Marching to Victory* and *Freedom Triumphant,* and followed them by others on the Civil War, supplemented by his father's stories of his own experiences in battle and stirring tales of Grandfather Wadsworth's martial exploits. When Jim had run out of Civil War material, the Congressman provided boys' books on the War of 1812 and the Revolution. Even when his son was a United States Senator, the Boss was still emphasizing the importance of history. "You can always learn something reading about the history of this beloved country of ours. Not enough of you do. Some senators don't know the history of the United States."

The Senator himself wrote:

> To me these histories were just as exciting as adventure stories or any kind of fiction. In fact, about the only courses at school or college which held me were those of history—history of any people in any period. I took every such course I could lay my hands on. It was not a scholarly urge or trait—it was a craze and I was its victim.

Jim never remembered his father instructing him about religion, though he says that they both had strong faith in God, without any denominational bias. However, the Boss often talked of honor, which in his simple creed meant always telling the truth and nothing but the truth. "Whether you are in politics or in private life," he told his son, "when you are called upon to express a feeling or conviction, speak right out and take

the consequences. You may be mistaken and you will probably make yourself unpopular, but your conscience will be clear later on at least."

This and the obligation to serve were the constant theme of the Boss's serious talks with his son. "When you grow up and come back here to live, you ought to be useful to your community," he said. "That may involve you in politics, but if you go into politics, even on a very small scale, you must do it with that one idea in mind, to be of service to your community. It's your duty to do so even if you never run for office! Take an interest in the public affairs of the village and the county. Go to meetings. Learn what's going on. Be a citizen. But if I ever catch you supporting a theory of government or a political movement of any kind in which you do not believe, I'll never speak to you again."

Another time he put it more succinctly. "It doesn't suffice for you to be just happy in your own home. You get out and be useful!"

For Jim the Boss's word was the law; not necessarily as to political creeds or economic policies, but always as to duty and honor. Thus the twig willingly inclined to the Wadsworth pattern.

One of Jim Wadsworth's salient characteristics in later life was the rapidity with which he could adjust to physical environment. He was utterly indurate on matters of principle and pretty rigid in his opinions, but completely flexible as to his housing. He was as happy and at ease rolling up under a blanket on the western range as in any of the great English country houses which he frequently visited. A suite on the garden court of the Ritz in Paris or a lumpy-bedded single in a commercial hotel in Amsterdam, New York, were equally agreeable to him. Nobody ever heard him complain about running to the privy in the rain at a country farmhouse, or the quality of the hash in a roadside beanery.

The reason he could take all these things in his stride was because he got used to them in his youth, switching from a farm hand's room in a farm boss's primitive house to the magnificence

of his family's dwelling. And when he came home his friends were always welcome. So during his school and college days, and throughout Harriet's youth, the house was often filled with gay young people just as The Homestead had been when General Wadsworth was a boy.

Jim Wadsworth's first and firmest friendship was formed when he was nine years old, with Fred Kernochan. Their families had been friends for many years and felt that their sons should get to know each other, so Fred was invited to visit at Geneseo. Unlike most such artificially induced relationships, this one took. Pronouncing his beloved friend's funeral oration fifty-two years later, the Senator said, "Somehow we cottoned to each other from the beginning. We began by exchanging summer visits. . . . We roomed together at Fay School for two years, then on to St. Marks where we roomed together for five years and to Yale where we roomed together four more years."

After that they served in the same outfit in the Spanish-American War, and throughout all the rest of their lives were completely devoted to each other. It is a curious commentary on the manners and reserves of men with their upbringing in that courteous age that the Senator could say, "In fifty years we never had a quarrel and never exchanged a confidence."

Though Jim Wadsworth's life of hard labor on his family's farms was surely not typical of the gilded youth of his generation, his schooling was. The object of education was not so much to acquire knowledge as to form character, to make friends and to take on polish. The highest accolade a man could receive was the phrase "He is a gentleman."

But to be fair, that designation had far deeper connotations than good manners, an elegant mode of speech, or ease in society. It included a rigid code of honor, good sportsmanship, truthfulness and consideration for other people, especially for those who were vulnerable by reason of being what is now called "underprivileged."

From this point of view Wadsworth's education was a resounding success. He was, indeed, a gentleman in the highest sense of the word. That he also collected a vast amount of knowledge before his long life ended was purely fortuitous as far as his

academic training was concerned. He acquired most of it after his formal schooling ended.

This began when he was ten and his mother decided that the rugged life on the farms and his attendance at the Geneseo grade school presided over by Miss Goheen were making a little tough out of him. That fall he was sent to Fay School in Southboro, Massachusetts, a pre-preparatory school for those great incubators of the Ivy League such as Groton, St. Marks, Andover, Exeter, and St. Pauls. From Fay, Jim went on to St. Marks, which ranked with Groton as the inner circle of elite education.

At neither boarding school nor college did Wadsworth achieve academic honors—nobody wanted him to. But he did well enough in that unhurried era of the golden mean when the "gentlemanly C" was the goal to shoot for. Once, it is true, his marks fell so low that Mr. and Mrs. Wadsworth became alarmed and made a hurried trip to confer with the school's headmaster, Mr. William E. Peck. Peck affably reassured them and simultaneously voiced the philosophy of his generation. "Don't worry about Jim's marks. I never knew an honor boy yet who amounted to anything after he left school."

Far more important to the Boss, and therefore to his son, was the fact that Jim made the baseball nine. Baseball was the Boss's great love—it was also good politics. He was enchanted when his son turned out to be an excellent first baseman. After that Jim's summers were a good deal less rugged, for his father, ostensibly for the good of the village but actually to keep his son in practice and gratify his own passion for the game, formed the Geneseo Baseball Team and fixed up the old fairgrounds as their home park. The Boss scoured the country for material and reached out to the University of Rochester and Hobart College. The reader is invited to guess who played first base.

From the first, the Geneseo team was a popular success. They played the villages round about, and rivalry between them was terrific. The Boss personally coached his team, pointing out their failings with his crooked index finger, broken in a game in 1870. He borrowed Austin Wadsworth's fatal Concord coach and, sitting on the box in the white linen suit he always wore in

summer with a flowing black tie and a Stetson hat, he drove them to all their engagements. At the season's end the new nine had a creditable record, which the Boss was determined to better next year.

That autumn (1894) Jim went to Yale. The following spring he made the freshman team. Wadsworth cites "the greatest distinction of my Freshman year" as breaking the index finger of his right hand through a careless catch:

> The tip of the finger was turned down in a permanently fixed position . . . and here is something to interest geneologists. That busted finger of mine is an exact replica of my father's corresponding finger, broken in exactly the same way. Blood will tell!

When Wadsworth became a senator and an orator of note, his favorite gesture was to point at his audience. However, it could be said that he never pointed the finger at any man, but always at the floor.

The summer of 1897 was a glorious one for the Geneseo nine. All that spring the Boss traveled like a Fuller Brush man, scouting the colleges for promising material—there were no such stringent rules about amateurs playing semi-pro ball in those days. He rounded up a tremendous team. It included men from Cornell, Wesleyan, Princeton, Brown, Dartmouth and Lafayette. Three of them were college captains. Sportswriters nicknamed them the "Geneseo Collegians." Jim records that it was a wonderful summer despite the fact that, what with playing and practice, the Boss worked them almost as hard as a Big League team. And they played almost as well. They traveled north to Canada; south to Atlantic City; as far west as Chicago; and east to Cooperstown, the very cradle of baseball. They played thirty-eight games and won thirty-five.

That season was the end of Jim's summer baseball. But looking back down the vista of the years at the green diamonds with the long shadows of afternoon blue-black on the turf, and the fine smells of summer, of bruised grass and dust and clean sweat; and the lovely, leisurely, useless, innocent fun of it all, Jim Wadsworth wrote sixty years later, "It did me a lot of good."

The next spring in his senior year Wadsworth finally made

the Varsity, and Walter Camp named him All American first baseman.

The thirty-three years from 1865 to 1898 were the longest period of peace the United States had ever known. They were an incredibly tranquil era in which a whole generation grew up with a sense of security no other has ever had. As a result youth was much more carefree than it is now, gentler, gayer and infinitely less sophisticated. This disparity was especially evident in the sons of the well-to-do. When many young men his age were working a twelve-hour day in dangerous, gas-filled coal mines or in the blazing heat of open-hearth furnaces, Jim Wadsworth was just entering what were called, with justice, "the golden college years." That he took them carelessly as his birthright was only natural. He was in fact a fairly feckless youth.

He was even thoughtless about writing home. There are many letters in the Boss's handwriting like the following:

> I want you to write immediately to your mother, a nice long loving letter. She feels very much hurt at not having heard from you in a long time. She is a dear good mother to you and you must be more thoughtful of her.

Actually, Jim was never as close to his mother as to the Boss, despite the latter's peppery temperament. She was evidently a person who could not communicate her real affection. Her letters were quite cut-and-dried, generally dwelling on financial matters. She was careful, not to say close:

> My dear James:
>
> Don't be surprised at the size of my paper. I am using it up on my family. . . .
>
> Be sure to go to Harriet's school dance and take a young man with you. H. counts on having you and I am sure you will have a lot of fun with the schoolgirls. You will be surprised to hear of Richmond Pearing's engagement to Miss Cochran of Boston. I hear she is about 19, and very pretty, her father very rich.

Mrs. Wadsworth always paid Jim's allowance, and handled all his other expenses. It would appear that, despite or probably

because of her husband's great landholdings, she had far more ready cash than he.

Jim had slipped naturally into the freshman class at New Haven, which was no great change from St. Marks, except that he expressed his pleasure at meeting young men from all parts of the country. With his pleasant, gentle character and quick wit, he was bound to be popular. In addition to baseball he sang in the Glee Club. Though his voice was naturally a low baritone, lack of singers in the lower registers forced him to sing bass. In later years he loved to crack, "At Yale I played and sang first bass."

However, though Wadsworth certainly did not work himself to death, he did appreciate some of the intellectual opportunities spread like a feast before him. Like most of his fellow students he was devoted to old President Timothy Dwight, known to all as "Prexy." There was compulsory chapel every weekday morning which Dwight, though very ancient, invariably conducted. Wadsworth writes:

> At the completion of the service, Prexy fairly scampered down the aisle. The seniors broke loose behind him, pushing and shoving right at his heels. The old fellow was sadly bent over with age and the idea prevailed that if you touched his hump you were in luck for the day. . . . The dear old fellow didn't mind a bit!

During his first two years of college Wadsworth was obliged to take required courses, many of which bored him. It was in his last two years, when there was considerable latitude of choice, that his mind began to function. He specialized in political economy, philosophy and history. In his memoirs, written over fifty years later, one can still feel the warmth and respect he had for the brilliant men who taught him. Among them was William Graham Sumner, Professor of Political and Social Science:

> In one of his most famous lectures Sumner invented "The Forgotten Man," a fellow who was honest, industrious, and thrifty, who married, built himself a modest home, raised a family, paid his taxes, took part modestly in civic activities, and demanded

nothing from society save freedom. Sumner used to drill it into us that the politicians never paid any attention to his "Forgotten Man," who was nevertheless the backbone of the country.

In the 1930's, Franklin Roosevelt plagiarized the phrase, and applied it to an entirely different type of individual. I thought Sumner was right, and I still think so.

Another of Wadsworth's favorite teachers was Professor Wheeler who lectured on the history of the Napoleonic era, and William Lyon Phelps, at that time only an assistant professor:

> . . . A lively, witty fellow with the spirit of eternal youth. To us he opened the door to a better understanding of great writings. . . . No longer was it a "chore" to read them—we liked it.

Ranking with Sumner as the man who most influenced his thinking then and throughout his life, Wadsworth puts Arthur T. Hadley, who later succeeded Timothy Dwight as president of Yale. Hadley's fame as an economist was nationwide, and even at a time when academic learning was regarded as utterly useless, if not somewhat sinister, by most businessmen, he was employed by some of the great railroads as an economic adviser.

Though Wadsworth's marks remained low and his capacity for gaiety high the effect of this kind of teaching remained with him always, and when in the Wadsworth way he finally sobered down and accepted his traditional responsibilities toward the land and to public service, the things he had learned were there, deep below the sparkling surface of his mind, forming a solid foundation for the knowledge he ceaselessly sought. For his was the kind of mentality that never stops learning, and even as he was dying of an incurable disease, he still continued the education he had so casually begun.

Jim Wadsworth almost did not finish his formal education. In April, 1898, American indignation against the Spanish overlords of Cuba, originating in sympathy for the islanders' aspirations for freedom, fanned by a growing sense of national destiny, and brought to white heat by the blowing up of the battleship

Maine in Havana Harbor, exploded into war. Jim Wadsworth wanted to leave college and enlist immediately. A fairly frantic letter from the Boss delayed him:

> After deep thought, I have concluded that I want you not to join, and that I would see you about it in a few days. I will explain when I see you fully, but at the writing I only want to say that I do not believe that there will be any real work for the volunteers. That will be done by the regulars. They are entitled to any opportunity that may offer itself for fighting. For, Heaven knows, they have had little chance for honor or promotion during the last 30 years.

The appeal, then, was to give the regulars first chance for glory. It was clever in that it expressed no desire to keep Jim safe, but simply appealed to his sense of fair play, the only argument that might move him. But clever is not the right word either, for it was, in truth, the way Jim's father really felt about it. Though beneath the closed surface of the Boss's mind there certainly lurked a desire to keep the son he loved so dearly from harm, he could never have admitted that to himself. Because had he done so, he would have felt honor-bound to urge Jim to join up that very moment. The letter was Wadsworth speaking to Wadsworth in a language they both understood.

So Jim remained at New Haven to play his final game of baseball against Princeton at the Polo Grounds in New York—after a champagne luncheon at Delmonico's and a rooting-tooting ride up Broadway in a coach-and-four; and "squeaked through his final examination according to plan." On a scale of 4, like Annapolis, he averaged 2.28—passing grade 2.25.

When he marched under the elms to Battell Chapel in his new cap and gown, Wadsworth got a tremendous surprise. As the time came to hand out the honorary degrees, there was the Boss, very tall and straight and handsome with his curling mustache, vibrating with excitement; the Boss who had never taken a college degree, marching up to the rostrum, and President Dwight was eulogizing a great public servant, member of the House of Representatives, Chairman of the Committee of Agri-

culture, and presenting him with the honorary degree of Master of Arts.

There was a tremendous ovation from the students, especially the ballplayers in whose dugout the Congressman had sat through many a game. As the Boss stepped down from the platform, young Gilbert Hinsdale, official scorer of the Varsity Nine, came up to his old friend and said, "Boss, that looked to me like a base on balls."

The Master of Arts hugged him.

CHAPTER II

Our Military Age of Innocence

THE moment graduation was over Jim Wadsworth sped back to Hartford House laden with the souvenirs of four glorious years at Yale, and fired by the determination to present an ultimatum to his father on enlisting. This he never did. For the Boss had mysteriously disappeared. Even Maria Louisa did not know where he was, or if she did, she was not telling.

Such evasive tactics would never frustrate a Wadsworth bent on fighting for his country and sniffing the delicious aroma of burnt gunpowder. Jim rushed down to the port of embarkation at Newport News, Virginia, and enlisted in Battery A of the Pennsylvania Artillery-Volunteers, under Captain Barclay Warburton. This was a crack Philadelphia outfit, organized before the war, which rivaled Philadelphia's famous City Troop in the aristocratic quality of its personnel and the smartness of its drill. Wadsworth was drawn to it because, since it had already been mustered into the Federal Service, it appeared to have a good chance of getting to Cuba before the fun was over, and because Fred Kernochan had already joined it.

Ninety per cent of Battery A were college graduates, many of them Varsity men. They averaged nearly six feet tall and were, in Wadsworth's words, "intellectually excellent and physically superb." The officers were serious, hard-working men and everyone was proud of the battery. They had fortunately inherited their horses from a regular army battery—shipped to Cuba as infantry!—and according to Wadsworth, these horses knew the bugle calls better than the men who rode them. All in all, Battery A made a fine showing in close order drill on parade.

But even in this elite outfit a military tyro like Wadsworth could recognize the basic failures of the happy-go-lucky American military system. The battery had little or no field training. In the six weeks they spent at Newport News their three-inch

guns were never fired with live ammunition. Since these guns had no recoil mechanism, they would jump at every discharge and have to be retrained for the next shot, which required expert gunners. Also, the men simply did not understand the care of their animals or know how to handle them under battle conditions. In short, Wadsworth saw and recorded that in a real fight these splendid young men would have been massacred for lack of simple basic training. It was his first glimmer that something was radically wrong with our method of preparing for war; and out of that uneasiness gradually grew his determination to do all he could to set it right.

Despite the feckless fatuity of our Military Age of Innocence the Americans won the war before Wadsworth could get into it. On Sunday, July 3, 1898, the dreaded Spanish fleet—actually four light cruisers and two torpedo boats—was blown to pieces by American battleships and heavy cruisers off Santiago de Cuba, and two weeks later the Spanish Army, penned up in Santiago, surrendered to a mixed—and mixed-up—army of regulars and volunteers who were almost outnumbered by the war correspondents. News of victory produced violently contrary emotions in Wadsworth. Of course, he was happy about the glorious triumph of American arms; but it was pretty disappointing that it had happened too fast for him. Disappointment turned to chagrin when the full story came back from Cuba. Not only had his cousin, Craig Wadsworth, charged gloriously up San Juan Hill with Teddy Roosevelt's footsore Rough Riders, but the Boss had gotten another base on balls.

It appeared that President William McKinley had appointed his good friend Congressman Wadsworth an inspector of the Army in Cuba. While Jim was fuming at Hampton Roads, the Boss, looking more like a Kentucky colonel than ever in that impeccable white linen suit, senatorial tie and Stetson hat, was sitting in a tent on a Cuban hillside with Generals Wheeler and Shafter, Admiral Sampson, General Leonard Wood, Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, et al., discussing the terms of surrender with Spanish General Toral.

Battery A finally embarked with other units on a transport headed, not for Cuba but for Ponce, Puerto Rico, where there

were still a few active Spaniards. In addition to several thousand men aboard there were no less than 800 horses and mules packed close together in long, stable rows on three decks. The smell of that ship as she crawled through the Caribbean under a blazing August sun must have been enough to asphyxiate not only her passengers but every Spaniard left alive on Puerto Rico.

As the reeking ship sailed into the harbor of Ponce, she hit a sand bar and stayed there for two days despite the best efforts of some Navy tugs. Finally, the converted cruiser *Prairie* sent her steam launch to help. Looking over the rail at the trim Navy craft, Jim Wadsworth got the final, frustrating shock of his military career, for in her stern, still immaculate in white, stood the Boss. "Great Godamighty, look at him! How did he beat me here?"

It seemed the Boss had been sent on another little inspection trip, and had had a fine time chasing Spaniards over the jungled hills and getting himself shot at and almost captured in an ambuscade. When there were no more Spaniards, he had temporarily joined the Navy.

It was young Wadsworth who finally solved the problem of the stranded transport. He suggested that the men lead all the horses as far aft as possible. The stern of the ship went down, her bow came up, and she slipped off into deep water.

By the time Battery A got unstuck and ashore, there was no more fighting to do. They had a three weeks' picnic under canvas in a pleasant Puerto-Rican valley. The only gunpowder Jim Wadsworth smelled was when the battery was ordered home and they gleefully fired all their ammunition into a jungle-covered hillside.

As the transport bringing Battery A home steamed through the Narrows of New York Harbor some very sick young men lay upon her deck—she had no sick bay. Among them was Jim Wadsworth with a bad case of dysentery, which in ten days had brought his weight down from 162 pounds to 132. As the anchor chains clanked through the hawseholes, Jim weakly raised his head to see the Health Officer of the Port of New York step aboard. It was Doctor Alvah Doty, whose home town was Geneseo. Right behind Doctor Doty came the beaming face of the Boss.

Their smiles disappeared at the sight of Jim's emaciated form and sickly green face. With an assist from Doty, the Boss, who was one of the greatest wirepullers that ever wielded congressional influence, whipped his son off that ship and out of the clutches of the Army in a blizzard of cut red tape. Back to the haven of Hartford House, and Doc Watt's buggy tearing up the drive in a shower of gravel. In three weeks he had Jim on his shaky pins again. But the Boss must have felt very guilty about the way he had outmaneuvered his son in the war, for he then joined in a congressional conspiracy to make magnificent amends.

In that year of victory and surging prosperity, Republicans were all-powerful in Washington. President McKinley was a kindly man who loved to do a favor for a friend, especially if he could expect a *quid pro quo*. And who had more quids for quos than the four eminent gentlemen who wanted a slight favor? These influential characters were: a very distinguished senator from Maine, Eugene Hale, who had a son, Eugene, Jr., known as Bill; Congressman Dalzell of Pennsylvania whose son was named Sam; Secretary of State John Hay with a cherished offspring named Adelbert—also two daughters who will be heard of; and the aggressive Chairman of the Committee on Agriculture, a doting father if ever there was one. The favor they asked was that their sons might take a round-the-world cruise on the Army Transport *Sherman* bound for Manila via Suez, and thence across the Pacific to San Francisco.

On February 2, 1899, the *Sherman* sailed from New York with the Third U.S. Infantry aboard, 1,700 men destined for garrison duty in our brand-new colonial possession, the Philippines. Also aboard were wives and children of the officers, some of them very pretty girls, the ship's crew; and the four musketeers from Yale. Wadsworth was carried on the roll as a commissary clerk, and functioned in that capacity about three hours a day.

There is a picture of the four young men taken aboard ship which typifies their personalities. Del Hay, the diplomat's son, is the dressiest. He is wearing a high stiff collar and a very snappy double-breasted suit. Sam Dalzell and Bill Hale are conventionally but far less elegantly clothed. Wadsworth is posi-

tively shaggy in a turtle-neck sweater, knickerbockers and a very rough tweed jacket. But even in that fading snapshot one can see his delicately cut features under his brown hair and the fine eyes which give his face an expression of sweetness that still is not weak.

It was very much a man's world and the hopes of the pretty girls aboard were gradually dashed. At this period of his life Wadsworth seems to have had an almost pathological terror of being trapped into matrimony. What he thoroughly enjoyed was the company of men. He shared a cabin, "about as big as a cigar box," with his friend Del Hay, two steamer trunks, three duffle bags and a case of Scotch. Nearly every night it was cram-jammed with good fellows drinking and singing their heads off. On fine evenings they adjourned to the boat deck, and sang with a chorus of seventeen hundred troops joining them in a magnificently manly diapason. In the mornings there were some epic hangovers. He wrote, "I felt like a baked potato."

So the *Sherman* crawled happily around the world: Gibraltar, "looming out of the darkness with its lights like a vast bed of yellow flowers growing up a steep bank." Target practice for the troops with their new Krag-Jorgensen rifles at barrels floating in the Mediterranean. Port Said and the black dust fog as coolies carrying little baskets coaled the ship. The Suez Canal bright silver in the moonlight between great waves of sand. Sunset and moonrise on the Red Sea: "The finest I've ever seen. The moon was like another sun coming to chase the old one away." Then the wonderful ports of India, and Colombo in Ceylon.

While the ship was at sea she was completely insulated from the news, and therefore the cares of the world. But at each port they touched the news caught up with them. And the news was bad. It appeared that the brief American-Filipino honeymoon was over. The ungrateful islanders were unwilling to exchange the tyrannical rule of a Spanish despot for the benevolent guidance of Uncle Sam—the foolish fellows wanted to be free. Nervous and bewildered, the American Government prepared to accept Rudyard Kipling's adjuration to "take up the White Man's burden."

Aboard the *Sherman* at the island of Perim, a notice was posted on the bulletin board that in case of hostilities in Manila, the troops would land but women and civilians would be sent on home. Here was a dismal end to the plans of all those army families. No wonder the officers were distressed. Wadsworth was wild at the thought of missing another war.

In Singapore they got the news that the war was on. Filipino insurrectos commanded by their fiery young revolutionary leader, Emilio Aguinaldo, were actually besieging the American forces in Manila. The regular army officers were most unhappy; not only about their families, but because of the troops under their command. For the Third Regiment, though regular army, was 70 per cent raw recruits who had enlisted shortly prior to sailing. Wadsworth and his three friends were tremendously excited. Jim was not the Boss's son for nothing. He "wangled" permission from Colonel John H. Page of the Third to act as his orderly as long as the *Sherman* remained in Manila. However, this was subject to confirmation by General Otis commanding the American forces there.

On the afternoon of March 22, 1899, after a voyage of forty-eight days, the *Sherman* steamed past the green fortress island of Corregidor into the wide waters of Manila Bay. To starboard, off Cavite Naval Base, Wadsworth could make out the rusting funnels and masts of the sunken Spanish fleet sticking forlornly out of the opalescent water. As the *Sherman* moved up to her anchorage near the city, Colonel Page was standing on the bridge, a rotund man wearing a rather wrinkled blue uniform of the United States Army, medals scattered around his chest, forage cap pulled down over white hair. A white walrus mustache and goatee adorned the pleasant face that he was obviously trying to set in a stern, military expression.

On the deck below him the regimental band played stirring marches, and young Wadsworth thrilled at the sight of the American squadron anchored there—the battleship *Oregon* and the small, yachtlike cruisers *Baltimore* and *Olympia* which last had carried Admiral George Dewey's flag at the battle of Manila Bay. They seemed such tiny ships to have carried the destiny of the United States so far afield.

They spent the night anchored off the Luneta—the Battery Park of Manila. In the morning, while the troops were going ashore and the women weeping, Wadsworth hailed a passing sampan and was rowed to a dock covered with dead horses which had died of a glandular epidemic. There he got into "a funny little hack" and was driven through a low portcullised gate in the hoary, moated wall of the old city, and through deserted, narrow streets of houses worn by age to the huge façade of Malcañan Palace. He bluffed his way past the smart Marine sentries right to the headquarters of the commanding officer.

General Otis was exceedingly affable. He had spent some time in Rochester, within the penumbra of Wadsworth influence, and chatted pleasantly about "different Wadsies" he had known. When Jim broached his mission the general said, "No reason you shouldn't see a bit of action, my dear boy. Permission granted."

That night Wadsworth slept with the troops in the tented village they had raised beside the bandstand in the Luneta. He had taken the precaution of bringing his old blue army pants and shirt along, and managed to wangle a campaign hat, a belt and an army revolver, details that added verisimilitude to his rather dubious position in the army.

Reveille woke him at dawn, and he was put to work issuing three days' rations for the regiment. The first box which was unloaded from the bullock cart was addressed to "Major Austin Wadsworth, Quartermaster." The master of The Homestead had already been ordered back Stateside, but Jim must be allowed bromidic thoughts about the limited size of the world.

When the regiment marched for the front Wadsworth naturally wanted to go along, but Colonel Page said "No." The next day Wadsworth was very naughty. He and Bill Hale got leave to go to the city. As soon as they were out of sight of camp, they hired one of those tiny carriages and told the startled driver to head for the front. The tired horse jogged along a road that led straight north from Manila through flat fields and the smoldering ashes of native villages burned by the Americans. About six miles out they heard firing ahead, and forced their reluctant driver to keep on going. Soon they were passing strong,

sandbagged American trenches covered with thatched or tin roofs taken from village houses. A few hundred yards farther on they drove through the rudimentary trenches from which the Filipinos had been driven that morning.

Now the flotsam of war drifted back along the road, wounded men in ambulances, corpses in bullock carts; ahead a broken wooden bridge sprawled in a narrow river. On the near bank were trenches filled with blue-shirted soldiers, who were firing by volleys into the town of Malabon on the far side. About every twenty seconds a platoon would rise and fire in unison, making a great cloud of billowing white smoke. It was "such a pretty sight" that the young men ordered their driver to stop, and lolled in their carriage enjoying the spectacle.

Their horse was white; Hale's hair was white gold, a brilliant target. The zip-zing of bullets brought the fact to their attention. Shoving a handful of money at their driver, they jumped out and dove into a trench occupied by a regiment of Oregon volunteers. There they learned that a battalion of the Third Regiment under Captain Cook was about fifty yards ahead near the bank of the river. As they started forward a Mauser bullet sang by close. Wadsworth ducked; then assumed a warlike pose and drew his pistol.

"What are you going to do with that thing?" Hale asked.

Jim grinned foolishly, and both boys ran forward to join their friends of the Third in the shelter of some stone ruins. Wadsworth records that it was "a picturesque and inspiring scene." The men were standing and kneeling in little groups behind the ancient, broken stone walls, firing through windows and doorways and over the tops of the walls. One boy, whom Wadsworth had known on the *Sherman,* lay dead on the ground with a handkerchief over his face. The men who were not shooting sat around munching hardtack. One group had made a little fire and were boiling some coffee. Despite the sharp reports of the rifles and the thud and whine of bullets other men lay sleeping like tired children.

Jim felt very proud of the regiment. Most of them had enlisted in Minnesota only two or three months before. They had been piled into a troop train, then spent forty-eight days in a

crowded transport; they had had no real training at all. Yet thirty-six hours after landing they were fighting an enemy entrenched only a hundred yards away. Five of them had been killed and fourteen wounded. Recruits or no, the Third were behaving like veterans.

When night began to fall Hale and Wadsworth started the long walk back to Manila with a requisition for medical supplies and a list of casualties for Colonel Page. They passed through the Oregon regiment and Wadsworth writes:

> Those volunteers were wonders. They seemed to take the whole thing as a picnic, talking and laughing, arguing as to whether the enemy was shooting at them or at another gang twenty feet off. They were all big strong fellows thoroughly inured to heat and capable of any amount of work. Their uniforms were filthy brown canvas; their hats were dirty, shapeless and full of holes. They were perfectly healthy and in good spirits, though they had lost fifty men in the charge that morning.

The two young men continued toward the rear, pausing to help some of the Filipino wounded, who had been bandaged and placed in the shade to await transport to a field hospital. They were stoical fellows whose only change of expression was surprise when the Americans offered them water from their canteens.

Colonel Page had set up a base camp at Maneta, where Hale and Wadsworth got bandages and two native ponies on which they rode forward again to deliver the medical supplies to Captain Cook at eleven thirty that night.

The following day Wadsworth was put in charge of a supply train of seventeen bullock carts, drawn by carabaos, or water buffalo, with enormously long horns curved like an ancient Greek bow. Each cart had a single pair of tall wooden wheels which screeched excruciatingly on ungreased axles. They had a China boy to prod the carabaos and an American soldier to prod the Chinese. Their best speed was two miles per hour.

At Malabon Wadsworth found that the bridge had been repaired, and the Third had stormed the town. The whole front was about three miles farther forward. At this point, he com-

mandeered a railroad train and moved his supplies on to the new camp of the Third and Twenty-second regiments.

Two days later, days during which he made himself very useful helping to get supplies to the front, Jim Wadsworth had the privilege of watching a fine military spectacle, the grand advance of the American Army against the Filipino capital city of Malolos. The blue-clad troops moved forward in two thin-spread lines through the flat, soggy rice fields on either side of the raised cart track, along which rode the Headquarters staff, looking slightly ridiculous on small native ponies with their long legs hanging down so their feet almost touched the ground. They were led by General Arthur MacArthur, whose son would someday ride that way. Men in the front line moved warily, bayoneted rifles at the ready. But those in the second line were taking things easy, talking and laughing, smoking pipes and cigarettes, some of them even reading newspapers which had been brought out from Manila.

The insurrectos faded away before the Americans without a fight. That night a weary Wadsworth found an empty pup tent and crawled into it. During the night he felt someone pushing in beside him and sleepily resisted the intrusion with elbows and knees, until a hearty voice said, "That's all right, my boy. Plenty of room for both of us."

When reveille brought Jim to full consciousness, he looked at his companion, whose bearded face was lit by the red sun glare through the open tent flaps. A silver star twinkled on each of the soldier's shoulder straps. The tent belonged to Brigadier General Lloyd Wheaton commanding the brigade. All he said to the brash young man was, "How about getting us some coffee?"

That day the army slogged through alternations of tropical downpours and blazing sun that turned the rice paddies into steaming swamps. The Third, with Wadsworth acting as errand boy, was on the extreme right of the line. Officers and men began dropping from heat prostration as the noonday heat came down.

There were some brisk skirmishes with the Filipinos fighting from behind thick banana groves around their villages. Each time this happened the long lines would halt until a revolving

Hotchkiss gun could be set upon its tripod, or one of the Gatling guns brought forward on its high wheels. Then the hopper would be filled with ammunition; a gunner would turn the crank; the gun would cough shells into the thicket, and the Filipinos would leave for the rear. Wadsworth wrote: "I can still see flocks of the little fellows running as fast as they could far away down the railroad track, their shirt tails flying in the wind."

In the afternoon they came to the last line of trenches defending Malolos. The army paused briefly with Mauser bullets singing overhead. Wadsworth and his companions lay belly down in the wet rice. Then the bugles rang and there was a final pell-mell rush—charge is too formal a word for it—into the Filipino capital. The population had fled, and the government buildings were afire as the gasping, sweating troops raced through the empty streets. . . .

Wadsworth realized that the fall of Malolos marked the end of fighting for a while. The *Sherman* must be about ready to sail for San Francisco, and his orders were to sail in her. In the red dusk of the blazing city he and Hale said good-bye to their army friends, and found a railroad train. Sharing a flatcar with a corpse or two, and sleeping as soundly, they rattled back to Manila.

Aboard the *Sherman* they were reunited with Sam Dalzell and Del Hay. These young men had also had adventures. Del Hay had made friends with the famous war correspondent Frederick Palmer, and followed his fortunes in the field. When Palmer was knocked out for two days by heat prostration, John Hay's brilliant son wrote all his dispatches which were published throughout the world under Palmer's by-line.

Superficially, that trip was just a joyous junket at the expense of Uncle Sam. Wadsworth—and his friends—had had a wonderful whirl around the world, seeing strange and exotic sights which were accessible to few people at that time. Jim had had the colossal luck to arrive in Manila at the precise psychological moment. He saw war at its most delightful—none of the weary waiting, none of the boredom, not very much danger; just a climactic moment of history with bands playing,

bayonets glinting and flags bright in the tropical sunshine. He had proved his manhood, as every man wants to do, by the test of battle. He had achieved that most precious knowledge of self, that he could face death unafraid. He had known the glory without the pain or fatigue or misery which are its customary companions.

But Jim Wadsworth had an extraordinarily clear, logical brain. On the slow voyage home, he did a lot of clear logical thinking and arrived at some unpleasant conclusions. He decided that he was very proud of American men, and very much ashamed of American military planning. For he realized that things were dreadfully askew in the Philippines. His acute intelligence told him that there was something radically wrong with an army which sent totally untrained, militarily ignorant young men into battle; an army in which a brash young civilian, no matter how bright and how well born, could wander around a battlefield functioning as an officer, assuming command of troops, commandeering supply trains, exercising all the functions, rights and responsibilities of an organization to which he did not even belong, and performing services that, though quite valuable, were definitely not his job.

He plainly saw that those thousands of fine young men strolling casually through the emerald rice paddies outside of Manila were an open invitation to disaster, which only the naïvete of the enemy had averted. He knew that had they ever met a professional foe they would have been massacred more utterly and easily than the Roman legions at Cannae. Indeed, he realized that the enemy did not need to be that good, for, he said at the time, "It's lucky those Filipinos were not American Indians."

And he resolved that this must never happen to America again.

All the rest of his life was devoted to that purpose. He had many other interests, but his primary duty was always clear—to learn all he could about military matters, and to dedicate himself to perfecting the defense of "this beloved country of ours."

Forty-odd years later in a grim future, when the amateurs had been brushed aside and the chips were down with naked survival at stake, the gentleman from New York forsook the

leaders of his political party and his own economic creed to speak and vote in favor of the bill to retain the drafted men in the Army three months before Pearl Harbor. The *New York Times* called it "one of the half dozen speeches in the whole history of Congress which really swayed opinion and changed the course of history." The cause for which he pled that day was the cause of civilization, and on the vote may very probably have hung the survival of freedom everywhere and almost certainly that of the United States of America. The measure was carried by just one vote. And so, after all, Uncle Sam got his money's worth out of Wadsworth's little war a million millionfold.

CHAPTER III

The Daughter of the Secretary of State

JIM WADSWORTH came home to the Valley to stay for a while in the spring of 1899. When he arrived back from the Philippines the Boss met him at the station in Avon. They drove the nine miles to Geneseo along the road that followed the edge of the plateau overlooking the blue-brown river and the land painted in springtime's freshest green. It was a showery day. Black clouds trailed chiffon scarves of rain over the western hills and rushed on across the Valley, alternating with patches of deep blue sky through which amber columns of sunshine spotlighted the patchwork of farms.

As the sun fingered each in turn, the Boss spoke their names —Street Farm, York, North, Kemp, Maple, Orchard, The Nations, Ox Bow (those last two were Austin's), and beyond the iron picket fence, the Home Farm. He described the cattle and crops he was raising on each.

The drive was something of an eye opener for Jim Wadsworth. He had forgotten a little how lovely the Valley was; how sweet farmland smelled in the spring, and how damned interesting was this business of making the land yield its generous harvest while constantly improving the quality of the soil. So keen was he that his heart leapt gladly when the Boss abruptly said, "It's about time you got down to work."

He wrote in his memoirs: "I knew the work was farming. I suspect that had been decided on August 12, 1877. And I was glad of it."

The Boss started him off magnificently by presenting him with the Kemp Farm, lying about five miles south of Geneseo on the way to Mount Morris. It contained 725 acres, most of it pasture land never broken by a plow. Half the land was in the flats of Canaseraga Creek, and half on the gentle side hill slopes

of that valley. Then the Boss piled munificence on generosity by buying the big adjoining farm, Hampton, for which was named Hampton Corners where he had taken that spill off Austin's Concord coach. Hampton, which was the site of the lost town of Williamsburg, was the last of the once-great holdings of the Fitzhughs and Carrolls. Unfortunately the fine old Federalist mansion the Fitzhughs had built in their palmy days had burned down, but it had been replaced by a pleasant, wooden summery-looking house overlooking a formal garden and the southern sweep of the Valley to the Sparta Hills.

These farms together with the capital necessary to modernize and stock them the Boss presented outright to his much-loved son. As Wadsworth wrote, "Thanks to the Boss and the silver spoon, I was on my own."

It also may be a wise father who knows his own son, if so the Boss was that mythical parent, for from the moment that he solemnly gave Jim the deeds in the tall, book-crowded library of Hartford House, his son settled down.

Jim Wadsworth never worked harder than he did that summer. There was a tremendous number of things to be done on the two farms, which he planned to operate as a single unit. The farm buildings and tenant house were neglected ruins. All summer long young Wadsworth directed a gang of carpenters making repairs. The broken and rotting fences were his personal job. With a man or two to help, and the knowledge he had gained under Herb Hanby, Jim literally rebuilt miles of them, making sure that all the staples straddled the grain.

Meanwhile he was buying young steers to fatten, at first in Buffalo, then in the great stockyards at Chicago, where he had gone with his father when he was a boy. He also selected 200 breeding ewes and a few good rams; picked up some strong teams of work horses and got together all the necessary wagons, machinery and tools.

The two farms, plus some adjacent land which he acquired later, totaled 1,400 acres. It was a complex operation that included grazing, feeding and selling the steers; shearing sheep, selling wool, weaning and selling lambs; raising wheat, corn, oats, sweet corn and beans for cash crops, and feed crops of clo-

ver, mixed hay, and alfalfa which was just being introduced.

That first summer Wadsworth lived mostly with one of his hands in a tenant house, going home on Saturday for a "great, big, enormous" bath and Sunday church as he had when he was sixteen. When cold weather came, he moved to the Big Tree Inn—the family were back in Washington.

Since the winter farm work was routine, he took a job at the Genesee Valley National Bank to learn business methods. There he did simple bookkeeping, spelled Charlie Brodt at the teller's window, and listened to President Theodore Olmsted conduct the banking business of Geneseo from his desk near a window facing Main Street. Since Olmsted was very deaf, a customer needing a loan had to shout at the top of his lungs. Olmsted, who had strong opinions and a voice like a shorthorn bull, yelled right back, so everybody on that broad, quiet, dusty street knew exactly how good everybody else's credit was.

There was little danger of all work making Jim a dull boy, for civilization was still blooming quite outrageously in the Valley, and Jim was exceedingly popular with his horsy cousins and the rest of the squirearchy. Very occasionally he went out with his cousin's hounds. On one famous afternoon Trumbull Cary asked Jim to ride a horse he was trying to sell to a New York dude. That horse evidently did not believe in jumping fences, he just tried to plow through them. Jim had three smashing falls in quick succession. As he came down in a plowed field for the third time, Seward Cary reined up beside him and said, "There'll be a fine crop of Wadsworths next spring, the way they're planting 'em this fall."

The young Dianas cast longing eyes at Jim. Very pretty they were, and prettily they flirted—as best they could from the backs of their restless hunters—with the handsome young Wadsworth heir. Their real chance came at the hunt balls in one or other of the big country houses. And they did their best. For slim-waisted Jim Wadsworth, with his big muscled shoulders fairly cracking the seams of his scarlet dress coat, was a remarkably fine-looking young man. He had the family's aquiline features, but fined down to more delicate cast; and his gentle manner fairly melted a maiden's heart. But the young ladies

were wasting their time; for Jim Wadsworth's eyes by then were turned another way.

During Easter and Christmas holidays, and sometimes in between, Jim Wadsworth went to Washington to visit his parents. In that interesting city the most interesting place of all to him was the library of the Secretary of State. John Hay had been a friend of his grandfather's when General Wadsworth was Military Governor of the threatened capital and Hay was Lincoln's secretary. When the Boss went to Congress, the intimacy between the families was renewed, and their children grew up together. Del Hay had shared Jim's college days and the Philippine adventure. However, the fact that Del was now off on a diplomatic mission did not appear to alter Jim's enthusiasm for calling on the Hays.

The Secretary lived in a superb brick mansion facing Lafayette Park at Sixteenth Street and H. Henry H. Richardson, who was perhaps the most distinguished American architect of his time, had designed it in 1885 in the grand manner of a French château with a massive façade flanked by two towers topped with pointed conical roofs. Numerous tall windows indicated its many rooms. The entryway was protected by a broad Roman arch. Inside there were majestic apartments for entertaining, and a comfortable library where every afternoon John Hay had tea with his family and his dearest friend, Henry Adams, who lived in a similar house next door.

The Hays were a supremely happy family. They had four children, Adelbert (Del), Helen, Alice and Clarence, who were very much a part of their lives. Mrs. Hay, who was Clara Stone, daughter of Amasa Stone of Cleveland, was the calm and loving wife that her ebullient husband needed. Their devotion to each other is touchingly expressed in a letter consisting of a single line which John Hay wrote to her on their thirtieth wedding anniversary:

> With the love of thirty years, why not call it the Thirty Years Peace?
>
> J. H.

Henry Adams had been almost part of the family for a quarter of a century, and especially since the tragic suicide of his wife. As he and John Hay sipped their tea, the conversation of those two old cronies was a delight to which the young people paid the highest tribute of youth by preferring it to their own company. They were both small men—Adams was so tiny that he had specially low furniture made to accommodate his short legs; but they had brilliant, far-ranging minds; and their talk was informed by their inside knowledge of world affairs, illumined by wisdom and embellished by an incandescent shower of wit. Adams' gay quips masked the profound desolation of his spirit; while Hay's sallies reflected his irrepressible love of life.

To make their talk more exciting, they seldom agreed about politics. Adams called Hay "a black Republican." and the Secretary returned the compliment by referring to his best friend as "a mugwump with no political principles." But they loved each other dearly.

However, it was not entirely to enjoy their Johnsonian repartee that Jim Wadsworth haunted the Hay residence. The two lovely daughters of that house had more to do with it. The elder, Helen, was perceptably attached to Wadsworth's friend and classmate, Payne Whitney. Her sister Alice, at eighteen, was just making her debut in society. She was a tall girl with lovely dark brown hair and classic features, and more than a little of her father's sparkling wit. She had traveled all over the world with her parents and gone through the museums of Europe so thoroughly that, as her energetic father wrote: "Our legs are broken and our eyes are like boiled gooseberries. We got so tired that we would not look at even a Rembrandt portrait." In 1898 she had sailed up the Nile on a houseboat with her father and mother and Henry Adams. That trip ended abruptly when in a bazaar far up the Nile Mr. Hay heard the news of the sinking of the *Maine,* and rushed back to his embassy in London. Alice had been with him there, too, during the exciting days of the Spanish War, when by his charm and wisdom Ambassador Hay had, almost alone, changed the hostility of the English toward this rash American adventure into benevolent neutrality.

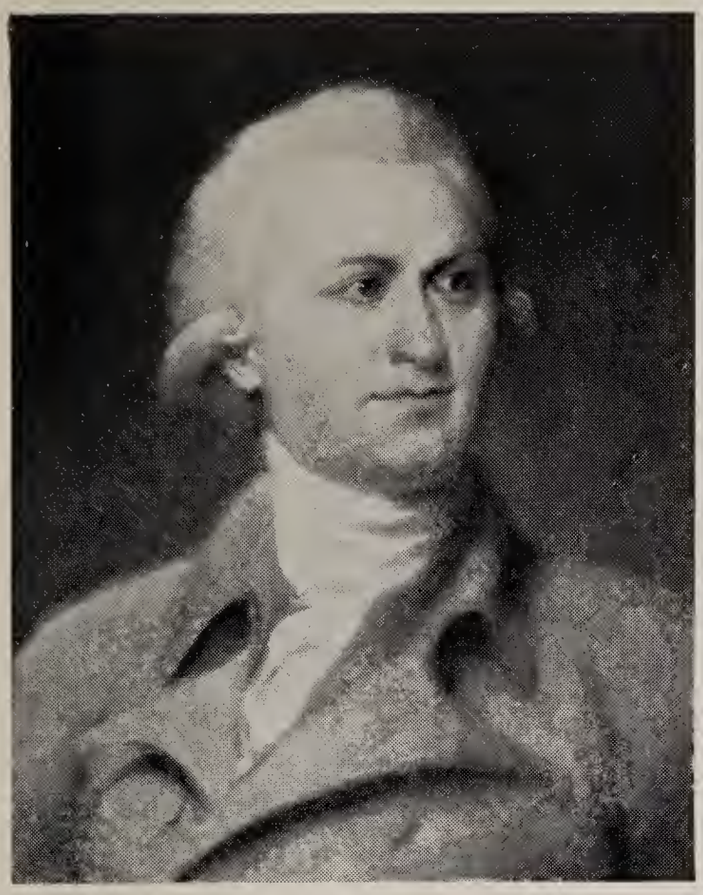
In the winter of 1899–1900, the Secretary of State's debutante

daughter, who was a considerable heiress in addition to her loveliness, naturally spent her days and nights in a whirl of parties, with Washington's dashing young diplomats—and plenty of young Americans, too—doing their best to turn her head with their flattering attentions and exquisitely phrased compliments. But for some reason Alice Hay always had plenty of free time when Jim Wadsworth was in Washington.

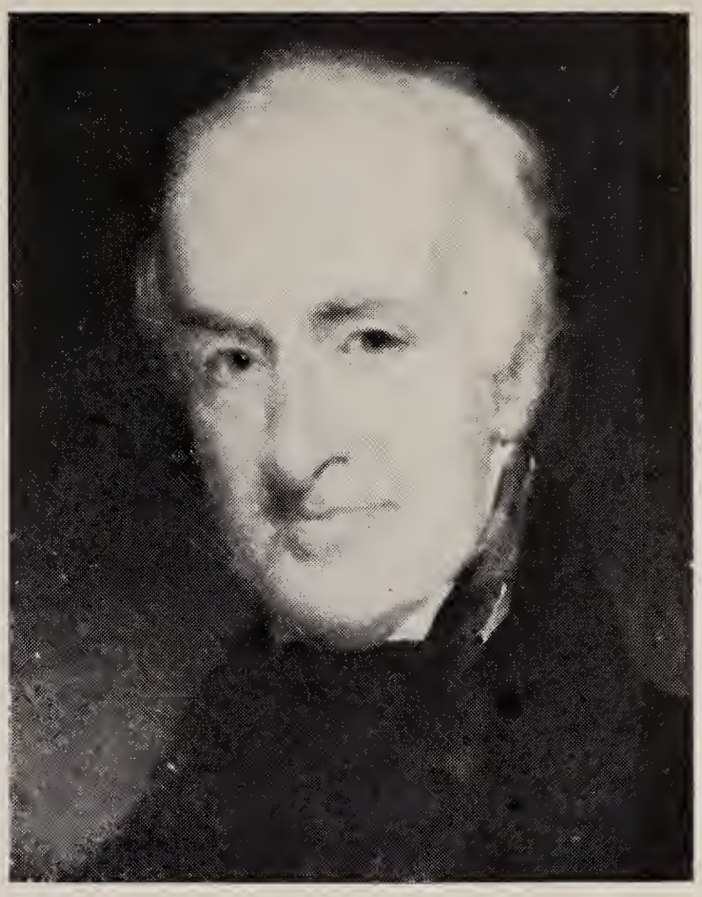
The love between those two was no sudden or sometime thing, but a gradual deepening of childhood affection for each other until it became the dominant motive of both their lives. Though incalculably deep, it was never solemn. Mrs. Wadsworth says, "Jimmy was funny and sang well. He loved music and all the same things I did." They were, indeed, compatible and remained so all their lives, growing ever toward each other rather than apart. In the thousands of letters Wadsworth wrote to his wife, his utter devotion is expressed in every line; but always lightly as though their love were a delightful joke they secretly, tenderly shared.

In summertime the Hays went to their house on Lake Sunapee at Newberry, New Hampshire. "The Fells" was an enormous wooden shingled "cottage" with a long veranda looking down through the treetops to the lake. Fat, white columns supported its sloping roof. Above this was a many-gabled second floor. But, though it could house forty or more family and guests, the Hays "treated it like a camp—a camp with all the conveniences, of course." The hall was always full of children's hats and coats, tennis rackets, fishing rods, old balls, boating things; all the heterogeneous paraphernalia of outdoor life. Young people were forever racing in and out; coming up the bluff from the lake with a string of dripping bass and pickerel; or running down for a quick swim before dinner. It was in fact the place where the whole Hay family burst out with a terrible yell from the enforced formality of their life in Washington.

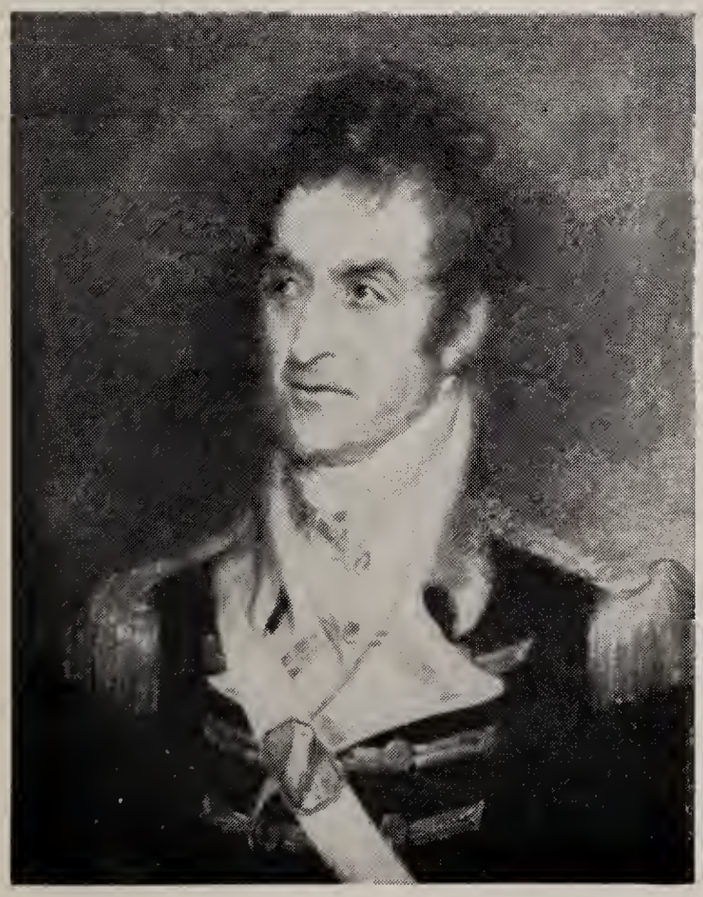
Hard as it was for a farmer to leave his fields in summer, Jim Wadsworth usually managed to get to Newberry for a week or more. There in the summer of 1900, he asked Alice Hay to marry him; and was joyfully accepted. But before their happiness was complete, they faced a tragedy that shook them all, and broke John Hay's gay spirit.



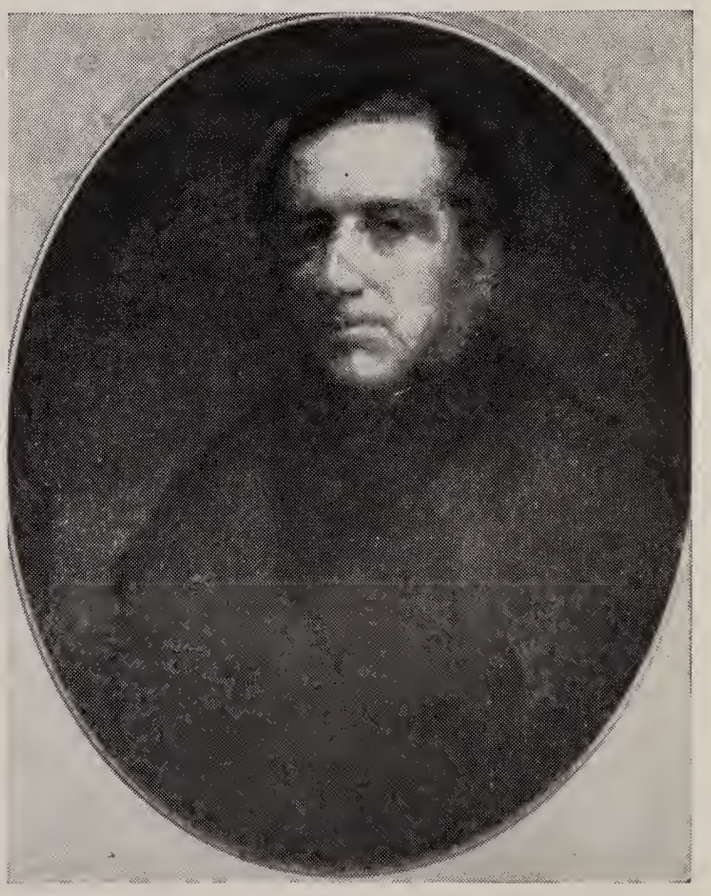
General Jeremiah Wadsworth, who first acquired the Genesee Valley lands



The first James Wadsworth (1768-1844) as he appears in a portrait in the Hartford House dining room



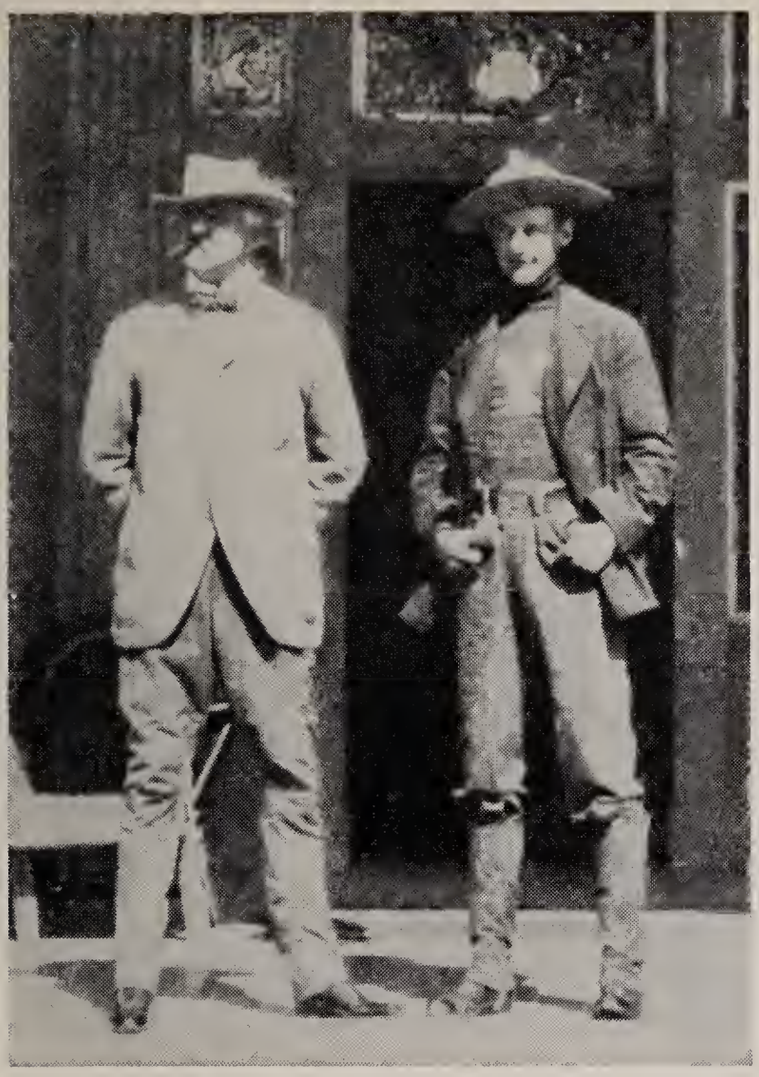
General William Wadsworth



General James S. Wadsworth (1807-1864) who was killed at the Battle of the Wilderness

The east façade of Hartford House

The formal drawing room at Hartford House as it looked at the end of the last century



The Boss and his son Jim at Hartford House about 1898

Lady Barrymore (Elizabeth Wadsworth) and her daughter

Mrs. Fletcher Harper (Harriet Wadsworth)

Geneseo Baseball Team, 1895 (The Boss in the derby hat; Jim Wadsworth at the extreme right of the front row)

The Homestead

With the Genesee hounds—Austin Wadsworth, first M.F.H.

The Wadsworth family in 1941

Front row, left to right: Reverdy Wadsworth; Mrs. James W. Wadsworth; Senator Wadsworth; Eleanor Roosevelt (Mrs. Reverdy) Wadsworth

Back row, left to right: Eve Wadsworth Symington; Stuart Symington; James J. Wadsworth; and his wife, Harty Tilton Wadsworth

Del Hay was his father's greatest pride—as he should have been. For he had inherited all Hay's brilliance and ability, and perhaps a touch more. At the age of twenty-five he had already proved himself in their chosen field of diplomacy. In 1899 President William McKinley had appointed him American Consul at Pretoria, the capital of the Boer Republic. During the Boer War young Hay had represented, not only American interests but those of the British Empire in the enemy capital. He performed the latter service so brilliantly that he received the official thanks of Queen Victoria's government.

Del Hay came home in 1901, a very distinguished young man. President McKinley promptly appointed him his private secretary, the post in which Del's father had served Abraham Lincoln. The way to an equally eminent career lay plain before him. Before taking up his duties at the White House, Del Hay went to the third reunion of his class at New Haven. Jim Wadsworth was there, now officially engaged to Alice; and Del clapped him on the back and told him how happy the news had made him.

That week was a glorious reliving of college days, so recently past, so nostalgically far away. Then came a suffocatingly hot night, when Del Hay sat on the window sill of his dormitory room for a moment to get cool before going to bed. His eyes grew heavy. He fell asleep, and tumbled through the window. His heartbroken father wrote, "He was the soundest sleeper I ever knew. He probably did not wake."

It is impossible to describe the effect of this tragedy on Del Hay's family and devoted friends. Not only their strong affection for him, but their feeling that his death was such a useless and irreparable loss to his country, made it almost unbearable. Writing to his friend Henry White, John Hay best expressed it:

> If sympathy would help, our sorrow would be brief. But every word of praise and affection which we hear of our dead boy but gives a keener edge to our grief. Why should he go, I stupidly ask, with his splendid health and strength, his courage, his hopes, his cheery smile which made everybody like him at sight; and I be left, with my short remnant of life, of little use to my friends, and none to myself? Yet I know this is a wild and stupid way to

wail at fate. I must face the facts. *My* boy is gone, and the whole face of the world is changed in a moment. . . .

Helen Hay and Payne Whitney were married late in the winter of 1901. Alice and Jim Wadsworth were to have been married that summer. But they had no heart for a wedding. Secure in their great love, they preferred to wait for "the passing shadow and the coming light."

It was well they did, for that summer brought another terrible blow to John Hay. His President and his friend, William McKinley, was shot by an assassin and, after lingering for a week, died on September 14, 1901. It was almost more than Hay could bear: "What a strange and tragic fate it has been of mine—to stand by the bier of three of my dearest friends, Lincoln, Garfield, and McKinley, three of the gentlest of men, all risen to the head of state, and all done to death by assassins."

Hay's distress was augmented by his distrust of McKinley's young, brilliant, dynamic but impulsive successor, President Theodore Roosevelt. Though he served Roosevelt well as Secretary of State and achieved some of his most important diplomatic triumphs under him, the mainspring of Hay's body was broken, and he lived only a few more years.

The wedding when it finally took place on September 30, 1902, was a joyous occasion. There were thirty house guests at the Fells. Besides Helen Hay Whitney and Harriet Wadsworth, Alice's bridesmaids included friends from Washington, Cleveland, New York and Philadelphia. Wadsworth's best man was Fred Kernochan, and his ushers were all his cronies from Yale: Payne Whitney of course, Gilbert Hinsdale, Gouverneur Morris, Bill Hale, Gilbert Greenway, and young Clarence Hay. Surprisingly it became a man's world. Mrs. Wadsworth says, "They really behaved very badly. They had not all been together since Yale, and they turned it into a reunion. My lovely bridesmaids were completely neglected. Only Fred Kernochan, who took the girls out one by one in a canoe on the lake, was a good boy. He won himself a crown."

On the morning of the wedding a special trainload of distinguished guests arrived from New York. They crossed Lake

Sunapee in the chartered steamer *Kearsarge*. It was raining with the steady, dismal persistence that the New Hampshire hills know so well, but nobody's spirits seemed dampened. The Boss was particularly resplendent in the suit he had worn at his own wedding—a tight-waisted Prince Albert coat and a violent pair of black and white checked trousers, which seemed so much more appropriate for a gambler on a Mississippi steamboat that Hinsdale greeted him with, "Hello Boss! Are you looking for customers for your shell game here?"

Jim and Alice were married in the long billiard room of the Fells, which had been banked with bright autumn leaves, and white roses arranged to form the letters W–H. The Reverend C. L. Hayden of Cleveland, who had married Mr. and Mrs. Hay, performed the ceremony. The bride and groom had a week's honeymoon in the Berkshires, then hurried home to Hampton, newly decorated by Jim's mother. Their very brief wedding trip was necessary because the fall shipment of steers was arriving in Geneseo.

CHAPTER IV

Wadsworth Enters Politics

"BE USEFUL to your community," the Boss had said. His son was more than willing. Next to farming, Wadsworth loved the clashes and maneuvers, the ideas and accomplishments of politics best. In those days the majority of "gentlemen" lifted sensitive nostrils at the thought of engaging in that "dirty" game. It was therefore even more important than it is now for young men of ideals, integrity and ability to take part in government.

However, it must be admitted that Wadsworth's first appearance in any political arena was not precisely idealistic. It happened in 1896, when he was a junior at Yale. William Jennings Bryan, who was running for President on the Democratic ticket, came to New Haven to make a speech. Silk-hatted, frock-coated and bay-windowed local politicos gathered around the Great Commoner on a rickety platform built on the Green, Facing them was a considerable crowd including a large contingent from Yale. Wadsworth was in the front row. As the candidate, who alone of the platform dignitaries broke precedent to wear a black slouch or southern-colonel-style hat, stepped forward, the students began their barking bulldog cheer. Smiling and nodding Bryan waited. Unexpectedly to him the cheer ended, "McKinley! McKinley! McKinley!"

For once that expert political technician made an error. Instead of realizing it was all in fun, and turning it with a joke, Bryan got purple with rage and, shaking his fist, shouted, "I have come to talk to you young men who are here spending the ill-gotten gains of your parents."

In the dead silence that followed, one young fellow bleated indignantly, "My pop's honest."

At that the meeting totally disintegrated. A tremendous crash

of laughter was followed by mingled boos and catcalls, and Yale repeated its bulldog. Bryan was mouthing unhearable words, while with misguided tact the brass band began to bang out a rousing march.

In the general hilarity nobody quite knew who began it, though there are some who claim it was a gentleman from Geneseo. In any case, the platform, which was mounted on low sawhorses, began to rock. Portly politicians clutched their silk hats and turned a bilious hue. A pitcher of water fell with a splash. Then Yale really put its shoulder to the wheel, and the whole rickety affair went over sideways. Dignified statesmen were scrambled in a heap, while Bryan alone remained erect, clinging to the rostrum like a shipwrecked sailor hanging onto a spar.

In later years, Wadsworth regretted the whole affair as a discourtesy to a distinguished statesman. But he always claimed that it was at least half Bryan's own fault. He thought that a sense of humor had its place in politics.

The serious business of being useful to the community began in 1899, when Wadsworth first farmed Hampton. The election that year was purely a local affair involving only town and county officials. On Election Day Jim asked his father how he could help.

"I want you to hook up that bay mare of yours," the Boss answered. "Report to the Republican leaders, and tell them that you will be glad to bring voters to the polls all day long if necessary. Well, go on. Get busy!"

That day Jim was introduced to one of the seamy sides of politics, the so-called "float voters." These men would hang around the polls all day, waiting to get money from either party—it mattered not which. If the balloting was at all close someone was sure to offer them the standard price of two dollars for their vote—"To them Election Day was pay day," he wrote.

Despite this disillusionment, Wadsworth could write in his memoirs:

> I've been in politics ever since that day. It was fascinating then, and it has always been fascinating to me. I learned more about my neighbors than I had ever known before. Some of them I

came to respect greatly, and I found out the weaknesses of others. But I became very fond of a great many of them. They welcomed me into their crowd.

As the new century came in with 1900, McKinley and Theodore Roosevelt were running against Bryan again. That was still the era of political marching clubs, and though the torchlight parades they staged seem romantically ineffective in these electronic times, they served the very real purpose of arousing enthusiasm and getting out the vote. Wadsworth conceived the idea of a *mounted* marching club. With a group of young friends, he began organizing it and, rather to his own surprise, succeeded in recruiting the equivalent of a full cavalry troop—106 men, most of whom owned their own horses. They provided themselves with khaki blouses and rough-rider hats; and drilled a bit so as not to look too foolish. Then they began staging torchlight parades in Geneseo and neighboring towns. In all they rode some 220 miles.

When Teddy Roosevelt arrived to make a campaign speech in Geneseo, he was amazed to see: "What appeared—from a considerable distance—to be a regular troop of cavalry" drawn up at the Erie Station. That was a magnificent night, as with flaring torches set in the muzzles of imitation carbines, Wadsworth's troops escorted Roosevelt's open carriage through the streets, while the enthusiastic townspeople cheered wildly and shot showers of stars from Roman candles, shattering the nerves of men and horses.

In the Democratic village of Lima a few nights later, the Roman candles were reinforced by rotten eggs. But it was after the parade in Dansville that Wadsworth pulled his first political boner. Since Dansville was nineteen miles from Geneseo, the troop spent the night there, and started home on a warm October morning. When they got to Mount Morris at about 11:30 A.M. they seemed very exhausted, and Wadsworth decided they needed refreshment. He marched them into town in close order, and wheeled them into line facing the old Scoville House. Then at his command they all dismounted, and he ordered every fourth trooper to go into the hotel and bring out a bottle of whiskey, glasses and water. The drinks were on him as long as

the whiskey lasted. At length, much refreshed, the troop trotted out of Mount Morris, but not into oblivion.

What a row that raised! Wadsworth was astounded by the fury with which the drys attacked him. Black headlines in the local papers:

WADSWORTH SERVES WHISKEY TO 100 MEN IN BROAD DAYLIGHT
OUTRAGEOUS SCENE IN MOUNT MORRIS

One prohibitionistic grocer with hidden talents drew a cartoon of a tipsy Wadsworth waving a bottle of whiskey at his troop, and set it up in his store window on Geneseo's Main Street.

Despite this effort of Wadsworth's, McKinley and Roosevelt were elected. The amateur politician had learned an important lesson. He did not need the Boss's curt command, "Never do that again!" It was the first time he tangled with the drys. He was careful not to infuriate them again until, far in the future, a matter of principle led him to challenge their power with disastrous results.

In 1903 Wadsworth, the married man and father—his daughter Evelyn was born that summer—living and farming in the community, was the subject of more serious attention by Republican leaders. They sensed that there was good material here, and urged the young man to try his oratorical wings with a speech to a group of farmers at Brooks Grove. Wadsworth prepared earnestly for the occasion, writing and rewriting, memorizing and practicing on his young wife. The result, given his particular temperament, was inevitable. Halfway through the speech his mind went blank; and he stood there in the hot sunshine opening and shutting his mouth while beads of sweat sprayed out of his forehead and the farmers waited politely. Finally he grasped the straw of a previous sentence floating through his mental mist, and started off again two paragraphs back. This was trying the farmers pretty far, but their courtesy was equal to the strain and they heard him out.

From that time on Wadsworth thoroughly distrusted written oratory. Almost all his great speeches were extemporaneous, lighted by his knowledge of the subject which he was careful to

acquire, and fired by the fact that he spoke, not by rote, but by heart.

He must soon have retrieved the fiasco at Brooks Grove, for the following summer of 1904, the Republican leaders asked him to run for the New York State Assembly. The assemblyman from Livingston County was W. Y. Robinson, a pleasant, aging gentleman who felt that he had served long enough. None of the regulars seemed to want the job, and the committee apparently decided that young blood would put new life into the creaking county machine. It is also possible that they felt the move would please that important dispenser of federal patronage, Congressman J. W. Wadsworth, Senior.

Jim was genuinely astonished when County Chairman Frank McNeil hailed him on Main Street one day, and told him that the committee would like him to be their candidate. Before accepting, he rushed off to Hartford House to ask if his father thought he was ready for such a step.

Totally unsurprised, the Boss said, "Yes, I wish you would try it. I don't know how you will get along, but I wish you would try it."

In those days the nominations were made in county conventions instead of by direct primaries. Wadsworth was promptly nominated. McNeil told him that since he was so young and pretty much unknown politically, he had better make a canvass of the whole county. It was a horse-and-buggy campaign with young Wadsworth driving to each town, where the local leader would escort him from house to house to meet the neighbors.

Wadsworth observes, "I was very green at the whole business." This is a major understatement. The first real political speech of his life, in which he accepted the nomination, was absurdly touching in its earnestness and naïvete. He concluded by saying, "I know I'm very young and have a lot to learn, but I'm going to follow the example of Mr. Root, Mr. Teddy Roosevelt and Mr. Depew, and I'm sure you'll never find that I have misrepresented you."

In nearly fifty years of active politics he never did.

Wadsworth's political innocence did not long remain pristine. The New York Legislature, where he took his seat in January,

1905, was in its final phase of corruption. The great railroads and big businesses, generally called "the interests," had appalling power over it. A bipartisan group of state senators and assemblymen, known as "the Black Horse Cavalry," rode roughshod over their fellow legislators to carry out the dictates of the interests. There was an unsavory practice of introducing "strike" bills. These were never designed to be passed, but simply to blackmail groups of individuals or concerns into paying their sponsor to withdraw them. In addition, half the legislators had relatives or hangers-on getting paid nice little salaries by the state for doing nothing.

The Assembly was ruled by Speaker S. Fred Nixon as autocratically as any czardom. He had far more power than newly elected Governor Frank W. Higgins, an honorable man who detested, but could not prevent, these corrupt practices. The Republican majority obeyed Nixon's orders.

During his freshman year in the Assembly, Wadsworth for the most part listened and learned—what a lot he learned! But he worked hard on his committees, the most important of which was the Committee on Villages, and he made one significant contribution, by introducing a bill to require all townships to adopt a uniform system of accounting for all financial transactions under the supervision of the State Comptroller. At that time every township had its own system of accounting, or none to speak of at all. The bill passed after a stiff fight, saving local taxpayers millions of dollars. It is still on the books.

Though the legislature as a whole was so venal, there were good men in it; and Wadsworth established lifelong friendships with many of these in both parties. Among the Republicans he especially mentions S. Percy Hooker, William W. Armstrong, Edwin A. Merritt, J. Mahew Wainwright, Jesse Phillips, Herbert Parsons and George Agnew; as well as State Senators Nathaniel Elsberg, John Raines, "a tall eagle-faced man respected by all," and Elon Brown. He says, "These were earnest men, straight, honest, fine, hardworking chaps, and there were many more like them."

Among the Democratic opposition Wadsworth loved the leader, old Tom Grady from New York City, and he noted a charming but unreliable young fellow called Jimmy Walker,

and another equally agreeable man of far higher caliber, named Bob Wagner. Perhaps his best friend on either side of the aisle was a brilliant, hard-working, transparently honest young fellow who talked Eastside English so eloquently that you forgot his grammatical slips. He had a gay warmhearted personality, a rollicking wit, and a fine voice for singing Irish ballads in which Wadsworth loved to join. Wadsworth remembered that:

> When he first came to the legislature, Al Smith probably had no conception of New York State as a political entity or its legislative problems. But to the surprise of his colleagues, he buckled down to the job of learning from the ground up. When I first met him, Al was attracting attention, not only because of his wit and his natural ability at making friends, but because he talked sense. Somehow or other we became fast friends.

Many years later writing to his grandson, Stuart Symington III, Wadsworth said: "The man who knows most about human beings is the best educated man. That's why Al Smith was great. He got his education on the sidewalks, and when he matured he was one of the best educated men I have ever known."

In the summer of 1905, two very important things happened in Jim Wadsworth's life. On June 12 his eldest son, James Jeremiah, was born. Fast as he was, Doc Watt's trotter lost the race with the stork. When "young" Doc—the adjective was now a courtesy title—puffed into the house, he was horrified to see Wadwsorth calmly bathing the newborn baby, which he had delivered himself.

The other important event was that Fred Nixon died. The abrupt removal of his strong hand from the Assembly, which was, of course, in recess, started a cutthroat battle for the succession. Though several candidates came forward, the real struggle was between Governor Higgins and his cohorts representing the modern, reform element of the party, and former Governor Benjamin B. Odell, who had seized the bossdom of the state from the faltering hands of that benevolent despot, Boss William Barnes. Barnes had ruled New York Republicans for many years, and now joined the Higgins faction.

According to Wadsworth, Governor Odell regarded the fight

to name the speaker merely as a struggle for power, and thought of Higgins "as a little man scarcely worthy of attention." But to Higgins it meant much more than that. "He determined to use his influence in the selection of Nixon's successor and in doing so to challenge the Black Horse Cavalry and 'the interests.' He wanted to clean house before he left office."

Though Wadsworth talked politics all over the county, and down at the Republican Club on the second floor of the Union Trust Company Building in Rochester, he took no part in the battle beyond pledging his support to S. Percy Hooker of Genesee County, whom he knew to be an able and honorable man, and who was supported by most of the assemblymen from western New York.

That November Wadsworth was easily re-elected to the Assembly. In December he and A.H.W., as he always referred to his wife in his writings, went to Washington to spend the holidays with their families. A few nights before Christmas a telegram arrived from Governor Higgins inviting him to dinner at the Governor's Mansion two evenings later. Wadsworth realized that it must be a conference about the speakership, and was highly flattered to be considered worth consulting by the Governor. He showed the telegram to his wife, who said decisively, "You must go, of course."

Then she showed her own political accumen by saying, "Don't you think it would be a good idea to pay a call on President Roosevelt and tell him about this?"

There was no great pressure or protocol about seeing the President of the United States in those days. Jim Wadsworth writes that he simply strolled across Lafayette Park to the White House and gave his card to the Negro butler, who smiled at him in welcome. A few moments later President Roosevelt bustled into the Blue Room: "Delighted to see you, Jim. What are you doing in Washington?"

"Alice and I are spending two weeks with our families," Wadsworth answered. "But I've got to go back to Albany tomorrow. Governor Higgins asked me to a dinner at the Mansion."

The President's eyes looked wary behind his thick glasses as

he rapidly assayed the political implications of this news. Though he was now head of the nation, he still liked to have a hand in running the affairs of his own state. "There's quite a scrap on about the speakership, I understand," he said.

"Yes, sir," Wadsworth answered. "There are half a dozen candidates. Personally, I'm for Hooker."

"A good man," Roosevelt conceded. "But if Higgins is going to interfere in this fight—and I hope he does—I want you to tell the Governor I'd like him to come out boldly for Wainright."

"Yes, sir," said Wadsworth dutifully.

On the steps of the Governor's great, gloomy, Hudson-River-Gothic mansion, Jim Wadsworth saw a familiar, top-hatted figure. "Hey, Boss!"

His father swung around in astonishment. "Jimmy! Both of us here, eh?"

Then together they said, "This looks like Hooker!"

Before dinner, Wadsworth managed to get the Governor aside and tell him the President's message. Higgins' reaction was a cool "Well, never mind that now."

Even at a political affair the amenities were observed. All the men at the Governor's long, candlelit table wore evening dress; and, though they were thinking furiously of nothing else, there was no talk of politics as the elaborate meal was served. Not until the cloth was cleared away and the decanters of port and brandy brought out did the Governor get down to business.

The men he addressed were called his "Kitchen Cabinet," the leaders of the reform element of the York State Republicans. Among them were George W. Aldridge, for many years political leader of Rochester; Francis Hendrick of Onondaga County; the Governor's legal adviser, Cuthbert Pound; Nicholas V. V. Franchot, Superintendent of Public Works; and Frederic Kilburn, Superintendent of Banks. Wadsworth was the youngest man present.

Taking up the candidates each in turn, Governor Higgins discussed their capabilities with great fairness, giving each man his due, and then enumerating the objections to his candidacy. Each time as he finished he said, "He won't quite do."

Hooker was the last candidate to be considered. As Higgins mentioned his name, the Boss gave his son a triumphant wink meaning, "Here it comes!"

The Governor explored Hooker's qualifications sympathetically, but in the end reached the same conclusion, "He won't quite do."

Both Wadsworths sat glumly making no effort to hide their disappointment. There was a long uncertain pause, while Jim Wadsworth wondered unhappily what was coming next. Then Governor Higgins spoke directly to him, "Assemblyman Wadsworth, we believe that you should be our candidate for Speaker."

Wadsworth was too dazed to move. Down the table the Boss shot up out of his chair, his face a royal purple. Clutching its arms, he exploded, "Good God, Governor, you can't mean that!"

Very quietly and earnestly the Governor answered him, "I do. And so do these other gentlemen."

By this time young Wadsworth had recovered the power of thought. In a flash he saw the splendid beginning of a great career, and as quickly realized that he could not in honor accept it.

"Before we go any further, Gentlemen," he said, "I must tell you that I am pledged to Percy Hooker. I can't walk out on him. I think he is a fine chap, and would make a darn good Speaker."

"We know that," said Governor Higgins. "We have talked to Hooker, and he has agreed to withdraw if you are our candidate."

"When can I see him, sir?"

"He will be here in the morning. I would like you to spend the night here, and not talk to anyone until you see him."

So Wadsworth spent an almost sleepless night in a great walnut bed in the mansion. Hooker arrived for breakfast, and gracefully bowed out. "It's all right, Jim. Go ahead!"

Wadsworth went ahead, full steam. He opened his headquarters in a parlor and bedroom in the old Manhattan Hotel on Forty-second Street in New York. The Odell crowd named Wadsworth's good friend Ed Merritt, who established his headquarters a block down Park Avenue in the Murray Hill Hotel.

Both young men campaigned vigorously, entertaining all the district leaders they could corral, while their parlors became impregnated with the fumes of rye whiskey and wreathed in blue smoke from the fine Havana cigars they passed out.

There was nothing acrimonious in the battle, though there were some sharp quips in the daily statements each side gave the press. When Merritt called Wadsworth "Little Lord Fauntleroy," Jim called him up to acknowledge, *"Touché."* They worked day and night for ten hectic days. And what they did hardly mattered at all.

For the issue was decided in conferences and cabals and adroit maneuvering among the real pros in dozens of upstate towns and counties. William Barnes, whom Jim always regarded as the highest type of political leader, came out for him, as did Herbert Parsons, New York County leader, and Fred Greiner of Buffalo. Higgins energetically wielded the great patronage power of the Governor. At the Republican caucus in Albany the night before the legislature met, Wadsworth was nominated with about six votes to spare. His election as Speaker followed automatically the next day.

To the end of his life Wadsworth was mystified as to why the Governor and his friends had chosen so young and inexperienced a man for the second most powerful post in the state. Some probable reasons come to mind. These experienced men must have sensed the political ability that was concealed beneath Wadsworth grass-green exterior. Then, too, his very lack of experience was an asset. He had had time to make friends, but not enough importance to incur enmity. Nor was he in political debt for past favors as were the older assemblymen. The leaders knew that drastic surgery was needed, and Wadsworth's hands would not be swerved nor his judgment clouded by a conflict of loyalties.

Finally, his integrity was unquestioned. The records of his father and his grandfather guaranteed this. There had been many Republicans who disagreed with what the Wadsworths did, and there would be many more. There were quite a few who detested them heartily. But none who doubted their total honesty. So perhaps in the end the men who booted young Wadsworth all the way from the bottom rung of the political

ladder to a place on the platform of power, acted for the only reason Wadsworth could think of at the time. He said, "I guess they trusted me. . . ."

Only a very young angel would have dared to tiptoe where Wadsworth rushed in. The new Speaker turned the old order upside down. The long-established custom of seniority went by the board. He supplanted the aging majority leader and the old chairmen of important committees with younger, more idealistic men. Hoary customs of patronage were abruptly ended. Hundreds of disgruntled political pensioners went sullenly home. It is a wonder young Wadsworth did not get his throat cut—literally as well as politically.

Surprisingly, nothing of the sort happened. Wadsworth says that neither Governor Higgins nor any of the leaders who had supported him "ever asked a favor of me or tried to influence me. They treated me absolutely squarely."

Even the displaced committee chairmen seemed almost relieved at being freed for their enforced servitude to the interests. "With their experience and the crafty things they could have done," Wadsworth admits, "they could have made a fool of me. But these things were never done."

Some of these ex-chairmen even came to him and said, "We don't hold it against you, Jim. We know you had to do it."

The Black Horse Cavalry rode no more.

In his own office, Wadsworth found how far things had gone. He inherited the former Speaker's secretary, an intelligent older woman who proved immensely helpful. On his first day in office, she came nervously to Wadsworth and asked, "How much of my salary may I keep?"

"What on earth do you mean?" he asked.

"I mean how much do I have to kick back to you. How much can I keep for myself?"

In real horror Wadsworth roared, "All of it, of course!"

Her look of astounded gratification would have been funny had it not been pitiful.

Wadsworth broke another time-honored custom to help a friend. The Speaker made all appointments to committees, but it was long established that he took the word of the minority

leader as to Democratic appointments. When Tom Grady handed him the new list, Wadsworth noticed that, as usual, Al Smith was appointed to unimportant, do-nothing committees. He knew this was because Al's district leader, Tom Foley, was at outs with Tammany Boss Charles F. Murphy. He sent for Grady and said, "I can't stand for this. You must not treat Al Smith this way. You know it's wrong."

Grady said, "Yes, but it's orders."

"Well, I'm going to take the blame for putting him on some really important committees."

"All right," Grady said. "I won't kick."

From that time on Smith rapidly rose to prominence as he deserved to do. Al never forgot.

Great days followed in the New York Legislature. A youngish lawyer with a bushy beard named Charles Evans Hughes made a name for himself as counsel for the committee investigating public utilities. He then became counsel for the Armstrong Committee investigating the big insurance companies. Both committees turned us some very curious facts about their subjects, and brought Hughes great prominence. As a result he was elected governor in 1906.

Wadsworth had known Hughes only slightly, and at first found him difficult to get along with. The Governor was a dedicated reformer, with little experience of government, who, as Wadsworth observes, "was skeptical about political behavior in general. He would look at you with a cold fishy eye, which is a little discouraging. A pleasant smile seldom appeared."

It took a long time for Wadsworth to win the Governor's confidence, but eventually they drew closer together despite two very sharp differences of opinion, and the young Speaker helped enthusiastically to put the famous Hughes reform laws across.

Two of these were the result of the financial finagling that Hughes had uncovered in the public service and insurance fields. The first created the New York State Public Service Commission, and the second regulated the insurance companies, setting a model followed by many other states. Another first law on which they collaborated established the standard eight-

hour day, the first state in the Union to do so. They also passed one of the first employers' liability acts. Only one other state, Wisconsin, had adopted this humane principle.

Naturally, Wadsworth was less enthusiastic about Hughes' pet project, the law to abolish race-track betting in New York State. Nevertheless, he believed that the Governor was right, and helped put this controversial bill through the Assembly. There was a terrific fight in the State Senate before it was passed.

However, all this sweetness and light was due for a quick blackout, as the two men met head on about a matter of principle. Indeed, Wadsworth presently tangled not only with Hughes but with the President of the United States.

Both Roosevelt and Governor Hughes wanted a direct primary law to govern the nomination of all candidates for elective office in New York State. Though Wadsworth believed that the system of nominations needed overhauling, he was opposed to direct primaries because he thought that they could be so easily controlled by the party committees that they would lead to "legalized bossism." His solution was to put new safeguards around the convention system by forcing all who wished to vote to enroll in their respective parties, and then elect delegates to the conventions by secret ballot instead of at informal "town hall meetings," which could be manipulated.

At the State Convention of 1908, Hughes was renominated. Wadsworth's name was put before the convention but, as he expected, he only got 150 votes out of about 900. Direct primary bills were defeated in the following sessions of the legislature. However, in January, 1910, Hughes made a real drive for such a bill. It passed the State Senate, but Wadsworth used his power as Speaker to defeat it in the Assembly.

Hughes promptly called a special session of the legislature and tried again. This time he had the support of the new President, William Howard Taft, who had been elected in 1908, and the energetic assistance of Colonel Theodore Roosevelt who had just returned from stalking lions in Africa and kings and emperors in Europe.

Roosevelt demanded direct primaries as a needed reform. Wadsworth was put in the position of a reactionary opposing

progress just to be stubborn. But he stood firm in his belief that the bill was no reform, but an invitation to further corruption. And against the odds he won again. As the *New York Sun* put it:

> Over the shoulders of the Speaker has been laid first the lash of the Executive and then the far graver menace of [Roosevelt's] "Big Stick," which hitherto has fallen once and then no more. In a partisan newspaper Mr. Wadsworth's political career has been daily ended. . . .
>
> Because he believed the campaign of his opponents to be wrong . . . and [their] methods a menace to orderly government, the Hon. James W. Wadsworth for four years has fought steadily and sturdily, while weak men have whimpered and self-seekers have skulked or skedaddled. . . .
>
> Today Mr. Wadsworth stands forth as the one Republican leader in the Nation who has met the Hon. Theodore Roosevelt in a fair fight and neither fled nor lost.

That September, 1910, the great hotels of Saratoga were crowded with delegates to the State Convention. On the block-long verandas of the United States and Grand Union their wives sat rocking and gossiping while upstairs in ornate parlors and bedrooms the men maneuvered. It was suffocatingly hot in those crowded rooms, but the delegates were hotter yet. For there was a real fight on.

Governor Hughes had retired to become a justice of the United States Supreme Court; and Colonel Roosevelt, who was thoroughly disillusioned with his old friend President Taft's conservative policies, had decided to re-enter politics. He moved to regain control of his Republican Party in New York.

The Republican State Committee had named Vice President James S. Sherman for temporary chairman of the convention. Roosevelt opened up headquarters at the United States Hotel, and announced that he wanted the job. His prestige was immense and his sentimental appeal even greater. The political uproar that followed shook the state.

When Roosevelt arrived in Saratoga a huge crowd met him at the station. Led by T.R., reinforced by a brass band playing

"There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight," they marched in hilarious procession to the United States Hotel, stampeding through the entrance into the huge grassy court. There Roosevelt climbed on the pagoda-shaped bandstand and addressed his shrieking fans, who never stopped yelling long enough to hear what he said. Then he retired to his suite which was mobbed by distraught delegates.

When the convention opened next morning, things happened fast. The nominating speeches were made to a howling mob of delegates. Then came the vote, and Roosevelt won. As Wadsworth put it, "Then T.R. took the platform and the fun began."

The parliamentary rules of the Assembly governed debates in the convention. The Sherman forces chose Wadsworth as minority floor leader, because he was their best parliamentarian. It was up to him to uphold the rules.

Roosevelt was in terrific form. A fighter always, he loved battle better than breathing. This was no skirmish over a paltry principle or two, but a combat *à l'outrance* for control of the State Republican Party. Teddy used the full force of his dynamic personality, all the pull of the Roosevelt charm, and the massive power of his enormous prestige. He bellowed and snapped his shining teeth, banged the gavel and exuberantly ruled the opposition out of order. He was having a wonderful time.

Wadsworth knew he was fighting a rear-guard action for the conservatives, but he skillfully used his knowledge of parliamentary procedure to needle the former President. He kept making legitimate points of order which Roosevelt banged out of court. At one point Teddy got so excited that he shouted, "The Livingston from gentleman is completely mistaken!" and the whole barnlike building shook to a roar of laughter as a voice from the gallery called, "Another member of the Ananias Club."

That evening Wadsworth entered the hotel's huge white and red dining room, brilliantly lit by electric globes in great brass chandeliers, with his wife on his arm. Alice looked regal and lovely. She was wearing a princess-style dress and her young face sparkled under a Gibson-girl pompadour of brown hair. All the crowded room seemed to stop eating to look at them.

Alice flushed in painful shyness, but Wadsworth rather enjoyed it, stopping at half a dozen tables to joke with friends and opponents. When they were seated he said to his wife, "I think it would be only courteous if I paid my respects to Colonel Roosevelt."

"If you think it's wise, Jimmy."

There was sort of hush as the young Speaker crossed the room toward the round table where the former President sat with half a dozen of his supporters. Holding out his hand, Wadsworth said, "Colonel, I'm glad to see you again."

Roosevelt was in no mood for amenities. Ignoring the outstretched hand he shouted, "Jim Wadsworth, you tried to mix me up in the convention today. You thought you were smart!"

Wadsworth was genuinely astounded. He dropped his hand, but not his voice as he answered clearly in the sudden silence, "No, Colonel, you mixed yourself up."

He was even more surprised the next morning when a Roosevelt aide appeared at Livingston County headquarters and whispered, "Mr. Speaker, Colonel Roosevelt wants very much to see you at his headquarters before the convention meets."

"What can he want of me?"

"I don't know, sir. But please say you will come."

Courtesy reinforced by consuming curiosity made Wadsworth answer, "Tell him I will."

The large parlor of the Presidential suite of the hotel was literally jammed with delegates as Wadsworth came in. They made a path for him, and a buzz of curious comment trailed him to where Roosevelt was standing. As Wadsworth approached, T.R. flashed his famous smile, and holding out a welcoming hand said warmly, "Why Jim Wadsworth, I'm so glad to see you! What can I do for you?"

Instantly recognizing the adroit attempt to make him seem to be seeking favor, Wadsworth politely parried, "Colonel Roosevelt, you sent for me. Otherwise I would not be here."

Roosevelt's smile went out and he said, "Oh yes, I believe I did. Will you step into the next room with me a moment?"

It turned out to be a bathroom, the only private place in that crowded suite. The former President closed the door, and they sat on two small white chairs. Wadsworth reports, "In a most

intimate and friendly fashion [Roosevelt] asked me what course the minority intended to pursue that morning."

Wadsworth told him frankly that the minority's only concern was to keep a direct primary plank out of the platform. "We do not intend to put forward any candidate for governor. We are interested in principles not people."

They talked for perhaps twenty minutes, while Wadsworth explained why he thought that a bill reforming the convention system was better than direct primaries. In fact, he wrote that he had to explain both bills to the former President, who "knew next to nothing about them."

At the close of their talk Roosevelt, with charming frankness, admitted that he did not have much confidence in direct primaries. "But I'll have to go along with my crowd."

They agreed to fight it out on the floor, and shook hands on that.

When the convention came to order there was none of the rowdiness of the day before, but a sensible debate on the primary plank. Judging by the applause, the conservatives seemed to be getting the best of it. Roosevelt sensed this, and himself took the floor to deliver one of his impassioned, undeniably stirring speeches. The wavering delegates were swept back into the fold, and the direct primary plank was approved by a majority of 25 votes out of nearly a thousand.

That was the end of the fight, Henry L. Stimson was unanimously nominated for governor, and the convention adjourned. But despite this last-minute unison, a fatal split had been made in the Republican Party. Many a political pundit, Wadsworth among them, felt that this fissure, opened at Saratoga and widening under the political pressures of the coming years, was actually the beginning of the breakup of the party and the inception of Roosevelt's splinter Bull Moose Party.

Certainly the Republicans campaigned that fall in a somewhat halfhearted way. Whether for this reason or because the dramatic upsurge of the Democratic Party throughout the nation made it inevitable, Election Day, 1910, was a regular Waterloo for New York Republicans. Not only did the Democrats defeat Stimson and win all the statewide offices, but they took

the whole legislature—Assembly and Senate—away from the Republicans who had held it for so many years.

This factor decided Wadsworth, who had served for six years as assemblyman and five years as Speaker, to retire temporarily from politics, and go home to cultivate his rather extensive garden.

CHAPTER V

Palo Duro Canyon

ALICE WADSWORTH deserved a second honeymoon. With the exception of that week in the Berkshires and a brief trip to the West Indies, the Wadsworths had never taken a vacation. During her husband's years in the Assembly, Mrs. Wadsworth had rented a small house in Albany each winter where she raised the children, soothed Jim's anxieties and entertained his political friends at impromptu dinners that frequently lasted through the night. Though she was very shy with strangers, she had staunchly overcome her nervousness to stand at Jim's side whenever the presence of a wife would be helpful, and to disappear whenever it would not. Each summer they had lived at Hampton while Wadsworth spent the long, hot days overseeing the farm.

So in the winter of 1911, Mr. and Mrs. James W. Wadsworth, Jr., decided to make a tour of Europe. If not quite in the grand manner of General James, the trip was luxurious enough. They sailed in the *Cincinnati* through the Mediterranean to Egypt and then to Algiers where they saw the first snowstorm in the memory of its citizens. The whole city took a holiday, and the Wadsworths from snowy Geneseo were charmed by the sight of the happy Arabs in their long white burnooses throwing snowballs at each other in the streets.

From Algiers they went to southern France and motored through the lovely valley of the Pau, where they stayed with the Boss's sister Nancy, who was married to a gentleman named Edward Montezuma Rogers. Then to Paris to visit Jim's mother's sister, Aunt Tillie, and her husband, the artist Walter Gay, in nearby Demarie les Lys. The Gays owned beautiful Château Le Breau, its long French-windowed façade giving on formal

terraced gardens. There they lived in the already outmoded manner of aristocrats, which they truly were. But there was nothing decadent about their sort of aristocracy. For example, when Aunt Tillie had the tip of her nose cut off in an automobile accident, she searched the wreckage until she found it, clapped it on, and held it in place until she reached a doctor who sewed such a fine seam that the severage was hardly noticeable.

In London there were more Wadsworth aunts to visit, Aunt Lilly, who was Lady Barrymore; also Aunt Neelie, who was twice a widow. Her first husband, Montgomery Ritchie, had died from an illness contracted during his four years' service in the Civil War. Her second husband was John Adair, who had left her a great cattle ranch in Texas which Wadsworth had visited the year before.

Like his father, grandfather and great-grandfather, Wadsworth met and mingled with people who lightly wore the great names of English history, and those coming men who were making their names great—Lloyd George, Herbert Asquith, Arthur Balfour and young Winston Churchill. A memory he kept always was listening to the grand debate in the House of Commons on abolishing the veto power of the House of Lords between courtly conservative Balfour and that wily Welshman Lloyd George, who at that time was considered almost an anarchist and who lived to be Prime Minister in a Conservative government.

It was a gay trip, and it was gay to come back to the Valley in the early spring when the frost was coming out of the ground and the winter wheat showed green. There was a tremendous lot of hard work to do—dozens of little lambs were arriving; steers, cribbed in the big barns all winter, were itching to get out on spring pastures; oats and peas were being planted, and plows pulled by winter-fat work teams were slicing the dark brown, steamy earth for later crops. It was a wonderful time, and the more satisfying because even in a short time away you forgot how really inspiring it all was. Wadsworth decided that he had settled down to farming at last.

Then came a letter that uprooted him again. It was from Aunt Neelie Adair. She had been pondering Jim Wadsworth's intelligent talks with her in London about the J.A. Ranch, and

the large loan the Boss had made her on a mortgage. She was far from satisfied with the way the ranch was going, and she wondered if, as a great favor to her and for suitable compensation, he would undertake to manage it for a few years and reorganize its operations.

That offer was a temptation and a challenge. Wadsworth knew that the J.A. Ranch was one of the largest in America, compromising some 525,000 acres in the Texas Panhandle, with 700 miles of fences. It had been established in 1876 by John Adair and William Goodnight. Adair had been in Denver looking for new investments for his considerable capital when he met Goodnight, a famous scout and trail driver who knew the huge southwest country as Wadsworth knew the Genesee. The two men formed a partnership which lasted until Adair died, when his widow, Aunt Neelie, bought Goodnight out.

Wadsworth knew that the ranch was peculiarly favored for raising cattle. The Palo Duro Canyon of the Red River ran through it for 60 miles from northwest to southeast. At its upper end the canyon was narrow and the flats were small, but it widened steadily as the river flowed southward so that the valley, added to the valleys of many branch streams and the mesas between them provided plentiful grazing. The walls of the canyon were five hundred to a thousand feet high, making it a perfect winter range where cattle could shelter from the sudden violent northers that scourged the plains with snow and sleet.

The main herd of the J.A. consisted of 16,000 head of Herefords, or white-faces as the Texas called them. Seven hundred bulls, selected from fine eastern stock or the best-looking native-breds, kept its quality high. In addition there was a herd of 500 pure-bred Hereford cows kept in a special pasture which were bred to champion bulls imported from the East.

No wonder Wadsworth said, "Aunt Neelie's request staggered me." It would have shocked a less confident man into refusing instantly. But Jim Wadsworth's curiosity was stronger than his caution. He wrote:

> For fifty years the Boss had been buying cattle from the West, and I had been doing the same on a smaller scale. These animals were the raw material which we grazed and fed until they became

> the finished product—beef. But I had never been familiar with the great ranches of the West which produced our raw material —our steers. Here was an opportunity to learn something about the source of supply and I simply could not resist it.

So he said "Yes" to his aunt. He started for the ranch in the spring of 1911, to be in time for the roundups on the range.

A cow hand in a model T Ford met Wadsworth at the tank town of Clarendon, Texas, and drove him through the dawn-light thirty miles to the ranch house over a road that was hardly more than a track. The air was crystal clear and fat white clouds seemed to brush their bellies on the hilltops. The vast stretches of grass were bright spring green and the tops of the mesas glowed pink above the blue shadows of the lower slopes. Here and there stood small herds of white-face cattle brilliantly silhouetted against the plain.

Wadsworth could see the ranch house when he was still eight miles away. It looked tiny, nestling against low hills with a ribbon of smoke going almost straight up from its chimney. But it was actually a large Hudson-Valley-type mansion incongruously set on the range. Inside it was spacious and comfortable "with big open fireplaces, comfy furniture, lots of books, modern plumbing, central heating and lighted by acetylene gas."

Wadsworth plunged right into the work. He wrote to A.H.W.:

> Back from camp in the canyon. . . . Those cowboys keep terrific hours. In the saddle at 5 A.M. Back to the [chuck] wagon for dinner at noon. Then off until 6 or 7 P.M. . . . The heat Monday was terrific . . . slow work driving the cows and their calves out of the canyon. [The calves] get tired and lag behind. . . . I carried one in front of me on my saddle for an hour, a very warming task. Last year's calves are now yearlings and have to be cut out of the herd. But they hate to be separated from the old cows. . . . It takes a heap of breakneck riding to cut them out in rough country. . . .
>
> [When] the work of clearing the canyon was finished, the outfit wound its way up the "Loop the Loop" trail—well named. I never have seen a more picturesque sight than this exodus from the canyon in the slanting rays of the sun. The trail from the

river is about four miles long winding up about a thousand feet. I stayed below until the whole procession had started up. The herd was guided along the trail by 16 cow punchers. The men ride their horses up perfectly inaccessible peaks and they're silhouetted for a moment flanking the cattle. They and the long narrow file of cattle climb up and up, now disappearing from sight around projecting shoulders and re-appearing like tiny moving specks further up. After the cattle comes the herd of cow horses, 150 of them. They herd wonderfully, and one cow puncher, called the horse wrangler, looks after them. Last comes the big wagon with the four-horse team driven by the patient cook. . . . The great, crawling, winding, bawling, cussing procession is a wonderfully inspiring sight. . . .

The next two days were spent rounding up a herd of about 1200 cattle, sorting out the old cows and branding the calves. The sorting business was up to me and Reynolds. Tell the Boss all he has taught me about cattle exactly coincides with ideas on cattle down this away. . . .

I had no change of clothes for twelve days. I fully expected the Board of Health to be after me.

Despite his enthusiasm for the scope and magnificence of the ranch, and the skill of the cowboys, Wadsworth was appalled by the waste and inefficiency of the operation. He wrote:

The Boss would have seven fits were he to see such a place. A southwestern farmer never picks up anything. Every tool is left lying just where he last used it. . . . Mowers, plows, harrows, binders, drills, everything is left out of doors the year round. The buildings are wretchedly arranged as far as convenience is concerned—nothing is handy.

Wadsworth had not been on the ranch a week before he started drawing plans for new buildings, which could be built from materials at hand, to house and protect the valuable machinery. He added many driven wells pumped by windmills, and built earth tanks and concrete reservoirs to hold water for the cattle in the hot summers when the river and tributary creeks became no more than sandy arroyos.

In addition, he made trips to Kansas and Iowa, buying "near-

champion" bulls to improve the strain, and keep up bone and size. This was necessary because the soil of the ranch lacked lime, and without that bone-building ingredient the native-bred cattle grew light and runty.

The most important change that Wadsworth made was in the method of marketing the product—the steers. When he arrived in 1911, most of the sales were three-year-olds; but he knew that farmers from Iowa to western New York were beginning to demand younger cattle for fattening. Gradually he reduced the age of those sold until by 1913 they were mainly yearlings. Due to the luck of a period of rising prices for beef on the hoof, J.A. was getting as much per head for yearlings as it formerly had for the three-year-olds. Thus the ranch became exceedingly prosperous. Old debts were paid off; improvements made; and there was plenty of working capital in the bank. More important still, the sale of yearlings left a big reserve of grass, and Wadsworth was able to increase the herd by the purchase of 900 heifers.

In all, Wadsworth spent over three years managing the J.A. Ranch; and he loved every minute of it. Of course he made frequent trips to Geneseo, to attend to his own affairs, and spent most of the winter in the East. Alice joined him in Texas for a while each summer. In fact, Jim became so enamored of the West that he persuaded the Boss to join him in a ranching venture. In the fall of 1913 they bought 6,000 acres in the Palo Duro Canyon and 600 steers to winter on it.

Those years in Texas were the good old days for Jim Wadsworth. And in the many years of his government service he loved better than anything else to reminisce with his congressional cronies about long days riding on the hot range and the wonderful nights around the chuck wagon, eating beef and more beef and sour-dough biscuits; talking politics with the cowboys, or joining in their favorite ballads. Though he never learned to use a rope skillfully, he won his spurs at the tricky task of cutting steers out of a turbulent herd. For much of his success at this dangerous occupation he modestly credited his favorite cow pony, Strawberry, "who knew much more about it than I did."

When he first came he had sensed the naturally supercilious

attitude of the cowboys toward an Easterner—"They were polite but rather distant. Who could blame them?"

Then one night after a roundup he overheard two of the hands talking.

"Say, he ain't bad, is he?" asked one.

"Nope," said his companion. "And he knows cattle, too."

"That was my diploma," Wadsworth wrote exultantly. He valued it far more than his sheepskin from Yale.

On a midsummer night in 1914, a J.A. outfit was camped in the southwest corner of the ranch by a spring which because of its unsavory water was called Stink Hole. It was thirty miles from headquarters, and almost totally insulated from the world where things were happening that changed the lives of everybody in it forever. Wadsworth did not know that an Austrian archduke had been shot at Sarajevo; or that his young friend Winston Churchill, now First Lord of the Admiralty, was issuing unauthorized but vital orders to the British fleet. He did not know that a great United States senator had decided to retire. Particularly he did not have any idea of what was going on in Geneseo.

Jim Wadsworth was sitting with the boys around the campfire, sleepy after a big supper of beef and sour-dough and beans. They were just about ready to roll up in their blankets when a cowboy rode wearily over the crest of a low hill. Nearly forty years later Wadsworth wrote: "I shall never forget that scene, the cowboy silhouetted for a moment against a starry sky, then loping down toward our fire."

He got down in front of the group, almost too tired to talk, and said, "Mr. Wadsworth, folks back at headquarters are awful anxious for you to go back there pretty quick."

"What's wrong, Bill?" Wadsworth asked anxiously, thinking of Alice and the children.

"There's a telegram. Something to do with politics. It's awful important they say."

Wadsworth relaxed. "It's too late to go now," he said. "I'll ride in first thing tomorrow."

In the first thin light he mounted Strawberry and started the long ride. It was past noon of a blazing day when he got to head-

quarters. He cranked the telephone to get Clarendon, and scarcely believed the words he dimly heard over the old, soft iron wire:

> AT A MEETING OF YOUR FELLOW CITIZENS HERE IN GENESEO TODAY A RESOLUTION WAS PASSED URGING YOU TO BECOME A CANDIDATE FOR UNITED STATES SENATOR IN VIEW OF ANNOUNCED RETIREMENT OF ELIHU ROOT.

Wadsworth was amazed to learn that the senior Senator from New York had announced his retirement. And even when he understood the message, he was skeptical of its importance. There was a lot of winding up to do at Palo Duro. He had no intention of rushing off to New York right now. He telegraphed his thanks to his fellow citizens, and told them he would see them in about two weeks.

This thing would have to wait that long, even if it was serious. Which he did not think it was.

CHAPTER VI

The Senate

During his ranching years, Wadsworth had not been entirely absent from the political scene. Actually, in 1912 he had been conspicuously present. The Republican National Convention in Chicago that year was a scene of astounding violence as the conservative faction of President Taft battled the "Progressives" who wanted Teddy Roosevelt nominated for a third term. Roosevelt was immensely more popular than Taft. As the Republican nominee he would have won the Presidency easily. But Taft through his great office controlled the machinery of the party and the convention. This led the Rooseveltians to charge, with truth, that the Taftites would rather wreck the party than win with Roosevelt.

However, it was not as simple as that; for underneath the personalities lay a fundamental cleavage of political principles. Roosevelt seemed to be advocating changing the form of the United States Government from a republic to an absolute democracy. The key plank of his platform was the idea that constitutional decisions of the courts should be subject to review by popular vote—a referendum. This, more than anything else in that bitter contest, turned against him a whole group of the most able and conscientious Republican leaders, many of whom had been his greatest friends and supporters. Among them were Elihu Root, Senator Henry Cabot Lodge and William Barnes. Wadsworth regarded the referendum proposal as a step toward anarchy. Knowing perfectly well what they were doing, he and these other men did prefer to wreck the Republican Party rather than the Constitution of the United States.

When Wadsworth reached Chicago from Texas in June, 1912, to take his place as a delegate, he was elected chairman of

the New York State delegation. It was a tremendous honor for a young man who had attended only one other national convention—that of 1908.

Throughout those long hot days in an atmosphere so emotionally supercharged that scholarly old gentlemen were calling each other liars, thieves and traitors, while the galleries shrieked abuse and hysterical partisanship, Wadsworth, with firm urbanity, kept his delegation almost solidly for Taft. He knew that he was acting against the popular will; knew also that he was helping to cut the old Elephant's throat, but on all the evidence of his public utterances, his private letters, and his personal integrity it is impossible not to believe that he acted not from prejudice but from principle.

As chairman it was he who polled the delegation and announced its vote during each tumultuous roll call. On one such he mistakenly called, "New York, 78 votes aye [for seating a Taft delegate], 12 votes no."

The was an immediate demand that the delegation be polled individually. The vote came out 77 to 13—one man had changed his vote. At this the pro-Roosevelt galleries became a frenzied, shrieking, booing mob. One Roosevelt rooter rose from his seat and shouted, "Wadsworth, you're a crook!"

A sharp-featured little old lady in the row in front of him said angrily to her escort, "Hit him, Jimmy! Why don't you hit him?"

To the Roosevelt rooter's amazement an old gentleman with a magnificent curly white mustache and an immaculate white linen suit shot up from the seat in front of him, and swung a beautiful right hook that knocked him backward over his chair. Nobody was going to question the honor of a Wadsworth in the hearing of Maria Louisa and the Boss.

The Boss then led the way out to the alley. A policeman asked their names prior to booking them. As the Boss said, "My name is Wadsworth," a look of intense embarrassment spread over the other man's bloody face. "I beg pardon, sir," he said. "I did not know it was your son."

"Granted," the Boss answered affably; and, stepping a mite jauntily, went back to his seat beside Maria Louisa. Incidentally,

the gentleman with the bloody nose was Walter F. Brown, later Postmaster General of the United States.

The result of that convention was inevitable—Taft nominated; Roosevelt seceding to found his own Bull Moose Party; and the Republican Party split almost down the middle, a wound that still shows. Democratic candidate Woodrow Wilson was, of course, elected President.

Meanwhile, Job E. Hedges and Wadsworth were nominated for governor and lieutenant governor by the remnants of the New York Republicans. They knew they never had a chance, for the Bull Moose Party nominated Oscar Straus to the ringing, if inappropriate, strains of "Onward Christian Soldiers," thus completing the split. All Hedges and Wadsworth wanted to do was to beat the Moose, which they did. Democratic William Sulzer was elected governor of New York. He was impeached for perjury after a few months in office.

When Wadsworth finally came home in 1914, he found that his candidacy was very serious indeed. It had been sparked by William Barnes, who was still the most powerful figure among York State Republicans. A few days after Root announced his retirement, Barnes had telephoned the chairman of the Livingston County Republican Committee. "What's the matter with you people up there?" he demanded. "Don't you know anything?"

"What do you mean, Mr. Barnes?" asked the startled chairman.

"I mean you ought to get back of Wadsworth for Senator," said Boss Barnes.

In the old days such a pronouncement would have been tantamount to nomination. However, the direct primary law, passed by the Democrats, was now in effect as was the amendment to the Federal Constitution that senators must be elected by popular vote instead of being appointed by the legislature as had been done in New York ever since the founding of the Federal Government. The New York City Republican leaders named William M. Calder to run against Wadsworth in the primaries. The two candidates were good friends and the pre-

election campaign was entirely amiable. Wadsworth won the nomination in a close contest because of his great popularity upstate where the majority of Republican voters lived.

Meanwhile, the tremendous tensions of the armament race in Europe had finally exploded into the First World War. That whole continent was aflame. But neither the American people nor their President had as yet even a glimmer of the tremendous significance of these events. They were stunned by the enormous casualties, and appalled by Germany's cynical disregard of her treaty obligation to respect Belgium's neutrality. But they had lived so safely for so long that it was beyond their comprehension that *their* cherished institutions and the very existence of their sacred liberties were imperiled. President Wilson did no more than adjure Americans to be neutral in thought and act, while he cried a plague on both their houses. Nor did Wadsworth at this time give much evidence that he realized this was the beginning of the mortal struggle between tyranny and democracy of which the end is not even now in sight.

So the election in New York was fought on a domestic issue, and an obsolescent one at that—the tariff. The Democrats nominated James W. Gerard who had also been born in the Valley, which made Wadsworth remark, "No matter who wins it will be a man from Geneseo, which, in my view, is just as it should be."

Gerard, who was United States Ambassador to Germany, was representing his country extremely ably in that most difficult diplomatic post of all. He was too busy—and too conscientious—to come home to further personal ambition; so he campaigned ineffectively by cable. In addition, the fine edge of Democratic reform had been blunted by the impeachment of Governor Sulzer; and the Bull Moose blowout had been hastily patched. So it was an easy win. The Republicans elected their whole slate, captured both houses of the legislature, and sent Wadsworth to the Senate by a majority of 67,000. In his memoirs Wadsworth wrote that an event of much more importance to him that November was the birth of his second son, Reverdy.

However, there was a pleasant bit of irony in the event of the election. Wadsworth, who had fought with all the strength of conviction against the amendment to the Federal Constitution

that senators be elected by popular vote and against direct primaries in his own state, was the first United States Senator from New York elected by popular vote; and the first and *only* Senator ever nominated by direct primary in that state. The legislature restored the convention system before the next senatorial election.

When Wadsworth took his seat in the Senate on March 4, 1915, that body contained some of the all-time greats of its continuing tradition. He succeeded Elihu Root, who was one of these and a man who should have been Republican candidate for President; for he had far more intelligence, integrity and executive ability than many a G.O.P. standard-bearer. What stopped Root was lack of political appeal, the impression of coldness that he gave the public. Of this Wadsworth says, "The press spread the opinion that Root was a cold, hard-boiled creature. . . . It was utterly false. I never knew a more tender-hearted man. [He was] a true progressive. He advised me many many times as intimately as my own father. . . . I shall never forget the advice he gave me as I was about to be sworn in as United States Senator, *not* to fill his shoes, but to succeed him." Indeed, next to John Hay, Wadsworth looked on Root as the man who had the most influence in forming his political credo.

Wadsworth was disappointed by the unimpressiveness of the swearing-in ceremony. "New senators taken up in batches of four and sworn, while conversation filled the chamber," he wrote. ". . . Alice, sitting in the gallery heard a woman remark of poor me, 'He's very wealthy and a leader of Society.' Heavens!"

Wadsworth was assigned to a seat between two other newly elected Republicans. On one side of him was a stocky man with a seamed and wrinkled face and a copper-bronze complexion. He was Charles Curtis of Kansas, a genial quarter-bred Indian who was to become Vice President of the United States. On his other side sat the handsomest man in the Senate, tall, broad-shouldered with silvery hair crowning a magnificent head that enclosed the nearest thing to a vacuum that nature would stand for. Fond as Wadsworth became of him throughout years of

close friendship, he could never credit more than good will and a "sound feeling for the whole nature of America" to Senator Warren Gamaliel Harding of Ohio.

Indeed, those of his colleagues whom Wadsworth liked best were not necessarily those whom he respected most. He was extremely fond of Vice President Thomas R. Marshall, who made himself immortal by the quip, which echoes nostalgically back from those uncomplicated days, that what America needed was "a good five-cent cigar."

Henry Cabot Lodge was one colleague whom Wadsworth both liked, respected and trusted. He had known Lodge for many years as a friend of John Hay and Henry Adams; and regarded him as "the best read man in the Senate . . . an excellent historian, a good writer and a genuine scholar. . . . When I first arrived on the scene he was especially kind to me." However, he realized that Lodge was something of an intellectual snob—"not a friend maker. If his opponent was not a well-informed person, Mr. Lodge was apt to look down on him."

Perhaps the greatest senators of Wadsworth's time were William E. Borah of Idaho and Robert La Follette of Wisconsin. Of the former Wadsworth wrote, "He was the most eloquent speaker in the Senate . . . a defender of the Constitution. . . . I used to believe that he was wrong on a good many occasions on strictly economic questions . . . and right on constitutional questions. . . . His voice carried further over the country than any member of the Senate . . . [yet] not a single statute is on the books because he espoused it. . . . He was a critic . . . and hesitated at being *responsible* for something affirmative."

La Follette, the magnificent rebel who has his niche among the Senate's "five greatest," was not the sort of man Wadsworth could either like or admire—"A very able agitator," he wrote.

It was inevitable that the junior Senator from New York should dislike and distrust President Woodrow Wilson. Though he would fight for a cause as hard as any man, Wadsworth feared and condemned zealots, which he felt the President to be. This had nothing to do with differences of political opinion, but lay in a deep antipathy between the characters of these two men. The extent to which this prejudiced Wadsworth's attitude to-

ward the President is evident in a passage in his diary describing Wilson's first address to a joint session of the Congress:

> The whole thing was an interesting study in psychology and not very impressive as a ceremony. Wilson reads very well, a veteran lecturer, not a President. My view was from the side. An intense study of his face discloses a curiously Machiavellian profile, long jaw, not a firm one, large pointed ears, thin prominent nose, rather receding forehead, and a high point at the back of the head. Perhaps it is more Mephistophelian.

Paradoxically, Senator Wadsworth's move to the national scene gave him much more time with his family. After his election, he had made one more trip to the ranch and engaged a capable manager to replace him. On the death of Mrs. John Hay, Alice had inherited a third of the great house on Sixteenth Street, and bought her brother and sister's shares. The Wadsworths and their three children lived there while the Congress was in session. In those days Congress usually adjourned much earlier than now, so the family were able to spend almost all summer in the Valley.

The summer of 1915 was an especially happy one. Evie and Jerry were now twelve and ten, and their father loved to be with them. Evie says, "He taught us to ride and to swim with infinite patience. He used to read aloud to us—one of our favorite books was *Plupy Shute. The Reel Diary of a Reel Boy.* In the summer evenings we used to sit in the garden at Hampton while Father led us in part singing and Mother accompanied us on her guitar."

So far the war in Europe had made little impact on the ways of the Valley; nor had modernity entered it. Farming was totally unmechanized; and even the automobile was making slow inroads. The Senator, who never cared much for horses, owned a car, but his cousin Austin swore that he'd shoot anybody who drove one through The Homestead's gates, where he put up a sign reading:

GUESTS ONLY
MOTORS NOT ADMITTED

The first time James W. Wadsworth, Jr., was publicly mentioned as Presidential timber was in the *Livingston County Republican* of June 1, 1916: "WADSWORTH HAS A GOOD CHANCE. . . . The name of the New York Senator looms up in the coming Republican Convention." There follows a two-column editorial extolling Wadsworth's virtues. Across the face of the clipping the Senator wrote: "Nonsense!!!"

Wadsworth, who led the New York delegation again, ardently supported Elihu Root for the nomination. However, the sentiment of the convention was overwhelmingly for Charles Evans Hughes. Wadsworth cheerfully accepted the decision, and worked hard for Hughes in the election, though he was always convinced that Root would have been a better choice. In fact, Hughes proved to be a rather inept candidate, and the unhealed scars of the Bull Moose split made his task extremely difficult. President Wilson was re-elected in the closest contest of this century.

After the election, Wadsworth settled down to hard work in the Senate, where he was secretary of the Republican Caucus and a member of the Committee on Agriculture, and the Military Affairs Committee. He devoted his greatest efforts to the latter.

True to the tradition of his family and his own character, the Senator was thoroughly disgusted with the soft line taken by Wilson's administration toward Germany, which was stepping up its U-bout sinkings of unarmed merchant ships. He was equally opposed to the group of senators, mainly Republicans, known as "the Irreconcilables," who represented the extreme isolationist point of view. It consisted of a dozen men, and was led by La Follette of Wisconsin. It included Republicans William E. Borah of Idaho and Hiram Johnson of California, and Democrat James Reed of Missouri. Their thinking stemmed back to the old Know-Nothing Party of pre-Civil War days, and expressed the deep-seated American distrust of all foreigners, and foreign commitments.

A third faction which earned Wadsworth's ire was composed of the southern senators who were fulminating against the British blockade which prevented cotton—and practically every other export—from going to Germany. Though England had

acted in an arbitrary fashion, she had merely fractured international law, whereas Germany had broken the moral code of civilization by sending thousands of innocent civilians to their deaths. Wadsworth's lack of patience with legalistic thinking on this moral issue comes out in this entry in his diary:

> Smith of Georgia spoke at great length on the wickedness of Britain in holding up American convoys bound for neutral ports. Cotton in particular. Apparently he has cotton on the brain.

Though he profoundly distrusted President Wilson, Wadsworth backed him up in every move to strengthen American defenses, which he knew were in lamentable condition. He had great respect for Democratic Senator George E. Chamberlain of Oregon who was Chairman of the Military Affairs Committee, and he worked closely with the Democratic majority in hammering out such bills as the one which altered the status of the National Guard to make it available for federal service outside of the United States.

The Senator completely changed his mind about one eminent Democrat. When Wilson appointed Newton D. Baker Secretary of War, Wadsworth was snorting his disgust. Here was a man from the Midwest who was "completely ignorant of military matters."

But the Senator recanted in these words:

> Slowly but surely that little man—he was small physically—worked his way into our confidence. As the [war] effort grew . . . and continued in ever increasing volume, we woke up to the fact that there was a very able man who was growing every day, growing in his grasp of the immensity of the program and in his ability to handle it. . . He was a brave man, too. There were certain occasions on which Baker assumed the blame for things he had not done to protect another man.

Their work together during the war cemented a strong friendship between these two dissimilar men. It is typical of Wadsworth that on the roaring day in 1921 when the Republicans returned triumphantly to Washington to inaugurate President Harding, he suddenly wondered where Baker was. The moment the Inauguration ceremonies were over at the Capitol, Wadsworth

jumped into a taxi and headed for the War Department. Through the empty echoing corridors he strode to the Secretary of War's office. The large reception room was empty, too, but he found the former Secretary alone in his inner office shining his shoes.

A little self-consciously the Senator said, "Mr. Secretary, I just came to pay my respects and say good-bye."

Baker smiled shyly and replied, "I'm glad you came, Wadsworth. Sit down awhile. Let's talk."

So, while the White House bulged with Republicans trampling each other to shake the new President's hand, those two men sat in that vast empty building talking about battles that already seemed to have happened long ago.

On the last day of January, 1917, the Imperial German Government abandoned all pretense of civilized behavior by announcing that all merchant ships in the war zone would be sunk without warning. This made our entry into the war only a matter of weeks. Anxiety throughout the country rose to an acute pitch. In the Senate the tension became almost unbearable because of the responsibility for great decisions and the sharp cleavage of opinion as to what was the right thing to do. The Irreconcilables favored forbidding American citizens to travel on foreign ships. The majority of senators wanted American participation in the war to be confined to sending supplies to the Allies. When Wadsworth stated in a speech that at least one American division should be sent to France in the event of war, he was drowned out in a storm of boos. So little did these men, even Wadsworth, know how desperate was the position of England and France; how great the forces that would be needed to win the war.

On April 2, 1917, even the peace-loving President felt that the moment had come when "the right is more precious than peace." In a stirring speech he asked the Congress to declare war on the Imperial German Government. When the military missions from France and England arrived in Washington, American officials and members of the Congress learned at last how bad their case was. Unless they had help quickly the war could be lost by July. To win they would need not only arms

and ships, but at least two million men. The Administration acted as quickly as they could to meet these unexpected demands. One of their first moves was to send a selective service act to Congress to draft the millions of soldiers no one had realized would be needed. It was, of course, referred to the Military Affairs Committee of the Senate, of which Wadsworth was a member.

Though the Draft Bill, as prepared by General E. H. Crowder and submitted by Secretary of War Newton D. Baker, was brilliantly conceived and carefully drawn, the Senate committee made one vitally important change in it. As written the selective service boards who had the responsibility for drafting the men were to be composed of Army officers. The committee changed this to boards composed of prominent citizens from each district serving without pay. There is no question but what this made the draft infinitely more acceptable to the American people, and that the boards so composed were able, because of their knowledge of local conditions, to be both more efficient and more just.

Though the deliberations of the Military Affairs Committee were of course private, it is certain that Wadsworth, who ever since that picnic in the Philippine rice paddies had devoted so much thought and study to the problems of a citizen army, and who was so devoted to the principle of civilian control of the military, had a great part in producing this important change.

Busy as the committee was with bill after bill to study, Wadsworth was not content to remain in Washington. He wanted to see what was actually going on in the new army. As the draftees began to pour into the hastily constructed cantonments, he spent each weekend making surprise visits to one camp after another, "strictly on my own." His method was to arrive unannounced, give his name to the commanding officer and ask for a guide, preferable a very junior officer. So at first hand he watched the creation of an army from the extremely raw material of frightened young men to the finished product that stormed the Hindenberg Line.

Closest to his heart was Troop M, First Cavalry, New York National Guard from Geneseo. Back in 1913, he had organized the troop at the request of General John F. O'Ryan, Com-

mander of New York Guard. The young men of the hunting families and the farm boys had enlisted enthusiastically. Of its formation Wadsworth recorded:

> To mount the new back country troop proved easy. The Valley was full of horses. Some were given to us, others we bought; a total of some seventy horses of which about a quarter were thoroughbreds and the remainder good quality half-breds. . . .
>
> Incidentally we had to provide for all our mounts, for in those days neither the Federal nor State governments contributed a cent for horses.

To command Troop M, Wadsworth had the good fortune to secure Lieutenant Nathan C. Shiverick, a West Pointer who had recently retired and come to live in the Valley. Wadsworth became its first lieutenant. All during the winters of 1914 and 1915, Wadsworth commuted from Washington to drill with the troop on Saturdays. Of course, in summertime he attended every drill. Then came 1916, and order for the troop to go to the Mexican Border.

It was obvious that Wadsworth could not perform his duties in the Senate while he bivouacked on the Border. He wanted to go with his beloved troop and felt great responsibility for the men whom he had induced to join it. But unquestionably he owed a heavy obligation to the people of the State of New York. Torn by conflicting loyalities, Jim Wadsworth tossed sleeplessly night after night trying to decide. Though he tried to deny it to himself, he knew perfectly well that he could serve his state and his country better as a senator than as an amateur lieutenant of cavalry. The issue boiled down to a question of his duty or his heart's desire. And still he argued with himself.

Then came a telegram from General O'Ryan asking him to resign for the greater good of the state. He did not reply, fighting his conscience still. Then came a peremptory message: "Unless you accept my suggestion, I shall officially demand your resignation from the National Guard. O'Ryan."

That settled it. The Senator wrote out his resignation. Sadly he rode with Troop M for the last time to Avon where they entrained; and stood waving good-bye as the long train of pas-

senger coaches and horse boxes grunted slowly up the grade toward Buffalo and the Border. Then in his own understatement, "I went back to Washington rather sunk."

Wadsworth had spent Thanksgiving Day, 1916, with Troop M on the Mexican Border. In 1917 he went to Spartansburg, South Carolina, where they were being switched from cavalry to machine gunners. In 1918 he joined them, veterans now, at Le Mans in France.

His feeling of sorrow, almost guilt, at not being with them in the field was tempered by his immense pride in their record. Carefully preserved in the files at Hartford House is the order General O'Ryan issued to them one desperate day in the Argonne:

> 1. This position will be held to the last.
> 2. In case of attack gun crews will remain at their post until the gun is out of action, after which they will defend the position with rifles, bayonets, revolvers, clubs, stones, and other novelties.
> 3. If any member of the crew cannot remain here alive, he will remain here dead.
> 4. Finally. This position will be held.

Probably the greatest service the Senate Military Affairs Committee performed was in bringing into the open the incredible snarl into which American production of war material had fallen. The inquiry, in which Wadsworth played a leading part, began in December, 1917. With other members of the committee he visited innumerable factories, railroads, shipyards and docks. Everywhere he found confusion compounded by ignorance. Millions of tons of goods piled on docks awaiting transport; no field guns yet produced, no tanks, no airplanes; the railroads bogged down in a welter of mishandled shipments; co-ordination totally lacking between the demands of the Army and Navy.

In a Senate speech on February 5, 1918, Wadsworth noted that military men, no matter how capable in their profession, were, with rare exceptions, inexperienced and therefore incapable of guiding a great industrial operation. In addition the supply bureaus were very seriously handicapped "by a condi-

tion which springs from years of routine operation, regulated and checked . . . which condition is popularly described as 'red tape. . . .' "

Wadsworth and Chamberlain, backed by both Democratic and Republican members of the committee, proposed to rectify this situation by appointing a civilian minister of munitions. President Wilson decided to move first, and appointed Bernard M. Baruch chairman of a newly created War Industries Board, which at length brought some order to the chaotic condition of industry and transport. However, Wadsworth noted wryly that not one American-made field gun or tank, and only a few badly designed airplanes ("flaming coffins" the pilots called them) ever reached the front in France.

Despite this breakdown of our vaunted production, two million American troops reached France. Using French field guns and British tanks they turned the tide of war. On November 6, 1918, Senator Wadsworth sailed for Europe in a liner-transport to observe for himself conditions at the front, and keep his promise to Troop M to have Thanksgiving dinner with them. In mid-Atlantic he heard the news that Germany had surrendered.

CHAPTER VII

Not Peace

SENATOR WADSWORTH arrived in London at the height of the Armistice celebration. Sir Robert Borden, the Canadian Prime Minister, invited him to travel up from Southampton on his special train. When they reached Waterloo Station, a guard of honor was drawn up on the platform and little, white-haired Lloyd George was waiting to greet Sir Robert.

Wadsworth took a taxi to the Adairs'. Even darkness and fog and hundreds of wounded soldiers hobbling along on canes and crutches could not dim the gaiety of the London streets. The dead hand of fear was lifted, and the life of England's capital fizzed like champagne in the effervescence of victory.

Welcomed and installed in the Adairs' pretty Georgian house, Wadsworth got on the telephone to establish his connections. Now that the war was over, he conceived the central purpose of his mission to be changed from learning about battle conditions to studying the prospects of the peace. Of course he did not give up his other plans. He visited hospitals, looking always for men of New York's 27th Division, so that he could carry their messages home. He toured the great battlefields and talked with many of the generals from Pershing on down. Incidentally, Pershing expressed his opinion very strongly that the Armistice should not have been signed until the German Army had been totally defeated, which the American General thought could have been done in a matter of weeks. Looking back from beyond World War II, Wadsworth heartily agreed.

On his trips to the blackened, pitted fields of war and the humming cantonments of the American Army, Wadsworth made copious mental notes as to what had been done well and what done badly, and how these things could be corrected if,

God forbid, there were ever another war. He saw his cousin Jim Sam, who had fought through the war. Typical of Jim Sam was the fact that though he had driven an automobile but once in his life, he ended up as captain of a motor transport outfit. And, of course, the Senator had Thanksgiving dinner with his beloved Troop M.

However, making a good peace was foremost in his mind. To this end he wanted to learn all he could of what the English people were thinking. As he wrote in his diary:

> I talked to Balfour and the Bobby outside the Houses of Parliament; to General Bridges and his Cockney orderly. . . . One has only to see these people, and to discover their point of view and to find their ideals to be forced to the conclusion that they are our kind. They think, hope and work as we do. They are simple, straight, and in some respects quite shy.

The talk was mostly of the League of Nations. The people of England, France and Italy seemed to feel that the American President was like a Messiah coming to lead them from the time of darkness into a bright millennium where freedom and justice would be the guiding principles of all the world and war would be banished forever. The European statesman took a more cynical, show-us attitude. Wadsworth listened to all sides with wary interest. His profound distrust of Messianic leaders in general and Wilson in particular contended with his humanitarian instincts.

Two conversations were especially important in forming the attitude Wadsworth took on the League of Nations. The first was with British Foreign Minister Lord Balfour in "his dingy little room" in the Foreign Office. Together they explored the idea of a League of Nations. Wadsworth tried hard to find out just what was implied by "this attractive proposal." He wrote in his diary, "Balfour would not or could not say just what he expected to come of it."

But the English statesman-philosopher told him that the English people "are thrilled by the hope that something constructive will emerge [although] a wide divergence of opinions among my people makes details most difficult."

Since the Republicans had gained control of the Senate by one vote in the 1918 elections, Balfour cross-examined Wadsworth anxiously as to the attitude of the Republican majority toward the proposed League. Basing his opinion on his own feelings, Wadsworth assured the Englishman—much too optimistically—that the Republicans would approach the question "in a broad, generous, serious way [without] partisanship."

Summing it up Wadsworth wrote:

> [Balfour] impressed me as deeply desirous of serving the race in this crisis, of seeking light, of groping perhaps. Whatever may develop in the matter of details, I believe that he is conscious that the British Empire and the U. S. will have to be responsible for the real reconstruction . . . and that, acting together, they will receive the support of the others. I agree to this.

Thus Wadsworth was more than half sold on the League when he had another talk that rocked him back on his heels. It was in Paris in December, and President Wilson had just arrived to receive such an ovation from the peoples of the Allied nations when he drove through the flag-draped, roaring streets of their capitals as has never been equaled before or since.

On the five-man Peace Commission, Wilson had appointed one Republican, Henry White, a career diplomat who had served in London, Paris and Rome. White had been First Secretary under John Hay in London, and Wadsworth knew him well. So he went to call on Mr. White in his rose and gold suite at the Hotel de Crillon.

"After passing the time of day," Wadsworth told the Ambassador that he was returning shortly to America, and that his senatorial colleagues would want to know how the peace was shaping up. This is his report of the conversation:

Wadsworth: "Perhaps you would be at liberty, Mr. White, to tell me something of the President's plans and the plans of the Peace Commission?"

White: "Wadsworth, I have no knowledge whatsoever of his plans."

Wadsworth: "But you and Secretary of State [Robert] Lansing came over on the *George Washington* with him. Did not

the Secretary, you and Colonel [E. M.] House ever sit down with the President during that voyage and discuss plans for this conference?"

White: "Not once! To the best of my knowledge and belief not one of us knows what the President has in mind."

Wadsworth: "Why, Mr. White, I am astounded!"

White: "So am I. I wonder what I am doing here."

Wadsworth noted: "This was the first indication that had come to me that President Wilson was totally unable to cooperate with people."

There can be no doubt that President Wilson in his idealistic effort to assure the peace of the world through the League of Nations handled his relations with the proud, jealous, but patriotic United States Senate about as badly as was possible. Though he had proclaimed his belief in "open covenants openly arrived at," Wilson negotiated secretly. The first the senators knew of the Covenant of the League was when they read the proposed draft in the newspapers in March, 1919. They were truly outraged by the President's attitude, and shocked by the commitment in Article X of the proposed constitution of the League in which all member nations pledged themselves to "respect and preserve as against external aggression the territorial integrity and existing political independence of all members of the League.

"In case of any such aggression . . . the Council shall advise upon the means by which this obligation shall be fulfilled."

This implied power of the Council of the League to commit its members to war appeared to violate the provision of the Constitution of the United States which expressly reserves to Congress the right to declare war.

Almost immediately thirty-nine senators—enough to defeat the treaty—signed a round robin to the President warning him that they would not ratify a treaty containing Article X. Wadsworth was a leader of this group.

The Treaty of Versailles embodying the Covenant of the League was submitted to the Senate by President Wilson on July 15, 1919. The great debate that followed revolved principally around Article X. There were four main groups of senators—

the Irreconcilables who wanted no League at all; the strict reservationists, who wanted to knock out Article X and modify two or three other articles; the mild reservationists; and finally those loyal Democrats who wanted to accept the treaty as written. Wadsworth was a strict reservationist.

To understand his attitude on this, and other constitutional matters that came up later, on which Wadsworth superficially appears unreasonably stubborn, it is necessary to consider his attitude toward the Constitution of the United States. He says again and again, "I revere the Constitution." This was a great understatement. Wadsworth's feeling for the Constitution was more like a religious faith. To him it was no mere instrument of government but the very foundation of his most cherished beliefs; the guardian spirit of the country he loved so well. To tamper with it was to him like amending the Ten Commandments.

Inevitably, the Senator was a strict constructionist; a Jeffersonian Democrat, jealous of the rights of the states, fearful of a too-powerful central government. Indeed, he was like Jefferson *before* the latter became President and realized that some powers not designated by the Constitution must be assumed by the Executive.

To Wadsworth's mind Article X would either violate the provision of the Constitution which gives Congress alone the power to declare war, or this provision of the Constitution might force America to violate Article X. He was no isolationist. He truly believed in the League and the moral duty of America to combine with the nations of the world to assure peace. But he also felt that the United States must not, in fairness to the world, assume an obligation which it might be constitutionally unable to fulfill. He feared that such an event would wreck the League itself.

In joining forces with Senator Cabot Lodge, who led the strict reservationists, it is quite certain that Wadsworth acted from no partisan motive or personal prejudice. There is some question as to whether this is true of Lodge, who in his private conversations evinced bitter hatred of the President and a strongly partisan slant against allowing the Democrats to get credit for the treaty. However, Wadsworth firmly believed that Lodge's mo-

tives were as pure as his own. He says, "Contrary to the [popular] conception . . . Mr. Lodge was in favor of joining the League of Nations. . . . I do not believe that his antagonism toward the League [as presented to the Senate] was founded upon his personal dislike of Wilson . . . [though] it is perfectly true that Lodge disagreed sharply with his tactics."

However, it must be remembered that Lodge was a close personal friend of Wadsworth's, and that the latter's besetting sin was loyalty to his friends.

As the four-cornered battle royal raged in the Senate, it became evident that the strict reservationists, headed by Lodge and Wadsworth, were going to win. President Wilson decided to take his case to the people. He set out in a special train on a tremendous speaking tour covering almost every state in the Union. Writing of this Wadsworth says:

> In doing so [Wilson] was entirely justified. He believed thoroughly in [the Covenant]; thought the salvation of the world, to a large extent depended on it and on the reaction of the United States to it.

The President got tremendous ovations on his trip. Each day the crowds were larger and more enthusiastic. Seeing the tide of public opinion surge after the President as the waters of oceans follow the moon, the reservationists took alarm. A group of them which included Lodge, Borah and Wadsworth set out on the President's trail, taking the stump in cities where he had spoken, to counter his arguments. In his speeches Wadsworth made it clear that he favored the United States joining the League of Nations and *peaceful* co-operation for international peace. He only opposed any commitment that would obligate America to go to war. This he considered would be amending the Constitution by treaty.

What might have been the upshot of this duel of orators will never be known. For in Pueblo, Colorado, the tremendous strain under which Woodrow Wilson had been laboring finally felled him. Half-conscious from a stroke, he sadly ordered his special train back to Washington. The fight for the League was lost.

The President's more vicious adversaries rejoiced; not so

Wadsworth; that was not the way he liked to win a fight or settle an argument. Years later he said, "I thought at the time, and I still believe, that was a very sad event. I derived no satisfaction from it."

As everyone knows, with Wilson prisoned in an invalid's bed in his darkened White House room, his opponents succeeded in attaching their reservations to the treaty. Wadsworth himself wrote a very sensible reservation to Article XVI. This article obliged the signatory nations to cut off all dealings with any nations that made war on a League member and with *all* their nationals. As Wadsworth pointed out, this could mean that if, say, Greece declared war on Rumania, a Greek bootblack in New York might be unable to shine American shoes. His mildly worded reservation took care of this.

Woodrow Wilson would not have worried about that, but he felt that the Lodge reservation to Article X "cut the heart out of the Treaty." So he ordered his loyal Democratic following to defeat it as amended, which they did.

Looking back over the mellowing vista of thirty years Senator Wadsworth wrote:

> Things have changed since then. I am not saying that if the Covenant of the League of Nations were submitted to the Congress today we would propose exactly the same reservations. We have lived as a world power since 1920 and perhaps we are in a position to carry out our obligations as envisioned in the United Nations Charter; but at that time I could not believe that we were ready to go that far.

CHAPTER VIII

The Conspirators

In 1920 America was gripped by a deep nostalgia for what Edith Wharton called her "Age of Innocence." After the exaltation of their great common effort and the soul-shaking experience of war, the people longed to go back to a simpler world, though they knew in their hearts there was no returning. In their moral and physical exhaustion and disillusionment a whole nation tried to crawl back into the womb of time. Obviously the effort was abortive. However, it came as close as possible to success in the Genesee Valley whose guardian hills seemed to temper the winds of change even as they warded off the worst inclemency of the northers that swept down from Canada.

On the surface, things were very much as they had always been. Austin Wadsworth had died in 1918, but the Hunt went on under a series of new masters. In 1919 Mrs. Wadsworth engaged Major Stryker to hunt the hounds still as a private pack. However, the expense was greater than Austin's widow could bear, and there was no hunting after that until 1922, when the Genesee Valley became a subscription hunt and Winthrop Chanler was elected master. When he died in 1926, on horseback of a heart attack, Ernest Woodward and Jim Sam became joint masters, which meant that Woodward put up the money and Jim Sam supplied the skill. At this time he was a great burly figure of a man who, mounted on one of his big half-bred hunters with his top boots and velvet cap, looked a little like the immortal Mr. Jorrocks.

At Avon the Herbert Wadsworths still lived the life of sophisticated Rileys; and in Hartford House, the Boss, in his white linen suit with his Regency trousers strapped under his tiny,

made-to-order boots, pretended, almost successfully, that nothing was changed at all. He was as cocky as ever; and his only concession to age was that, instead of his gaited saddle horse, he now rode a fat, docile cow pony, which he tethered every day in front of his office at Number 1 Main Street. Only at Hampton was there real awareness.

Though he still sat out in his lovely rose garden in the hot summer dusk part-singing the old songs with his children and his wife—how lucky that Jerry could sing tenor, Alice was a soprano, Eve a contralto, and himself, of course, bass!—Jim Wadsworth had too clear a mind to hoodwink himself about the state of the world. And however much he disliked the drastic changes that had overtaken his beloved country, he had far too much courage to drift with the tide.

Some of the things that had happened he saw were good, and he energetically pushed forward in those directions. The most important improvement to his mind was that America no longer played the military ostrich, but had become aware of the importance of building a real defense establishment. As the new Chairman of the Senate Military Affairs Committee, Wadsworth played the leading role in writing the act which established the new peacetime army.

He was authorized to name a subcommittee to help him prepare the National Defense Act. He chose Republican Senators H. S. New and J. S. Frelinghuysen. The Democratic members were Charles S. Thomas and Senator Chamberlain, with whom he had worked so well throughout the war. Wadsworth said, "There was never any partisanship in the Military Affairs Committee. All that happened when the Republicans won the Senate and I became Chairman was that Chamberlain and I changed places at the table."

The subcommittee took nearly a year to draft the act. They conferred with Generals Pershing, Leonard Wood, Charles P. Summerall, O'Ryan, and nearly all the other ranking army officers, as well as with industrialists, labor leaders, and college presidents. The latter were called in especially to give their views on how young men could best be trained for war without interrupting their education.

Though all these people played an important part in the job,

it was Wadsworth who master-minded the National Defense Act of 1920. He expressed the philosophy on which he based it in these words:

> The United States has never had a military policy that could stand on its feet, and we set to work to see if we couldn't evolve one which would accord with our democratic traditions . . . [one] which would prevent the military from becoming over-dominant, and which would emphasize the lesson we had learned . . . that, in the last analysis, the citizen soldier is the man who has to do most of the fighting . . . led, of course, by the professional soldiers.

There is the key to Wadsworth's military thinking—the importance of the citizen soldier. The Chief of Staff, General Peyton C. Marsh, had sent down a proposed act envisioning a large professional army with only a four months' training period for young American civilians. Wadsworth called it "Prussianism of the worst type. . . . We knew the American people would never stand for that."

With the help of brilliant young Lieutenant Colonel John McAuley Palmer the Wadsworth Committee evolved a plan which fitted the Senator's philosophy. It proposed a much smaller regular army and a large, federally assisted National Guard. Most important of all, it provided for Universal Military Training. Indeed, it was similar in thought to the bill that President Washington had sent to the first United States Congress, and which had been introduced by old Jeremiah Wadsworth.

It suffered the same fate. Congress passed it all except its most vital element—Universal Military Training. As Wadsworth said, "1920 was an election year. . . . It was politics." And he added, "We created the framework of a sound military structure, but we failed to fill it with men. And we have paid heavily in lives and money for that failure."

However, even the truncated structure stood the strain of a greater and more terrible war. Speaking in 1950 of Wadsworth's work of thirty years before, General George C. Marshall said:

"If Congress had passed the original Wadsworth bill I do not believe that even a Hitler would have dared to provoke a second

World War. . . . [But even though] the teeth and backbone of the Act had been emasculated . . . the Act was a tremendous advance for the security of our national defense.

The changing times had produced two drastic amendments to the Constitution—the Eighteenth and Nineteenth—about which Wadsworth was very disturbed. The latter represented the ultimate victory of women in the war between the sexes; it gave them the vote. Wadsworth had opposed it vociferously for two reasons. The first and most important was his belief that it violated the spirit of the Constitution, which he felt intended that each state should fix the qualifications of its voters. The fact that the Fourteenth Amendment, giving former slaves the vote, had already denied this states rights principle did not bother him a whit. To his mind two bad amendments were worse than one.

His second reason was due to his conservatism and the romantic chivalry of his attitude toward women. He truly believed what on other lips was a tired cliché, that politics was "too dirty a business for women." Alice heartily agreed with him, and paradoxically went into politics herself to keep women out of them. She headed the National Women's Committee Against Women's Suffrage.

Even Wadsworth knew it was a losing battle; knew also, that his stand was very bad politics, because when the women finally got the vote they would be sure to turn and rend him, which they did.

Given the time and circumstances, Wadsworth's long fight against the Eighteenth Amendment legalizing national prohibition was even worse politics. The Drys, though probably never a real majority, were tightly organized and immensely powerful. They succeeded in convincing a large number of Americans that a vote against prohibition was a vote for immorality. More important, they proved to the leaders of both parties that to vote against prohibition was political suicide.

Of course Wadsworth knew this, and of course it altered his course not an inch. Nor did the fact that he was eventually proved to be right about prohibition help to avert his fate. Even after the Eighteenth Amendment had become the law of the

land, and for the time being nothing could be done about it, he continued to inveigh against it, thus uselessly infuriating the Drys. To his friends this attitude seemed unnecessarily quixotic, and they begged him to bide his time; but like Cervantes' fearless but foolish knight, Wadsworth must charge the whirling windmills until he too was unseated with a shattering crash.

The "Smoke-filled Room," which in the Republican Convention of 1920 became a symbol for back-of-the-scenes politics, was in fact a parlor, bedroom and bath, occupied by George Harvey of *Harvey's Weekly* in the Blackstone Hotel in Chicago. On a tropically humid Friday night in June, 1920, it was certainly filled with smoke and other effluvia. The fog from innumerable cigarettes was banded by heavy blue streaks from fine Havana cigars and the acrid smoke of Pittsburgh Stogies. Fumes of whiskey and beer—the Eighteenth Amendment did not run in these private purlieus—mingled with the sour-sweet smell of sweat, honest and otherwise. It was evidence of human stamina that men could breathe at all.

The population of the room was constantly shifting and always the same. It consisted of from twenty to thirty men of all sorts—elegant New Englanders like Cabot Lodge, drawling Texans with gaudy galluses and high-heeled boots, string-tied southern bosses and a considerable number of sober Midwesterners who held the balance of power. However different they were in appearance, accent and aspirations, they all had one thing in common—the gray, drawn look of utter exhaustion. The only one who did not show the strain was the leader of the 90-vote New York delegation. Jim Wadsworth, popping in and out of the room all night long, was miraculously jaunty and even preserved his sense of humor, which most people had left on the littered convention floor days ago.

The Republican National Convention of 1920 had been going on for five days and nights of heat and confusion. The delegates knew that they were nominating the next President of the United States, for with President Wilson a shadowy invalid in the White House, and his party disrupted by schisms and discredited by the defeat of the League, even the staunchest Demo-

crats realized they did not have a chance. The trouble was the Republicans could not agree on the man.

The two leading candidates, both good men and good leaders, were Governor Frank J. Lowden of Illinois and Major General Leonard Wood. Lowden represented the conservative faction, and Wood the progressive or Roosevelt group. Though Teddy lay in his wreath-covered grave in Oyster Bay, the Bull Moose scar was still suppurating. Neither faction would allow the other to name a President. So the convention was deadlocked, seeking a candidate with no strong principles, a nonentity.

Among the lesser contenders were California's pugnaciously progressive Senator Hiram Johnson and conservative Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University, who Wadsworth said "was certainly what might be termed a receptive candidate." Though he admired Butler's high principles, Wadsworth realized that Columbia's prexy lacked political pulling power—"his availability didn't seem strong enough."

Though Wadsworth was an intimate friend of General Wood, he staunchly supported conservative Lowden. However, the New York delegation was split between Wood, Lowden, and Butler, with two votes going to Warren G. Harding of Ohio.

Of Senator Harding, Wadsworth later wrote, "I happen to know that deep down in his heart he did not desire the Presidency. He dreaded its isolated, gold-fish-bowl existence and the terrific pulling and hauling which the Chief Executive must endure. He was not the master of the political developments that resulted in his nomination. Indeed, it might be said that he was their victim."

The legend is that the tired men in Colonel Harvey's fetid rooms made a deal among themselves and named a President. Legend credits them with more astuteness than they possessed.

Down on the floor of the deadlocked convention the sweating, shirt-sleeved delegates were moaning, "What will we do? What will we do?" According to Wadsworth, the great brains up in the smoky room were in exactly the same state of ambivalence. Lodge was there and Frank Brandegee, Charles Curtis of Kansas and Watson of Indiana, and lots of state chairmen. They could reach no decision whatever. Some talked of Butler and some of

Johnson. A few even mentioned Harding or Will Hays. Round and round in a futile circle went the talk. Says Wadsworth, "If there ever was a crowd of men who behaved like chickens with their heads cut off, it was these alleged conspirators who gathered in this smoke-filled room."

According to Wadsworth's diary he left the room for the last time at about 1:30 A.M. Saturday morning. As he walked down the long empty corridor of the Blackstone Hotel, Senator Harding pounced on him. Only that morning, sitting shirt-sleeved in his hotel room, he had said to Wadsworth, "I cannot afford to keep these rooms any longer. I have sent word to the desk that I am giving them up this evening. This convention will never nominate me; and I'm not going to run again for the Senate. I'm going to quit politics and devote myself to my newspapers."

Now it was evident that he had overcome his doubts and his reluctance to being President. Hoarsely he asked, "Jim, what do you know?"

Wadsworth: "I'm sorry I don't know anything."

Harding: "Do you think I've got a chance?"

Wadsworth: "I just don't know."

Harding: "I think I've got a chance if I can show a gain on the first roll call tomorrow. I don't know, but I think something might happen. What do you think the New York delegation will do?"

Wadsworth: "We are meeting at 9:30 this morning."

Harding: "Do you think I'll gain some votes in the delegation?"

Wadsworth: "I haven't the slightest idea."

On the first roll call Saturday, six more New York delegates switched to Harding. Though Wadsworth continued to vote for Lowden, he could feel the surge of the Harding tide. All twenty of the Kansas delegates switched to the Ohioan, and a great roar went up. Harding began picking up other delegates. As Wadsworth explains it, "The delegates were very tired. They were afraid of Hiram Johnson, who had been running third. Then why not Harding? Very presentable, very handsome, and a fine, good Republican."

Though many of the men who had been in that famous room the night before were doubtful, the convention was tired of

doubt. "It was a psychological, though not an hysterical, atmosphere in which they flocked to Harding," Wadsworth wrote. "They got no orders from the smoke-filled room or elsewhere. Had there been any such orders, I would have known it. I was chairman of the New York delegation."

As the final roll call began, Wadsworth was sitting with Harding and Frank Lowden in a small room back of the platform at Convention Hall. Suddenly they heard a crash of cheering, and Charles B. Warren of Michigan burst into the room. "Pennsylvania has gone for you," he shouted at Harding. "You're sure to be nominated."

"Harding rose," wrote Wadsworth, "and with one hand on Lowden's and one in mine, said in a choking voice, 'If the great honor of the Presidency is to come to me, I shall need all the help you two friends can give me.' "

Then he hastily left the room.

As the final roll call continued, Wadsworth joined a group of influential senators including Watson and Medill McCormick in a low-ceilinged cubicle under the Speaker's room. Above their heads the delegates were lowing and bellowing like a river full of happy hippopotami.

McCormick said, "Boys, Harding is being nominated. It's all over for that. We've got to find somebody for Vice President. Come on! Quick!"

The "boys" decided on Irving Lenroot of Wisconsin as a good liberal to offset Harding's conservatism. By the time they got back to the floor Harding was in.

Lenroot's name was put forward for Vice President by McCormick according to plan. Seconding speeches were made. Then, in a moment of hush, a western delegate away back on the center aisle stood up and called out, "Mr. Chairman, I nominate Calvin Coolidge of Massachusetts."

As Wadsworth wrote, "Bang! Crash! It was all over."

The sweeping victory of Harding, Coolidge and "Back to normalcy" over Democrats James Cox and Franklin D. Roosevelt is a matter of history. Wadsworth, running for re-election, was faced by three adverse factors due to his stubborn adherence to his unpopular principles. The women were against him, of

course. The American Legion declared him *persona non grata* because he had voted against the soldiers' bonus bill; and the American Federation of Labor turned thumbs down because he had voted for the bill returning the railroads to private ownership. The result confirmed Wadsworth's opinion that "There is no such thing as a veterans' vote," nor a labor vote either. He was elected by a plurality of 530,000.

Since the Republicans now held the Senate, House and Presidency, Senator Wadsworth was busier than ever in Washington. His first move after Harding's election in 1920 was to pay a visit to the latter's rambling wooden house in Marion, Ohio, to try to persuade the President-elect to appoint New Yorkers Charles Evans Hughes or Elihu Root either Attorney General or Secretary of State. He describes Harding's house as crawling with place seekers. Wadsworth was delighted to see one man whom he greatly respected, Senator Harry S. New of Indiana, who said to him, "Let's get away from this crowd. We'll come back after supper and get Warren to take a walk with us."

So it was arranged. The two senators with the President-elect between them walked for an hour in the frosty night through the deserted streets of the little town. In the course of the discussion, according to Wadsworth's diary, Harding said that he was going to appoint Harry M. Daugherty, who had managed his prenomination campaign, Attorney General. Both senators stopped in their tracks. New said, "Warren, you mustn't do that."

Wadsworth joined in, "Of course he helped you, but he's not a great lawyer. He never distinguished himself at the bar. You must *not* do it!"

A mulish look appeared on Harding's pleasant face. "Look here!" he said. "Daugherty's been my friend since God-knows-when. He can have anything he wants in the Cabinet. He wants to be Attorney General, and he's going to be Attorney General."

Wadsworth wrote, "New and I had to shut up."

Harding made what Wadsworth called one other "curious appointment," Albert Fall as Secretary of the Interior. Splendid men served in Harding's cabinet: Hughes as Secretary of State; Andrew Mellon in the Treasury and Herbert Hoover as Secre-

tary of Commerce. But their abilities were almost forgotten because of the scandals which smirched the name of the President who loved his friends too well.

Wadsworth remained head of the Military affairs Committee for another year. During that time he produced the act which raised the ridiculously low pay schedules of the Army and Navy. During the war the pay of a private had been raised to the magnificent sum of $30.00 per month. When peace was signed it automatically dropped back to the prewar base of about $14.00. Wadsworth writes, "The effect was tragic." Indeed it was a wonder that any man was willing to serve in the armed forces.

Having seen his bill raising the pay of personnel of the armed services through Congress, Senator Wadsworth asked to be transferred to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and the Senate Committee on Finance. Despite his opposition to an unamended League of Nations Treaty, he was no isolationist. While on the Foreign Relations Committee he vigorously supported the commercial treaty with Germany and American adherence to the World Court. However he took a dark view of the naval disarmament treaty which Secretary of State Hughes negotiated with England, France, Italy and Japan, because he did not believe that Japan would live up to her obligations—no one can say he was wrong on that one.

On the Finance Committee Wadsworth backed legislation reducing the debt payments of England and other countries. Despite his extremely conservative, banker's views on fiscal policy, he recognized that the economic dislocation of war made it impossible for these nations to pay their debts in full and that it was bad business to hold them strictly to account. However, his greatest work on this committee—the real reason he had asked for it—was taking a predominant part in revising the tax laws of the Federal Government. Even most Democrats privately admitted that he produced a good bill.

Another important act in which Wadsworth took a tremendous interest created the Bureau of the Budget to assure overall co-ordination of Federal expenditures. Before the bureau was set up, the federal budget was a crazy quilt of totally unrelated appropriations passed in an atmosphere of high-pressure

lobbying. Neither the Secretary of the Treasury, nor anyone else, could get the foggiest idea of how much the Government's annual expenditures were going to be, until Congress shut up shop and went home for the year. The Bureau of the Budget both controlled as well as co-ordinated these expenditures.

On August 2, 1923, President Harding died suddenly while returning from a trip to Alaska. Whether his death was due to natural causes, was suicide, or, as the sensationalists whispered, murder has never been cleared up. But it was plainly due to the terrible scandals in which his trusted friends involved his administration. The first of these was crooked contracting by R. C. Forbes, head of the Veterans Bureau. Senator David A. Reed, a true friend of the President, who was conducting an investigation of the Veterans Bureau asked Wadsworth to warn Harding that "We are on a dirty trail leading straight to Forbes."

Wadsworth went to the White House and told the President how serious the situation was. "If I were you," he said, "I would demand this man's resignation right away. You had better get him out of your administration."

Harding's handsome face reddened and his blue eyes shot sparks. "Forbes is a friend of mine," he said angrily. "He's been my friend for years. You can't talk to me like that, Jim Wadsworth!"

Two weeks later the scandal exploded. Forbes was eventually convicted of misusing veterans' funds and went to jail.

The most noisome scandal of all did not break until after the President's death, but he knew what was coming. It concerned the sale of Navy-owned oil lands known as Teapot Dome to private interests. Secretary of the Interior Albert Fall was later convicted of taking a bribe and jailed. Though Attorney General Daugherty and Secretary of the Navy Edwin Denby were probably innocent, their reputations were smirched. Had the President lived, his reputation would have been wrecked even though his fault was no more than foolish loyalty.

Even as they stood in the flower-banked East Room of the White House mourning by the coffin of the President they had loved, the Republican leaders knew in their secret minds that

his death was the luckiest break the Republican Party ever got. For the new President, Calvin Coolidge, was a man whose integrity was as indefectible as Plymouth Rock, and whose common sense was the epitome of New England. After the stories of the "Ohio Gang" and their Presidential poker parties, the picture of Coolidge taking the Presidential oath by the light of an oil lamp in the little, cluttered parlor of his father's house seemed like a return to the simple virtues of the newborn Republic.

It is probable that Wadsworth liked Coolidge more than any other President he knew. The Senator loved to tell stories of Coolidge's pickle-acid wit. One of his favorites was the time that Mrs. Wadsworth went to hear the new President's first message to Congress. The visitors' gallery was so crowded that she could not find a seat. That night at a reception at the White House, she said to Coolidge, "Mr. President, that was a splendid speech you made today. I was so interested that I didn't mind standing up all through it."

"Yes," said dead-pan Coolidge. "I stood up myself."

In assessing Coolidge as a President, Wadsworth wrote:

> I never had any sympathy with the opinion . . . that Coolidge was just a mediocre person. . . . His knowledge of Government in all its intricacies was amazing. A man might go in to tell him what was happening in a certain department and begin by explaining its functions. Coolidge would just sit and listen. When the man had finally exhausted himself explaining the technical details of certain regulations Coolidge would finally say, "Yup, I wrote those regulations myself."
>
> His respect was for the man who worked and saved. His guiding principle was, "I shall not take from that man one cent more than the Government needs."

This also was Wadsworth's financial credo.

Nineteen twenty-six was the year Wadsworth came up for reelection. He had joined with Democrat Al Smith to fight prohibition. The raging Drys were out to get him. Despite the fact that Wadsworth was one of the best-known Wets in the state, the New York Republicans nominated him for a third term in

the Senate after a bitter fight. The Dry minority promptly seceded from the party and nominated Franklin W. Cristman on what might be called "the prohibition ticket."

Cristman was a strong supporter of prohibition, but he had no other important qualifications for senatorial service. Nor did his supporters expect to elect him. In his recollections of this campaign Wadsworth took a dispassionate look at the Drys' motives:

"In wanting to assure my defeat they had two objectives in mind—the first to punish me for my wickedness, and second, and probably more important in their minds, to punish the Republican Party for ever daring to nominate a prominent Wet for a state-wide office. . . .

"My opponent, Robert F. Wagner, was just as wet as I, but they were willing to see him elected because my defeat would teach the Republican Party never to nominate a Wet again."

The campaign between the Republican and Democratic nominees was kept on a high plane of principle. Wadsworth liked and admired Bob Wagner with whom he had been on friendly terms ever since their days in the State Assembly. All the mudslinging was done by Cristman whose campaign was financed and managed by the Anti-Saloon League and the Women's Christian Temperance Union. According to them Wadsworth was the friend of the saloonkeepers and the servant of the liquor interests; a man who cared not a scratch for the morals of the people so long as he served his masters well.

The *Bulletin* of the Sons and Daughters of Washington shouted that Wadsworth was for nullification of the Constitution (!) and added floridly: "Bolshevism in Russia, Fascism in Italy, Military dictatorship in Poland and Nullification in the United States are all whelps from the same kennel barking against the same thing, constitutional government."

In its next issue the *Bulletin* really tore its larnyx:

> T R E A S O N !
>
> A public official who has sworn on the Bible to defend and support the Constitution and then attacks . . . any part thereof might as well undertake to tear down the Stars and Stripes—one is treason as much as another.

The *Bulletin* went on to describe the Wets as part of a plot engineered by New York City "foreigners" obeying the orders of "a foreign despot on the banks of the Tiber—the Pope."

Wadsworth was unable to meet this noxious fire with fire; his character was not keyed to a competition in demagoguery. His type of campaign was indicated by the closing words of his speech accepting the nomination:

"A profession of my creed:

"I believe it is the duty of every man to do what he can to be useful to the community in which he lives. I believe the most important, and therefore the most inviting, field in which one can be useful is the political field; for there, only, one encounters and may comprehend the aspirations of the people. . . .

"I confess to a degree of contempt for those who say that nothing would compel them to mix in politics, and an even greater contempt for those who refuse even to vote. . . .

"Again, how can one best serve? No one knows all the truth. Certainly no one can invent it. . . . We must search for it and whenever we think we have found a little bit of it, we ought to tell it. . . . He who, with a tolerant spirit and no claim to infallibility, proclaims what he honestly believes, truly serves his fellow man.

"I shall not boast that I have always lived up to this ideal of service. All I can say is that during all these years I have had it before me. I shall hold it there always. I must do so for, above all else, I want to be able to look you in the face as I work, and when I have finished, I want to go to my home being able to say to those who have given me a precious tradition, that I have not knowingly betrayed it."

Wadsworth had few illusions about his prospects for victory. He knew that Wagner was immensely popular and a very able man. He knew that upstate New York, where the Republican strength mainly lay, was predominantly dry. He reckoned the odds were against him. But he put on the hardest campaign of his career. For this purpose he chartered a big blue bus. It was long and low, very streamlined for those days. There is a picture of him standing jauntily in front of the "Wadsworth Special"

with a rakish fedora on the side of his head and a happy grin on his face. He wrote to Alice:

> I think you'll love rumbling and roaring through the country in our big bus. It's great and much more comfortable than an ordinary car. It makes fifty miles an hour just as easy!

With his assistants and political supporters and newspapermen filling the bus, Wadsworth "rumbled and roared" through most of New York State. From Albany to Buffalo he went along the old Mohawk trail, stopping to speak at every hamlet. He made detours through the hills and around the lovely Finger Lakes, moving in a great cloud of white dust on the unpaved country roads. He even took a swing into Tammany territory in New York City and Long Island. Ten, fifteen, twenty speeches a day, and he enjoyed every minute of it. "How Jimmy loved that bus!" Mrs. Wadsworth recalled. She joined him for a while, greeting his supporters in her shy, sweet way; and making wittily wicked comments when they were alone.

In the excitement and joy of campaigning, Wadsworth almost fooled himself into believing that he had a chance. From the Hotel Weatherill in Plattsburg on Lake Champlain he wrote:

> ALICE DEAREST:
>
> I think I'll have a little chat with you before I go to bed. First I'm very well indeed. Not a bit tired. . . .
>
> Here are the evening engagements for next week: Monday night Troy—Albany. Tuesday, Schenectady. Wednesday, Binghamton. Thursday, Utica. Friday, Ithaca. Saturday, Hornell. Of course there will be daytime meetings on the way. . . . I'm thinking it would be fun if you would join me in Ithaca Friday evening. . . .
>
> I can't tell how this thing is going to turn out, a candidate never can. But I'll say this—I've never had such attentive audiences. You can hear that old pin drop when I swing into the prohibition end of it, and they actually applaud in places, quite unexpectedly. Oh well, we'll see what we will see. . . .
>
> Your own
> JIMMY

The Democratic *New York Times* supported Wadsworth with an editorial saying:

> Senator Wadsworth has the open-mindedness to perceive the immense evils which prohibition and the attempts to enforce it have brought upon the country. He also has the courage to face them publicly. . . .
>
> President Coolidge will not open his lips. If Secretary [Herbert] Hoover makes a long speech in favor of Senator Wadsworth without once alluding to [prohibition]; if the Republican platform dodges it, if the Republican candidate for Governor [Ogden Mills] looks the other way; their appeals for non-partisan support of Senator Wadsworth are not likely to be of much avail.

In the strongly dry counties of western New York local politicians advised Wadsworth: "Lay off prohibition! If you can't endorse it, just don't mention it."

Wadsworth invariably answered: "That's hypocritical. I don't believe in prohibition, and I'm going to say so right out in open meeting. I'm tired of people who talk dry and drink wet!"

Though it was in the heart of the dry belt, Geneseo was for Wadsworth. When the Reverend Clinton P. Howard, the "little Giant of Prohibition," attacked the Senator at a rally in his home town the Geneseeans were so furious that Wadsworth personally requested the Geneseo Troop of the National Guard to protect his opponent.

But by the time of the last rally they all knew Jim Wadsworth had lost. The big auditorium in Rochester was packed with cheering supporters, but somehow you felt that they were cheering because they loved him; not because they hoped for victory. Evie Wadsworth wrote:

> Daddy was hoarse, white, exhausted. The Boss sat on the platform staring stonily ahead with tears streaming down his face.

Wadsworth lost to Wagner by 116,000 votes. Cristman polled a total of 230,000; practically all drawn from the Republican Party. They were not enough to make him a real contender, but plenty to accomplish his purpose.

CHAPTER IX

For the Good of the Party

THE BOSS died in Washington that December of 1926. He was eighty years old. Though they all missed his peppery presence, no one could feel sorry for him. He had lived a spacious life just exactly as he wanted to. He had the good fortune to die before his spirit failed or his mind clouded. He was still running his farms, ruling his household and barking at demagogues and Democrats—which he considered synonymous—right up to the last minute.

The Boss left Hartford House to his widow for life and then to his son. Most of the farms went to the Senator. Harriet received a considerable sum of money. She was, in any event, well provided for, and lived in a beautiful place at The Plains in the heart of Virginia's fox-hunting country.

The Senator's two older children were grown up and married. Evelyn, an ash blonde with a first-class brain, had married a tall, lanky energetic young man from Baltimore whose name was W. Stuart Symington, Jr., in 1924. Senator Wadsworth had watched his daughter's romance benignly. He liked the young man immensely, though they had some pretty hot political arguments. The fact that his daughter's best beau would not yes him on political principles made the Senator feel fine about the whole thing. When the engagement was announced, he wrote:

> Alice and I are very happy about it. Young Symington is the kind of man who looks you straight in the eye.

In 1925 Evie presented her father with his first grandson, W. Stuart Symington III. With tongue in cheek the delighted

Senator wrote to Louis Wylie, the gnomelike financial wizard of the Democratic *New York Times*:

> It was very good of you to send me a note of congratulations. . . . The grandson and his mother are doing splendidly. It is uncertain what the boy's political affiliations will be. His father is a Maryland Democrat. I am a little disturbed about this.

The Senator's eldest son, Jerry Wadsworth, had married Harty Tilton, the daughter of a fashionably sophisticated New York family, immediately on being graduated from Yale. Harty was peppery and pretty with big hazel eyes and a strong will of her own. As his own father had done, the Senator bought a beautiful farm and gave it to his eldest son. The Haines Farm, which Jerry rechristened "More Lands," was on a hilltop on the eastern side of the Valley. The fine, square-built house with its airy, big-windowed rooms looked over the fertile fields which stretched westward along the ridge toward Geneseo and sloped steeply down to the south and east. Through a gap in the old trees you could see a bright blue swath of Lake Conesus and the softly rounded hills beyond. It was a lovely place to live, and for a while Jerry was very happy there. . . .

Somewhat out of chronological order it seems appropriate to give some account here of Jerry's younger brother Reverdy's career. After his traditional indoctrination on the farms he went the Wadsworth way through Fay School and St. Marks and was graduated from Yale in 1936. After that his agricultural education took a new and rigorous turn. His father "apprenticed" him to the meat-packing firm of Armour and Company in Chicago to learn about the "finished product of their farms." For nearly two years Reverdy worked in the stockyards and the slaughterhouse, holding such jobs as drover, meat inspector on the killing floors and grader, finally rising to be calf buyer for Armour. Senator Wadsworth appeared to regard his son's promotion to that exalted rank more highly than his graduation from Yale. As to Reverdy's reaction the Senator wrote, "He was all puffed up."

In September, 1937, Reverdy married a girl with a name that was somewhat opprobrious in Wadsworthian circles—Eleanor

Roosevelt. She was the daughter of the late Henry L. Roosevelt who was Assistant Secretary of the Navy in Franklin Roosevelt's second administration. However, both the Senator and his wife doted on their new daughter-in-law who was quite as lovely as Wadsworth wives are supposed to be, and in addition possessed the regrettably rare combination of a fine brain and a gentle spirit.

When Reverdy returned from his tour in the stockyards his father made him manager of Andayon Farm. It consisted of 620 acres of the richest bottom land in the Valley and was operated as a unit with the West Andayon and Street farms. Together they comprised about 3,000 acres, the largest single piece of territory in the Wadsworth domain. On it Reverdy raised cattle and sheep, operated a dairy farm and grew garden vegetables for the processing plants at Avon.

Because of its size, which required eight to ten tractors to operate and as many farm hands, Andayon had a great big old farmhouse with ten bedrooms. Part of it was modernized for "the Revs," with a central heating plant, new fireplaces, a modern kitchen, and redecorating which included a beautiful paneled library.

Reverdy quickly proved himself as a farmer. In the files there is a large pile of letters which he exchanged with his father on the intricate minutiae of farming. They indicate that the Senator came to rely progressively more and more on his son's judgment. The letters continued until Reverdy was called into service with the Geneseo Troop in January, 1941, and the Senator personally resumed management of these farms. Even then his letters to his son in camp and at the front were mostly about how Reverdy's cattle, sheep and lands were faring.

From the family point of view it was as well that in 1926 the Senator temporarily had to put ex before his title. All the business of running the huge acreage of farms became his sole responsibility. And he loved it. For the next six years he spent more time in the Pleasant Valley than ever before or afterward. While his hand was on the plow, he made farming really pay.

Those were the years when the bubble of prosperity swelled to fantastic dimensions, and burst with a report that was not

only heard around the world but actually shattered the national economies of most of the nations of Europe as well as our own. The Valley's guardian hills warded off the worst of the depression's shock wave which wrecked so many busier places. Certainly there were hard times. Some overmortgaged farmers lost their land, and there was much belt tightening; but no one actually went hungry, and no child lacked shoes or schooling.

This was partly due to the inborn conservatism of the Genesee farmer, and in a considerable measure to the Wadsworths. Their system of renting the land for a specified number of bushels of wheat per acre saved their tenants. For, as the price of grain plunged down toward zero, the rents fell with it, until at the depth of the depression in 1932 they were merely nominal. In addition, Wadsworth, whose stubborn adherence to old-fashioned notions of economics conserved his own and his wife's fortunes, was always ready with a helping hand for those in real distress, whether they were his tenants or merely his neighbors.

So well had Wadsworth managed his own affairs that when Herbert Wadsworth died in 1927, leaving nothing of his great fortune but a skyscraper of debts and the land around Avon, Senator Wadsworth was able to bail the Red Queen out by buying Herbert's farms at a price considerably above the depreciated market. By 1933 his holdings amounted to over 35,000 acres.

Tom Servis, who for thirty-seven years was manager of the combined Hampton-Kemp Farms, rocking on the porch of his pleasant cottage from which he has a strategic view of everything that passes on the Mount Morris Road, loves to talk about those days and of his friendship with his employer: "I was here before Jim got married," he says. "Worked fifty-two years for the Wadsworths before they made me retire on a pension. My three boys all worked on the farms. Jim was a good man. I miss him like the devil. He always helped when he wasn't in politics. We'd knock off for lunch and Jim would go back to the house to eat. Then he'd come out and smoke his corncob pipe with us. Right at one o'clock he'd say, 'Come on boys!' And we'd all go at it. Maybe stringing wire, me holding the post, and him swinging the maul. Mrs. Wadsworth used to come out too. I can see her now pulling wild carrots. She was a girl to work."

Like the veterans of all wars, whether against nations or nature, Tom Servis only remembers the victories: "There was that time Jim bought 100 lambs at 8¢ a pound. I fattened 'em up and two months later he got 15¢ a pound for them. Some of the Canadian cattle that the Boss sent down to us were beauties —weighed as much as 1,600 pounds. We tried an experiment. Sent them over to the canning factories and fed them on ensilage made from corn and pea waste. No one had ever thought of that before; and, by God, they done well on it!"

Jerry was working hard on his farm and helping with the others. "Farming and, after a while, politics," he says, "the combination makes a wonderful life. It was always understood that I would go into politics, like my going to Fay School and St. Marks and Yale. In 1931, Father and Frank K. Cook, who was a lawyer and president of the bank, told me that the time had come for me to try for the Assembly. 'The only way to do it,' Father said, 'is to make a house to house canvass of the whole county. If you're not willing to do that, I don't think you'll be any good in politics.' "

Jerry was eager to do it. "By the time I was through," he says, "I knew almost every member of the Republican Party in Livingston County."

When Jerry was elected to New York State Assembly, his father said, "I'm not going to interfere from now on. Any time you want advice or help you come hollerin', but you stand on your own feet." Then with a wry grin the Senator added, "You'll have a hard enough time living down your family."

Wadsworth was right about that. Jerry had his own ideas, but people were always expecting him to echo his father's. On one occasion an outraged opponent in the legislature quoted from a forgotten speech and observed, "Senator James W. Wadsworth said that, and here's his son opposing it."

Jerry shot up out of his seat and roared, "I don't give a damn what Father said years ago, I think it's wrong now!"

When the Senator heard about this he hooted with delight.

At the other end of the village Austin's widow still lived at The Homestead, and its great acreage was managed by her son, William Perkins Wadsworth. Young Bill had married Martha Scofield of Staten Island who was descended from Edward E.

Doty, the historian of the Genesee. She was a tall, rangy, forthright girl, and as keen a sportsman as he. In 1935 Bill took over as Master of the Genesee Valley Hunt, a position he has held ever since, except while he was in World War II.

During this period the James Wadsworths made two major moves, though these did not alter the shape of their lives. Alice Wadsworth sold her father's huge house in Washington—the Hay-Adams Hotel stands on its site—and bought a pleasant Spanish-type residence on Woodley Drive overlooking Rock Creek Park in Georgetown.

In 1932 Maria Louisa died and was laid beneath a marble canopy on Temple Hill beside her Boss, who had never succeeded in bossing her. Hartford House now stood empty, and the Wadsworths planned to move in the following spring. Meanwhile Alice initiated a tremendous program of repainting, papering and restoration of its original classic grace. Away with Victorian darkness and gloom! Away with those horrible hatracks in the front hall and that many-faceted Turkish lantern! Bilious green paint was changed to cream color; the somber library lightened; the hanging horror over the dining room table replaced by sconces against the walls—the table would be lighted by tall Georgian silver candelabra. Most of the dark, heavy furniture was taken out. It was planned to replace it later by the graceful pieces from Hampton.

On the evening of December 14, 1932, Hampton was temporarily deserted—the Senator and his wife were away; the servants on leave. A farm hand driving by noticed smoke pouring from the kitchen and galloped through the deep snow to Geneseo shouting the alarm. Despite the efforts of the Geneseo Volunteer Fire Department and the Wadsworth's neighbors from virtually the whole Valley, the house was totally destroyed, though many of the furnishings were saved.

As soon as the embers cooled, a strange treasure hunt took place in the ruins. Alice Wadsworth telephoned that her jewels had been in her dressing room over the porch. All the Wadsworth clan turned out, with related Chandlers and other cousins, to sift the cooling ashes through window screens. Martha Wadsworth describes the scene: the excitement and the cheers as the powdered wood ash drifted through the mesh revealing the great

jewels—rubies and diamonds, emeralds and sapphires, undamaged though their gold settings had melted away. Alice Wadsworth says: "My big sapphire turned a lighter blue, but I like it better now."

She and Senator Jim came quickly back to Geneseo. They spent one night at The Homestead, and then moved into Hartford House with all the painters still painting, the plasterers plastering and the carpenters sawing like mad. One of Alice's proudest achievements is that on Christmas Day all the Wadsworth family and their close friends came to Hartford House, as they always did, and there were presents for everybody.

Senator Wadsworth did not give up politics after his defeat, but his activities for some time might be described as boring from without. In 1927 he organized the Association Opposed to Prohibition with Charles Sabin, Benedict Crowell, Al Smith, J. J. Raskob, Pierre and Irenée du Pont, and a number of other prominent men. Though the association had a small office in Washington, it made no attempt at lobbying or trying to reach congressmen. Rather, it carried on an educational campaign. First a study was made of the liquor laws of other countries. Reseachers were sent to obtain firsthand information in Britain, France, Sweden, Norway, Belgium and Canada. Their reports were studied, and articles based on them were sent to publications all over the country. Wadsworth writes:

> To our surprise, the newspapers greeted these articles with enthusiasm, because they weren't bitter political utterance, [but] informative as to the experiences of other peoples, and about what was going on here in the United States. . . . It was done by a very small staff. . . .
>
> We drew our funds from private subscriptions, but we declined absolutely to take any money from people representing the liquor interests. . . .
>
> Serious-minded people began realizing that the country was decaying morally. They welcomed an opportunity to help in an educational campaign to bring back to the people a sense of proportion about this difficult problem.

Wadsworth was one of the most active members of the Association Opposed to Prohibition. During the six-year period of its existence he made 131 major speeches in all parts of the country, and one in Hawaii where he and his wife had gone for a vacation.

The association was the first organization to start out with the avowed object of repealing the Eighteenth Amendment, but it soon got help from a surprising source. Mrs. Charles Sabin started an association of women opposed to prohibition. The men's organization helped her to get it going. Then the thing spread like a prairie fire, far outstripping its parent organization. When their list of women members crossed the 1,000,000 mark, Wadsworth exclaimed, "By golly! there *is* a chance of getting repeal if the women are going to help us."

At the Republican Convention of 1928, Wadsworth no longer led the New York delegation. Nor did he take much interest in the nomination. Herbert Hoover looked like a shoo-in, since Coolidge chose not to run, and the Senator regarded him with enormous apathy. Wadsworth's main purpose was to get a wet plank in the platform. Of course it was a futile effort. While consuming enough bootleg liquor to float the Peruvian Navy, the delegates were sternly moral about their fellow citizens having a drink. The Republican Party was like a surfboard rider coasting on the tip of prosperity's golden wave. They had a sure thing, and they did not intend to do anything that would upset their precarious equilibrium.

In 1932 it was a very different story. The wave had smashed against the rock-bound coast of economic reality. That June the national economy was close to its lowest ebb. Virtually all the great industries were losing money by the millions; there were apple sellers on every street corner in the great cities; bankers were foreclosing the heavily mortgaged farms, and the farmers were defending their land with shotguns; the banks themselves were tottering. Wadsworth wrote:

> A President whose term is made particularly prominent by a widespread depression has a hard time getting re-elected. The Republicans had been flirting with this thing for years, and it overtook and destroyed them in that election.

Sunday evening before the convention opened in Chicago, the New York delegation caucused in a room at the Blackstone Hotel. Carl Hallauer, now the Republican leader in Rochester, who was a freshman delegate, described the scene.

"It was frightfully hot in that overcrowded room. We sat there on little funeral-parlor chairs dripping with sweat. Things were in a rough state for the Party. At first the discussion was how to dump Hoover, because we knew he was a liability. But we also knew that he would be nominated. Ogden Mills, Secretary of the Treasury, represented President Hoover on the delegation, and he held it in line.

"Then we took up prohibition. Nicholas Murray Butler made an excellent speech favoring repeal. Wadsworth followed him with a brilliant exposition of the subject. It was factual and profound, but at the same time truly moving. I still remember the feeling he gave you of complete sincerity.

"After he finished, Wadsworth said to Mills, 'Ogden, you represent the President. I want to say that it's going to be difficult to re-elect Hoover, but repeal is the vital question. We can't win without it.

" 'The Democrats right here next week are going to nominate a fellow called Frank Roosevelt. I knew him when he was Secretary of the Navy. He will have a wet plank. If we don't have a wet plank, he will get in, and if he does we won't get rid of him until he dies. And thrift will never be heard of again.'

"Mills said, 'I'm so convinced you're right, Senator, that I'm going to call the President.'

"He did, and argued for half an hour over long distance. When he hung up he said, 'Mr. Hoover says it's got to be a dry plank.' "

Hallauer added, "When we left Chicago, we knew we were licked."

Wadsworth would not take even the President's "no," and fought the thing through the Platform Committee and onto the floor of the convention. The entire New York delegation, except Mills, was wet, and even he was only following the orders of his Chief. Nevertheless, he had a run-in with Wadsworth after the wet plank lost. Meeting him in a corridor of the Blackstone, Mills said, "Well this ought to teach you a lesson, Jim

Wadsworth! You can't get away with this kind of stuff. Repeal the Eighteenth Amendment! You'd better give it up. You can't possibly do it. You'd better quit!"

All Wadsworth said was, "Ogden, I'll see you four years from now."

Despite the real bitterness that this intraparty fight generated, Wadsworth was too realistic and too fair-minded to blame everything on Hoover. He wrote:

> I would not say that Hoover alone was responsible for that straddle [plank]. There were still a lot of politicians who thought it was better not to offend the Drys. "Let's straddle on it instead." It was the same old story—political timidity.

As that dreary summer of 1932 dragged on—stock prices hit their all-time low in July—Republican prospects became so bleak that even the party stalwarts of the Genesee began to worry. Archibald Sanders had represented the district for almost as long as anyone could remember. He had been a great friend of the Boss, and an excellent representative. But he was growing old, and he had always voted dry. The Republican leaders, who felt the wet tide rising, were saying, "If we nominate Sanders again, the Wets in Rochester will beat us."

At this point Nathan C. Shiverick, who had served so well with the Genesee Troop in World War I, announced that he was a candidate for the congressional nomination. He had never been in politics, and though well liked in Livingston County was virtually unknown in the four other counties that made up the congressional district. The leaders saw that they had a nasty fight on their hands.

Harry Bareham, the Monroe County chairman, and Carl Hallauer, who tells the story, were worrying over the question one August afternoon. There seemed to be no way of stopping the Sanders-Shiverick split that would mean defeat. Name after name was considered and rejected. Finally Bareham said, "We could settle this whole thing if Jim Wadsworth would run."

Hallauer's eyes blazed with excitement. "Golly, that would be great!"

"It would," said Bareham, "but he'd never do it. A man who

has been senator with a great national reputation is never going to step down to being just a congressman."

"Are you sure about that?" Hallauer asked. "Jim has a tremendous sense of public duty."

"They can't hang us for trying," Bareham said. "I'm going to ask him."

The thing was carefully stage-managed. Bareham called a meeting of the five county chairmen, and asked Wadsworth to be present as an observer. They were already there when the Senator walked into the familiar committee rooms in the Union Trust Company Building in Rochester. He beamed at the genuine warmth of their greetings, and delightedly sniffed the essential odor of politics—the musty schoolroom flavor of the big bare room, mixed with cigar smoke and sweat. They all sat down at the long table, and began the discussion. No one in the room believed that Sanders could be re-elected. They figured that even if Shiverick could be nominated he would have still less pull with the voters. Then, by prearrangement, Bareham stood up and said, "Jim, why don't you run yourself?"

Wadsworth was taken completely by surprise. "I haven't been a candidate for this at all!" he said uncertainly.

"I know, but you ought to run. We can elect you in spite of your wet record, maybe because of it. You are the one man we can all get behind."

The other chairmen joined in confirming this. Each in turn assured Wadsworth of his support and cannily played on his sense of duty. They stressed the necessity for him to "make the sacrifice," as they put it. Actually it did not seem such a sacrifice to Wadsworth. It is doubtful if the loss of face weighed with him at all. This was inherent in his aristocratic self-assurance. Though Wadsworth did not think of himself as an aristocrat, he had the ability to do whatever he thought was necessary without the least sense of demeaning himself. He had pride without vanity. He once said, "There is no such thing as stepping down in public service. I'd as soon be town supervisor as senator."

Wadsworth was tempted. He had not supposed that after his state-wide defeat his party would risk nominating him again, and he had put the thought of running for office out of his mind. But he had missed political activity more than he realized—the

intellectual interest of legislating, of working to improve the bills; the horse trading to get what he thought was vital accepted by his colleagues; the sense of accomplishment. . . .

He told the chairman he would think it over and went home to talk with Alice.

Mrs. Wadsworth knew something was up as she heard him run lightly up the stairs of Hartford House, whistling gaily. When he told her of the offer, she knew by the sparkle in his eyes and the way he tried to underplay his reactions and think up difficulties how very much he wanted to accept. The stepping down part of it affected her no more than him. After all, John Quincy Adams had served in the House after being President of the United States. She said, "Jimmy, I'd go ahead if I were you."

But her husband had one other idea. He jumped in his car and drove over the hills to More Lands to talk to Jerry. He found his son mending fences in the east meadow and dragged him into the house for an early drink. As they sat in Jerry's office room with bonded bourbon old-fashioneds Wadsworth explained the situation, and added, "I don't know that I should take it, but I believe that I could get them to agree on you. You've got the name, and no record of defeat. Do you want it, Jerry?"

That was a moment of decision for the younger man. He had been in the Assembly for only one year, and here was an opportunity to jump several long steps forward in his career. But he was peculiarly close to his father and could sense the sacrifice that lay behind this magnificent offer. He also knew that if he refused, the opportunity might never come again. Describing that interview, Jerry said, "I could have had it. Father would have stood back and pushed me forward. And I knew that once he got *his* teeth into the job, you'd never get him out."

Jerry sipped his drink and said quietly, "I'm not ready, Dad. You are the one who should go to Congress."

The chairmen met again the following week in the rooms over the bank. When they heard the Senator's quickstep on the stairs, and the lilt of his voice as he greeted someone outside in the hall, they were pretty sure what he would say. As he came

into the room they hardly bothered to say hello. They just fired a barrage of questions:

"What about it, Jim?"

"Made up your mind?"

"Going to say yes?"

"Are you with us, Jim?"

Wadsworth had been laughing as he entered the room, but his face became very serious as he said quietly, "Fellows, if you think it's good for the Party and good for the Nation, I'll do it."

CHAPTER X

A Freshman Congressman

THE election of 1932 was a Republican disaster. Franklin Roosevelt was swept into office by an irresistible tide of mingled despair and hope that carried the Democrats to great majorities in the House and Senate as well. However, Wadsworth was elected by a majority of 15,000 votes, even though the desperate Republican Drys again ran a prohibition candidate, Ernest R. Clark, against him. He took his seat in the House on March 3, 1933, where he found himself in a peculiarly invidious position. In the Senate he had gained a great position both by ability and seniority. In the House he was only a freshman congressman. As he said, "On the committees I sat at the bottom of the table."

However, there were certain advantages. One was that there were so few Republican freshmen. For the most part only Old Guard Republicans with safe seats had survived the Roosevelt sweep. For another, the invisible folds of his senatorial toga still lent prestige to his person. Most important of all, his long experience and his intimate knowledge of legislative procedure and the matters with which it dealt gave his voice authority. When he spoke, even from the bottom of the table, everyone listened.

At first Wadsworth was put on the Committee of Elections and the Committee on Banking and Currency. He had hoped to get Military Affairs, but there was no Republican vacancy on that committee. A few months later he was transferred to the important Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce, which processed legislation on railways, airlines and all forms of interstate transportation as well as telegraph, telephone and radio in the United States. Sam Rayburn, Democrat of Texas,

now Speaker of the House, was its chairman. He and Wadsworth formed a lifetime friendship.

Despite his resilience, Wadsworth experienced deep frustration during those early months of the Seventy-third Congress. It was the period of Roosevelt's Hundred Days, when the philosophy of the New Deal was hurriedly implemented by a rubber-stamp Congress blindly following the dictates of the Brain Trust in a frantic effort to do something about the depression. Wadsworth watched helplessly while all his principles of economics were turned upside down and the Government was made into an alphabet soup of federal agencies—AAA, NRA, CCC, and so on and so on. He wrote:

> Some of these measures were passed in the House of Representatives without being referred to a standing committee, and there was only one copy of the bill on the Clerk's desk. They were passed through the hopper. . . . It was an atmosphere of hysteria and of desperation.

Wadsworth admitted that something had to be done to cure the depression. Unemployment was growing and all the banks in the country had been closed to save them from bankruptcy. But he felt that such far-reaching changes should receive at least a little study in committee, and not be passed after the Clerk of the House had read the bill from his single copy in a droning voice that nobody could follow.

In these circumstances the new congressman's role was inevitably destructive rather than constructive. He was too conservatively minded to accept even those parts of the New Deal program which time has proved were necessary. He considered the fiscal theories of John Maynard Keynes to be the ravings of a lunatic. His anxiety was deepened by a not entirely unfounded distrust of the men who were running the Government. In a speech made in 1934, he showed a, perhaps, more penetrating insight into the philosophy of the Brain Trusters than they realized about themselves.

"The apostles of this creed [the New Deal] have an instinctive admiration of some of the Soviet doctrine, some portion of the Hitler program, and for the Mussolini regime as well. In general

they visualize vast masses of human beings subjected to a beneficent control and marching the great highway of life under the leadership of superior wisdom. . . ."

However, he did not regard Roosevelt's advisers as charlatans or crooks. On the contrary he said, "These people are very earnest in their beliefs." For that very reason, he regarded them as all the more dangerous.

Should their ideas prevail, he said, then: "All our ideals about individual liberty must go by the board. . . . We must live under a Government imperial in character, and obey the regulations of a huge bureaucracy which of necessity will arise and stretch its tentacles outward from Washington into every home in the land. Obviously the success of such a program means the end of constitutional government and a federal union of states."

Wadsworth's theories were admittedly old-fashioned. The economics of industrialization was a hypothetical subject to him, for his whole interest lay in farming. Even the agricultural world in which he lived was a backwater, protected from both progress and adversity by the special conditions in the Valley. Only after 1945, when small combines, balers and so forth were developed, did mechanization come to the smaller farms of western New York. Though he owned a vast acreage, Wadsworth's holdings were divided into small, autonomous farms on which things were done almost exactly as they had been in his father's and grandfather's time.

However, Wadsworth's conservatism in Congress was a much-needed brake on the pell-mell dash toward a socialist state and uncritical enthusiasm for untried fiscal policies. Nor was he purely obstructive. He approved of and voted for the Securities and Exchange Act, which regulated brokerage practices and trading on the stock exchanges. He also broke with the traditional Republican policy of a high tariff, saying, "Although I'm supposed to be an old-fashioned black Republican and a devotee of the protective tariff, I have never been out of sympathy with the objectives sought by our reciprocal trade agreements." He therefore voted for the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act which empowered the President to lower tariffs by agreements with foreign countries. He did this because "A

creditor nation (as we have become) cannot expect to collect the debts due it if it doesn't permit the debtor nations to sell goods to it."

Wadsworth's proposal for curing the anemic condition of world trade, which had contributed so considerably to a global depression, were very astute. Indeed, they were much too sensible to be adopted. He believed that the drying up of international commerce was largely due to the huge debts owed us by France, England and other European countries as a result of World War I.

"The world owes us too much money," he said, "more than it can pay. Furthermore, you can't divide the people of this country, or the nations of the earth, into classes—creditors and debtors. We should go far toward working out of this depression if we bring creditors and debtors closer together, and persuade each, and that means all of us, to face the grim facts, put aside prejudice and abolish cheap politics."

In the light of their memoirs it would appear that many of Roosevelt's advisers agreed with him about that in principle. But they were afraid that the American people would accuse them of giving away the taxpayers' money to a foreign power if they agreed to forgive the debts that England and France had incurred in a war that was as much ours as theirs. So "cheap politics" won out, and instead of cutting loose that albatross of debt, they advocated a few niggardly reductions.

Being a farmer on a large scale, Wadsworth stood to profit by Secretary of Agriculture Henry Wallace's farm program. But of all the New Deal policies this infuriated him most. The billions of dollars which the Department of Agriculture asked to subsidize farmers were simply to enslave them, in his thinking, and he was sadly reminded of the time when the Boss had been unable to hold the Department of Agriculture's budget below $15,000,000.

The only time Wadsworth ever accepted any of this price-support money was when the Government fixed the price of milk at sixteen cents a quart. The actual cost of producing it in the Rochester milkshed was in excess of that. At first Wadsworth refused the money designed partially to make up the difference

but, as he said, "I found I had to take it, or go out of the milk business."

So he accepted the check. And sent it to the Red Cross.

What really made Wadsworth see red was Henry Wallace's planning for an economy of scarcity. He wrote:

> The object of the AAA [The Agricultural Adjustment Act] was to raise farm prices by limiting production. That I could not stomach. I still think that a limitation of production is not the way to make people prosperous. I believe in an economy of plenty rather than an economy of scarcity.

When the limitation on raising wheat went into effect, Wadsworth found himself with 800 bushels of surplus wheat. While his amused colleagues clustered around, he put in a call to the Department of Agriculture from the Republican Cloakroom of the House. He explained to the official about his situation, and asked, "Whose wheat is this?"

"Well, it's yours, Mr. Wadsworth," the official replied.

"I see. Can I do anything I want to with it, since it's my property?"

"No you can't."

"Can I sell it?"

"No you mustn't sell it," said the badgered bureaucrat in horrified tones.

"I've got to do something with it," Wadsworth persisted. "Can I feed it to chickens?"

"Yes, but you must not sell their eggs."

"That's interesting," Wadsworth remarked silkily. "Can I feed it to my pigs?"

"Yes, but you must not sell the pork."

At this point Wadsworth hung up between laughter and tears. Needless to say, he disposed of the wheat as he chose, by giving some of it to his tenants and feeding the rest to his cattle, pigs and chickens in spite of the law. Indeed he took intense delight in the defiance of the Department of Agriculture by his individualistic neighbors of the Genesee. He describes one such incident:

> A middle-aged and very respected citizen of Geneseo dressed

himself up as a typical farmer with a goatee beard, a wig with white hair down to his shoulders and a battered old straw hat, and got himself a one-horse wagon filled with potatoes—incidentally it was my horse and wagon and my potatoes. He drove down Main Street with another citizen dressed up as his wife. In the Square, the pseudo farmer stood up in his wagon and began to auction off potatoes at less than the support price. A crowd gathered and had great fun bidding for the potatoes.

Right at the height of it, our town clerk, whom we had dressed up as a policeman, came out and arrested the farmer. The clerk was not much over four feet high and the "farmer" a good six-two. The little "policeman" marched the "farmer" off to jail amid great laughter and applause.

This was, of course, a good hoax, and good politics, since it made the AAA appear ridiculous.

William P. Wadsworth took even more direct action by advertising that on a certain day he would "sell potatoes to all bidders. *Strictly illegal!*"

In order to reduce the surplus of pork products, the Department of Agriculture announced that it would buy 3,000,000 little pigs, weighing less than 100 pounds, and 250,000 pregnant sows and slaughter them. The arrival of millions of little pigs presented the Department with an unforeseen problem. None of the regular packing-house machinery for slaughtering pigs would fit the little fellows. Finally, as Wadsworth describes it:

They had to put them in box stalls and kill them with baseball bats. Then what to do with them? They tried to boil a little fat out of them.

Then where to bury them? By that time the pigs were getting pretty "high." Eventually they were shipped in coal cars out of Chicago down to the Mississippi River region, and there dumped or half buried in the fields to the horror and rage of the community because of the odor.

Of all the shenanigans of the New Deal the little pig business most truly shocked and sickened the Senator. He regarded the proliferating bureaucracy as the end of constitutional government, and the new fiscal policies—particularly Roosevelt's

repudiation of the gold standard—as simple embezzlement of taxpayers' money; but the slaughter of piglets and pregnant sows was to him the final unforgivable sin—a crime against nature.

Because of his stubborn and fearless determination to have no truck with an experimental welfare state, Wadsworth became the darling of the conservative wing of the Republican Party. Indeed, at a time when it was increasingly difficult to distinguish between genuine idealism and political pandering to popular panegyrics in government policy, his absolute integrity won him the support of many people who did not agree with his economic theories. This produced the strongest "Wadsworth for President" boom.

It started at a dinner in Philadelphia attended by eighty prominent residents of that city. Henry J. Fletcher, Chairman of the Republican Party, lent his countenance to the move by attending. Senator Wadsworth did not. A little later when Wadsworth made his annual trip to the Chicago stockyards another group of conservative Republicans corralled him. They were headed by former Vice President Charles Dawes. "Wadsworth for President" was the cry.

However, Wadsworth gave them no encouragement. His attitude is expressed in a letter to New York Republican leader Charles D. Hilles:

> Please do not take political rumors regarding myself too seriously. . . . As a matter of fact, I do not desire higher office. I have a big job at home with my business and a big job right here in the House of Representatives. I am trying to run both. Incidentally, I like them both very much indeed, and one thing I like above everything else is intellectual independence. Should people begin to suspect that my votes in the House on these measures, which in my judgment threaten our institutions, are influenced by uterior political motives, I should be very unhappy, and what little influence I have would be utterly destroyed.
>
> The thing we must all fight for is a sound, brave declaration by the Republican Party.

It was this attitude of Wadsworth's, expressed to everybody he met, which led professional politicians to say that he was

too lazy to try for President. Actually, Wadsworth worked as hard at his two jobs as a man could. It was definitely not laziness that kept him from the Presidency. It was, as he said, his realization that a man of his beliefs could not be nominated or elected without giving up his intellectual freedom and trimming his principles to suit the mood of the hour. This he would not do.

As the National Convention of 1936 approached, Wadsworth, who had regained control of the New York delegation, was under heavy pressure from his friend Frank Gannett of the Gannett newspapers to support that rip-roaring Republican individualist, Senator William Borah. He refused, and gave as his reason: "He may cause confusion and dissension in our own ranks. It is too bad that some senators never learn teamwork." Wadsworth was, in fact, strongly in favor of Alfred M. Landon of Kansas. He also tried to promote the nomination of an anti-Roosevelt Democrat for Vice President to bring in the conservative Democratic vote.

He succeeded in nominating Landon, but not the Democrat. All through the campaign he urged that the Republicans should stick to straight conservative principles. His letters are filled with such phrases as:

"I hope the Springfield meeting raises the conservative flag."

"I note that Hamilton of Kansas intends to do some purging —none but real Republicans need apply. This could be a very good thing."

"If we pussyfoot and offer compromises we shall lose the respect of all thinking men, and as a party we shall perish."

Never did a sagacious politician so misjudge the mood of the American people. In that election Franklin Roosevelt carried every state in the Union except Maine and Vermont. There were only sixteen Republicans left in the Senate and the Republicans elected only 88 congressmen out of 432. Wadsworth was one of them.

After the election Wadsworth wrote to Chester G. Boulton of Ohio:

> The last few days I have been peering out over the wreckage amazed and appalled. Nothing in the whole scene depresses me

more than your defeat. I just can't get it. We shall miss you like the dickens in the House.

When I look over the list of casualties, I confess there is no joy in the prospect of this coming session.

In 1937 the handful of Republican legislators gradually pulled themselves together. A group of leading congressmen and senators organized the Buckwheat Republican Club, so called because you can march and countermarch an army over a field of buckwheat, yet the resilient grain springs up again. Among its members were such stalwarts as Arthur Vandenberg, Joe Martin, Charles Halleck and Hamilton Andrews. When long years later the Republican buckwheat came back, Vandenberg was President of the Senate, Martin Speaker of the House and Halleck Republican Whip. The club was both social and political. Of course they talked shop, reviewed old mistakes and planned new strategy; but mainly it existed for the sake of comfortable companionship among men who thought alike. Each week they had supper at the home of one of the members. Halleck recalls that the house where they had the best time was Wadsworth's.

Even if his party was weak, Wadsworth's influence was on the rise. Though he still spoke from the bottom of the table in point of seniority, Joe Martin is authority for the statement: "When he spoke in the House everyone left the lobbies and crowded in to listen. He probably influenced more floor votes than anyone I know of."

Indeed, a few years later there was a strong move to make Wadsworth Minority Leader of the House, which would have automatically led to the speakership when the Republicans regained control. Unlike the Presidency, this was a position that appealed to his ambition. Even so, he could not bring himself to make the political commitments and cutthroat maneuvers necessary. One of his most notable colleagues said, "This was typical of Jim. He was not able to solicit personal advancement. You have got to shove." And he added in horse-racing parlance, "Some tracks get to be pretty fast."

When the 75th Congress convened in March, 1937, Wadsworth was elected chairman of the Republican Policy Committee. This was a far more important job than the regular

committee chairmanships which Wadsworth did not rate; for the Policy Committee decided the over-all strategy of the Republican legislators and, in effect, of the Republican Party. In that capacity Wadsworth was a leading architect of Franklin Roosevelt's only serious legislative defeat.

If the Republicans were stunned by the disaster of the 1936 election, conservative Democrats were appalled by the magnitude of their victory. They saw the very basis of American politics—the two-party system—imperiled, and were frightened by the power they held. Not so President Roosevelt who, elated by his enormous personal prestige, moved to strike down the only obstacle to total victory—the Supreme Court.

The Court had recently scuttled several of the Brain Trust's pet projects for turning America into a welfare state by declaring them unconstitutional. Roosevelt decided that if he could not get rid of "the Nine Old Men," he would circumvent them constitutionally. He had his advisers prepare and send to Congress a bill to reform the Federal Judiciary—which needed it badly—but included a clause to increase the membership of the court from nine to fifteen justices. Since the President would appoint the new incumbents, it was plain that they would be men he was sure would do his bidding. Congress had a perfect legal right to change the number of Justices, and had in fact done so several times.

The Court Packing Bill, as it came to be called, was generally regarded as a direct attack on the Constitution, an attempt to do by trickery what could not be done by the normal method of amending the Constitution. The small Republican minority was desperate, and the Democrats were frightened. Even many New Dealers would have nothing to do with it. The violence of Wadsworth's sentiments can easily be imagined.

However, in his advisory capacity as Chairman of the Policy Committee, he acted with shrewd circumspection. Instead of launching a virulent attack on the bill in the House, which might have rallied the Democrats to the defense of their President, he advised his colleagues in the House to lay low and let the main battle take place in the more conservative Senate. Meanwhile, though only a representative, he was actively advising Republican and Democratic senators alike to take a

nonpartisan attitude toward the bill, and to fight a delaying action to give public sentiment a chance to crystallize. He described his strategy in a letter to Jerry:

> In order to help [bring in] these Democrats, the appeal must be made back to the country. Our people can help providing they don't show a partisan spirit. . . . The plan in the Senate is to keep this thing going until the country is thoroughly educated. The battle will be something like that fought over the League of Nations. We debated the Covenant for eight months. When we started the country was overwhelmingly for Wilson and the Covenant. You know what happened when we finally allowed the thing to come to a vote.

These tactics worked. For once Roosevelt had overestimated his influence. The American people were not yet ready to scrap the Republic for an unlimited democracy. On the final vote in the Senate enough Democrats joined with the embattled sixteen Republicans to emasculate the bill, and defeat its intention.

Despite Wadsworth's stubborn resistence to the trend of the times, or perhaps because of it, the contrary-minded York Staters of his district approved. In 1938, without asking his permission, the Democratic Party nominated him for Congress. Since the Republicans had already done so as a matter of course, he was elected virtually unanimously.

In the final days of 1937, it seemed that no two men in the nation were further apart than James Wadsworth and Franklin Roosevelt. In public speeches and private conversation Wadsworth constantly expressed his profund distrust and personal distaste for the President. He truly felt that Roosevelt was bent on so altering the nature of the American scene that, if he had his way, it would be unrecognizable to those who like himself loved and revered the Republic our forefathers had founded.

No one would have been more amazed than Senator Wadsworth himself, had it been truly prophesied that within two years, patriotism outweighing partisan advantage and personal prejudice, he would be ardently supporting the President's policies against a majority of his own party.

CHAPTER XI

Wadsworth and Roosevelt

THE unexpected co-operation between Senator Wadsworth and President Roosevelt came about, of course, as a result of World War II. In such matters as preparing America for defense and the necessity for supporting the free world against the aggression of the totalitarian Axis they saw almost eye to eye. But it must be conceded that the Senator's eyes were sometimes more farsighted than the President's.

Though Wadsworth was old-fashioned in his views on economics, as he said himself, there was nothing antiquated in his military thinking or his grasp of foreign affairs. These were subjects to which he had applied the full power of his acute intelligence. Based on years of study, his conclusions in regard to them had a sharp clarity that was refreshing in an area where so many minds operated in a rosy fog of euphoria.

In the nineteen thirties the American people were definitely isolationist, and a goodly portion of them could be described as pacifists. President Roosevelt, who was heavily preoccupied with remaking the economy in Lord Keynes' image, was quite satisfied to go along with this point of view. The result was the enactment of the various neutrality laws by which the Congress tried to legislate war out of existence. The isolationists believed that war could be avoided by forbidding economic and other contacts with belligerents. Italy's attack on Ethiopia resulted in the Neutrality Act of 1935 which was reinforced by the more stringent Acts of 1937 and 1939. These forbade American citizens to sell munitions of war to anyone whom the President declared to be a belligerent, and further added that any trade with a belligerent would only be permitted if title to the goods was first transferred to the belligerent and they were transported in ships *not* of United States registry.

Wadsworth consistently opposed this legislation, though at first he stood almost alone in so doing. Explaining his stand he pointed out that, since the aggressor nations were fully armed, their victims' only hope was to purchase arms from us. "I thought it a wretched policy for the United States Government to inaugurate," he said. ". . . It would practically destroy the attempt of a small country to defend itself against a well-armed aggressor. . . .

"I also thought it was a surrender of our inherent international rights. . . . The Neutrality Acts spread to wider fields . . . [until] we were caught. We'd surrendered our rights to sail the seas. One of those bills even went so far as to make it an offense for an American citizen to travel on a belligerent merchant vessel. What had we come to?"

By 1937 President Roosevelt had time to take a look at the global situation. He saw Mussolini's Italy triumphantly consolidating its conquest of Ethiopia, and Hitler's Third Reich greedily eying all the adjacent, weakly held territory of Czechoslovakia, Poland and the Balkans, while it trained and armed the greatest military machine the world had ever seen. In the Far East, Japan had attacked China and conquered its richest provinces. In this situation the President decided to attempt to arouse American public opinion to the growing peril and moral obligations of the United States. He urged that the totalitarian nations were without the law and should be walled off from civilized society—"Quarantine the Aggressors!" The reaction of pacifist, liberal and conservative opinion, Democrat and Republican, to the President's speech was so violent that the President was frightened into nearly a year of silence on the subject.

Meanwhile aggression went on unchecked. In 1938 Germany moved into Czechoslovakia. Albania was Mussolini's next victim in April, 1939. It was apparent that a stand must be made somewhere.

Hitler's next objective was the conquest of Poland. In August of 1939, Germany and Russia signed a nonaggression mutual assistance pact and the way to Warsaw lay clear. On September 1, 1939, Hitler sent his armored divisions scouring across the Polish plain. He did not believe that England and France would

fight, and he was convinced that isolationist America could be completely disregarded. But England could take no more. She and France stood by the Polish alliance. World War II was on.

Just when Franklin Roosevelt decided that America must eventually enter the war will always remain a matter of controversy. It is this writer's belief that his acceptance of that probability began on the day the Russo-German Pact was signed, but if this is so the President gave no indication of it to the American people. The reaction to his "Quarantine the Aggressors" speech had made him believe that American public opinion must be educated by the logic of events and the frightfulness that he foresaw would be unleashed on the European democracies. Meanwhile he proposed to do what he could to help England, at the same time allaying his nervous fellow countrymen with soothing assurances that we would stay neutral. With all the tricky political technique of which he was a master, he proposed to lead the American people into war without letting them know where they were going.

This was not Wadsworth's way. He probably never fully realized what the President was up to. Rather, it would seem that, being a man who always told the truth himself, he took the President's professions of peaceful intent at face value. It is evident from his memoirs that he believed that Roosevelt was too stupid to foresee coming events when, in actual fact, the President was astute but devious.

After Germany's conquest of Poland the war remained static all through the winter of 1939–40. It was not until April, 1940, that Hitler struck again—this time Norway fell. In May the German Panzers overran Holland and Belgium, and entrapped the British Expeditionary Force, which barely escaped over the beaches at Dunkirk, leaving all their equipment behind. On June 15, 1940, France fell.

Almost overnight Americans realized the terrible danger to the world and to themselves. Now that Germany held most of Europe with its great industrial production, her power might soon become greater than even our own tremendous potential. If unchecked, she could remake the world in the Satanic image of Naziism.

Wadsworth had not waited for these events, to get busy.

Since he belonged to the minority party and was not a member of either the Military Affairs or Foreign Relations committees of the House, he could not move directly in that body. But he could and did make forceful speeches condemning the neutrality laws. In a time-limited debate on the subject in the summer of 1939, his own party allowed him but a brief period. However, the Democrats allotted him sixteen precious minutes of their time. Though it was late in the evening the lobbies emptied and the floor filled up as it became known that "Wadsworth is on." He made so logical and devastating an exposition of the absurdity of the law that one excited Democrat said to him, "Propose an amendment killing the whole thing and we'll pass it right now!"

Wadsworth wrote, "He was probably overenthusiastic, but we make progress."

In 1940 Wadsworth again used his great personal prestige directly to try to bring about the repeal of the neutrality laws. They had been modified in November, 1939, to permit the sale of arms to belligerents on a "Cash and Carry" basis, but were still so stringent as to hamper real assistance to the Allies. In May, just before the German blitz, he sought an interview with Speaker Sam Rayburn. They were agreed on the necessity for further modification. With Rayburn's knowledge and consent, Wadsworth then called on Under Secretary of State Sumner Welles at his office in the elaborate, many-columned, pseudo-Roman building which then housed the Department of State.

Wadsworth recalled, "I talked to Welles at some length to the effect that, 'Crisis may hit us this coming year, and it will hit us all the harder if we hang onto the neutrality policy until we are actually driven into war.'

"He agreed with me completely that the policy was wrong. I told him . . . 'I am a member of a small minority [in Congress] and not even on the Foreign Affairs Committee, but wouldn't it be wise for the Administration to confer with the Democratic leaders of the House and Senate, and warn them of this possible danger from the neutrality laws and organize them for repeal of these laws?'

"Welles said, 'I think it should be done, but you had better talk with Secretary [Cordell] Hull.' "

Wadsworth repeated his arguments to the Secretary of State and Welles backed him up. According to Wadsworth, "Hull expressed his agreement but he said, 'Wadsworth, we can't do it. We can't do it, I'm afraid.'

"I said, 'Why not, Mr. Hull? Can't the Administration with its power and its large majorities in both Houses of Congress get to work on this thing?'

" 'No . . . No!'

"I repeated, 'Why not, Mr. Hull?'

" 'Politics, Wadsworth. Politics. Keep us out of war.'

"That was the battle cry back of the neutrality laws—'Keep us out of war!' "

Though Wadsworth does not mention it, Roosevelt was actually circumventing the neutrality laws by *giving* England hundreds of 75 mm cannon and a million rifles left in our arsenals after World War I.

Failing in his effort to push the Administration toward repeal of the neutrality laws, Wadsworth next moved toward putting the United States in a posture of defense. A group of men headed by General William J. (Wild Bill) Donovan approached him. They were all citizen reserve officers who had retired to civil life. Every one of them had won a decoration in World War I. These men felt that it was time Congress took action to augment the pitifully small regular army by passing a draft act. Wadsworth could not have agreed with them more. He wrote, "We had no military policy worthy of the name. We had the National Defense Act of 1920 . . . but we had not filled the structure with men, especially reservists."

The Donovan Committee had secretly been working on a draft act with the co-operation of the Secretary of War. Though they knew Wadsworth was not a member of the Military Affairs Committee they wanted his advice on the bill, and they wanted him to sponsor it in the House, when the right moment came.

The moment arrived when France fell. Five days later, on June 20, 1940, Senator Edward R. Burke introduced the bill in the Senate. The following day Wadsworth introduced it in the House. This was a rather irregular procedure but as Wads-

worth shrewdly said, "The Military Affairs Committee did not mind a bit. . . . I think some of them—and I don't mean to be unkind—were perfectly willing to see an outsider stick his neck out. And I was perfectly willing to do it."

However, it was one thing to propose a bill and quite another to get action on it. Proper procedure was to hold hearings on the bill at which the Secretary of War would testify. But 1940 was an election year, and President Roosevelt was unwilling to approve so controversial a proposal as the draft, at least until the Democratic National Convention had met. He would not let any of his cabinet mention conscription. Wadsworth wrote: "Their mouths were closed and, in turn, the mouths of the Chief of Staff, of the Chief of Naval Operations, and of all the subordinates down the military line, were closed. The two committees sat waiting."

So the bill languished for nearly six weeks while politics went on more or less as usual and Hitler prepared to attack England. It was not until the Democrats had nominated Roosevelt for an unprecedented third term that he rather charily said in a press conference, "I suppose we'll have to have a draft act."

This was taken to be the green light by the Secretary of War, who hurried to Congress to testify as to the absolute necessity for the draft.

As a gesture toward national unity, Roosevelt had appointed Republican Frank A. Knox Secretary of the Navy. For the same reason he made Henry L. Stimson, who had been Secretary of State in President Hoover's cabinet, Secretary of War. Wadsworth was a great friend of Stimson and admired him greatly. He also had high respect for Stimson's assistants of whom he wrote, "Robert Patterson, John J. McCloy and Robert Lovett were assistant secretaries [of war], the best group of assistants any cabinet officer ever brought to Washington."

Although the Military Affairs Committee officially handled the bill, it was Wadsworth, working with the Secretary and his assistants, who shaped it to its final form.

While the Burke-Wadsworth Selective Service Act was before the Congress it aroused a pathologically violent reaction. Wadsworth said, "The opposition from radical groups was terrific, but they did not have many votes at home." A sample of the

letters he received is one marked "negative" in the Senator's hand:

> We are going to teach you a lesson, which your family will never forget, when the time is right, because you wrote that bloody draft bill. We will give you all the war you want and ram it down your throat!

On one September day a motorcade of young radicals from Rochester drove through the gates of Hartford House and spread out over the lawns like a besieging army, yelling invectives and demanding to see the "warmongering" author of that obnoxious act. He was in Washington, so Jerry Wadsworth hurried over from More Lands to stand on the terrace and confront the mob in his father's place. He accepted their petition, and spoke firm but soothing words. Then he slipped into the house to telephone the sheriff whom he told to round up some deputies and hurry over, not for his safety but to protect the motorcade from the loyal Geneseeans who were arriving with rocks in their hands and blood in their eyes.

In addition to the storm of abuse from the radicals, pacifists and isolationists, Wadsworth received quite a few letters from religious-minded people who were genuinely shocked by the draft act. These he answered with gentle care quoting George Washington's words: "[It is] the basis of our system that every citizen who enjoys the protection of a free government owes not only a portion of his property, but even his personal service to it."

Wadsworth said, "If the defense of liberty is to be confined solely to those who are willing to defend it, that liberty cannot last very long." And he added: "To those who say to me, 'If you have an army you're going to use it; if you don't have an army perhaps you will remain a peaceful nation,' I say, 'Nonsense!' The American people can't be persuaded to go to war just for the fun of it."

When he undertook to father the draft act, Wadsworth had anticipated the protests and the mudslinging. What he had not expected, and this hurt him far more than his opponents' abuse, was the attitude of his own party. For purely political reasons a majority of Republican congressmen opposed the act even

though their Presidential candidate Wendell Willkie saw that it was necessary.

The Burk-Wadsworth Bill was finally passed on September 16, 1940. To mark Wadsworth's services in putting it through, President Roosevelt invited him to the White House for the ceremony of signing it, and gave the Senator one of the little wooden pens he used. Wadsworth, who liked the President no more than before, nevertheless accepted it with exquisite courtesy.

When he returned to his Georgetown home from the ceremony, Wadsworth found Jerry sitting in the drawing room. "Here's a pen the President gave me," he said. "Would you like it?"

As Jerry made no answer, his father, handling the pen as though it were poisoned, dropped it quietly into the scrap basket.

However, despite his personal feelings about Roosevelt, Wadsworth could write to Bertrand Snell after Willkie's defeat:

> You and I are not admirers of Roosevelt. You and I voted against a large majority of his New Deal domestic measures, and I expect to do so in the future. However, I think, generally speaking, his foreign policy moves in the right direction, strengthening the country in the face of world wide menace, and, as you know, he is the only President we have. I'd like it better if we had a good, strong, wise, brave Republican, but . . . we must support Roosevelt when he faces the rest of the world as our constitutional spokesman and the Commander in Chief.

Turning backward to politics in the confused spring of 1940, the preconvention campaign had seen another incipient "Wadsworth for President" boom. Again the Senator scotched it, seeing his own drawbacks clearly and wisely. He wrote to its proponents:

> I must be frank with you and say that I am convinced that I am not properly eligible for the high office you mention. For twenty years I have served in the legislative arena here in Washington. As a result I carry many scars and have displeased many people.

> A multitude of youngsters have come along since my own youth and they are looking for a fresher figure than mine. To them I bear the aspect of an old-fashioned conservative somewhat out of step with the times. I have encountered this freakish feeling many times among younger men in public life, and I can well understand it. It exists in an important degree among the Republican leaders in the State of New York. . . . Most certainly they would not unite upon me. . . .
>
> Personally I do not regret this situation, for I am happy in my service in the legislature. . . . There can be no doubt of the opportunities for real usefulness in such service.
>
> In other words, I am quite content. But even if I were not, even if I were restless and ambitious for promotion, my sounder judgment would tell me that such a thing is impossible politically.

Wadsworth supported Wendell Willkie in the Republican Convention of 1940, instead of the regular conservative Republican candidates like Arthur Vandenberg and Robert Taft. He thus forsook his usual principles for a number of reasons, the most important being that Willkie had a better understanding of the position of the United States in world affairs, and had a better chance of being elected. Though he did not actually meet Willkie until January, 1941, he frequently expressed his strong admiration for him.

Wadsworth's local position was so strong that he did not have to do much campaigning. In fact, the Valley saw very little of him during the war years, for he felt called upon to serve his country with all the strength that was in him. As soon as the Selective Service Act went through, he began his practice of visiting army cantonments nearly every weekend to see for himself how the men were being taken care of.

Another example of the manner in which the necessities of the times brought about co-operation between Wadsworth and the man whom he had believed was bringing ruin on America was Roosevelt's Lend-Lease Act to turn America into the "Arsenal of Democracy," and provide the arms which alone would enable Britain to survive the Nazi onslaught. Wadsworth backed it to the hilt. In his memoirs he gives the Democratic

administration full credit for Roosevelt's brilliant improvisation:

> Compared to the war loans made in World War I the Lend-Lease policy of World War II was much wiser. Under Lend-Lease we said (to our Allies) "You need not return to us the weapons you've expended in your defense, and incidentally in our defense. All we ask you to do is to return to us after the war those things which have not been destroyed or badly damaged, like ships."

The important thing to Wadsworth's mind was that the post-war era would not be burdened with those monstrous, unpayable debts which had wrecked the world's economy once before. Naturally, his ardent support of Roosevelt's program got him into trouble with many of his own party and the Republican press. He describes it humorously in a letter to Jerry:

> There is a good deal of wild-eyed curiosity amongst newspaper men here, and others, due to the fact that the President is asking for a Lend-Lease appropriation of 7 billion dollars. He has used the exact figure I proposed . . . on the floor of the House. The newspaper boys are saying, "How come? Is Roosevelt bossing Wadsworth, or is Wadsworth bossing Roosevelt?"
>
> I find it hard to make them believe the thing is pure coincidence. However, to make the matter worse, greatly worse, the President's secretary just sent me one of the pens with which F.D.R. signed the Lend-Lease Bill.

Seven billion dollars was quite a sum nine months before Pearl Harbor. It would seem that economy-minded Wadsworth was no penny pincher when the chips were down.

The hardest fight of his career, and what is now held by Democrats and Republicans alike to be Wadsworth's greatest service to his country, loomed up in the summer of 1941. The Burke-Wadsworth Act provided that the "selectees"—"I hate that word," said Wadsworth—were to serve for one year, *unless the Congress decided that in the interests of safety or national security the time should be extended.*

Wadsworth had never approved of such a short time limit on the draft. He accepted it to get the bill through Congress. In

August, 1941, we were not yet in the war, and the isolationists were stubbornly determined that we never would be. But far from lessening, the danger confronting the United States had grown with each German victory and the forward push of Japan's imperial ambitions in the Far East. Common prudence demanded that we maintain and increase our armed strength, but the proposal in Congress to extend the draft law met with even more hysterical opposition than had the original act. Its opponents shouted that to hold the selectees in service would be a breach of faith. They predicted "riots, rebellion and wholesale desertion." The watchword they gave the drafted men was "Ohio"—"Over the hill in October." Those who claimed breach of faith conveniently forgot the saving clause which gave Congress the power to extend the act in the interests of security.

The debate in the House was carried on in an atmosphere of hysteria, almost of hatred. Very nearly the entire Republican Party opposed the bill for obvious political reasons. Wadsworth stood virtually alone among his colleagues in supporting it. During that long month when Washington's soggy heat increased the tensions of men laboring under strong emotion and intense anxiety and partisan prejudice, Wadsworth moved through the cloakrooms cool and immaculate, apparently unaffected by heat or stress, buttonholing man after man to point out calmly but with desperate sincerity the absolute necessity for holding our half-trained army together.

The last day of debate, August 12, 1941, happened to be Wadsworth's 64th birthday. Evidently his appearance of calm was deceptive. In a letter to Alice he let himself go with his only recorded bitter denunciation of the Congress he loved so well:

> I must confess that my birthday was not very pleasant. From 10 A.M. to 8:30 P.M. I stayed in the House during all that wretched debate and vote after vote. I may be prejudiced on the Army issue, but I can't escape the belief that the House was at its worst yesterday. Maudlin sentiment, mis-statements, shouted denunciations, demagogy rang through the Chamber hour after hour. Most of the time I paced back and forth back of the rail and through the lobbies gritting my teeth in rage and mortification.

In the general debate they put me on last—the clean up position. I did my best with an old story. . . .

That was the speech which Arthur Krock described as one of the few pieces of oratory that has really influenced a congressional decision in modern times. But it was not oratory in the old-fashioned rabble-rousing sense. Despite the storm of emotions that filled the Senator's heart—his contempt for those who were playing politics with the safety of the nation, his tremendous concern for the soldiers themselves and his real anguish that the means of defense might be stripped from his beloved country—he spoke in a quiet, almost judicial manner. His voice was level, his tone matter-or-fact, as with no notes to guide him, he simply marshaled the incontrovertible logic of the case, and left it to the members of the House to draw the only possible conclusion. He called it, "Dare We Disrupt the Army?"

"The great issue at stake here," he said, "is whether or not we shall retain in service beyond their first twelve months these soldiers known as selectees. . . . There are 640,000 of them. . . . They constitute about one-half of one per cent of the entire population of the United States. . . . At the present stage of development these 640,000 men are of an importance in this Army of ours far beyond their numerical proportions. . . .

"I will give you an example of it . . . the Twenty-seventh New York Guard Division down at Fort McClellan in Alabama. Those guardsmen went down there 12,000 strong. After shaking down for three months, that division received in one week's time 6,000 recruits from the draft . . . as you take a freshman class into college. . . . At the end of their initial training they [were] put into companies, battalions, regiments, and brigades, and at a definite period you had a war strength division, a team. That is what an army is composed of today—teams. . . .

"Now suppose a bill such as this does not pass. Six thousand men in one group . . . will be taken away from the Twenty-seventh Division. And what have you done to that division? You have wrecked it as a team. . . .

"This is the situation in unit after unit clear through the present Army of the United States. . . . If the selectees are not

kept in, team after team will be smashed in the Regulars and in the Guard, both."

Wadsworth then recapitulated the situation then existing compared to a year before when the draft act was passed.

"Hitler has carried the ball from the beginning of this terrific game," he said. "He has made all the attacks. He has gained all the ground. He still gains. . . . Look at the Far Eastern situation. . . . Is it not of more concern to us than it was a year ago? See what the Japanese are doing. Every sensible man knows that our vital interests are menaced. Vital supply lines would be cut off and all Asia would be organized against the Western Hemisphere if the Fascist Government of Japan has its way in that part of the world, with its alliance with the Axis Powers of Europe. . . . The situation is serious to the extreme; something that did not exist a year ago.

"During these months what has happened in France? Month by month we have seen the Vichy Government yield to the pressure of Germany. . . . They have not stopped giving over; make no mistake about that! . . .

"Hitler rolls on through Russia today. Should he win, and it appears he has a good chance to do so, he is more powerful than ever. His next demand upon France will be for northern Africa. . . . [Already] the German Government has compelled General Weygand and officers of the French North African Army to surrender their technical weapons, to disband troops . . . Tanks taken away and sent to Dakar . . . Heavy artillery dismantled. Even the French Foreign Legion . . . has been decimated. Why? To make more easy infiltration by Germany into North Africa. They already have a bridgehead [there] in the shape of Spanish Morocco. Spanish Morocco today is filled with troops of Spain armed with German weapons of the latest design. . . . When will (Hitler) give the signal? When he gets ready. . . . The signal will go to Japan as well as to his own forces. . . .

"I think Mark Sullivan expressed it pretty well the other day when he said that 'America is not moving toward war; war is moving toward America.' We are doing our best to fend it off. . . . The acquisition of island bases . . . [our] occupation of Iceland and Newfoundland . . . [these are] an effort to fend

off war . . . hold it at arms length. But the way to hold it at arms length is to perfect our defense, never to weaken it one little bit. We do not dare take chances, not for one moment.

"It is conceded that if legislation of this kind is not passed the defense of the United States will be seriously weakened for many, many months. I know it involves inconvenience. I know it involves some measure of sacrifice, but I have confidence in those men, I do not call them 'boys.' They are men. Take a look at them as you see them! They are men who will do their duty. American soldiers always do when they know that a great decision is made.

"My prayer is, Mr. Chairman, that our decision shall be made in the interest of the safety of the United States."

While Wadsworth was speaking there was not an empty seat in the House. On the floor and in the crowded galleries not a whisper interrupted him. He finished in a dead silence. Then, in a spontaneous gesture, every man in the House rose to give him that rare honor, a standing ovation. The tribute was not to a great flight of oratory, a beautifully phrased emotional appeal. It was to the courage of a man who, in the face of enormous popular pressure and the announced policy of his own party, dared to speak the simple truth.

Then came the voting. As each name was called the congressmen stood up to register their vote. And as each vote was cast a sort of hum filled the Chamber. It was close, very close. Many members of the great Democratic majority deserted their President to vote on the popular side against the bill. Only a handful of Republicans stood with Wadsworth. He wrote Alice, "As the final roll call came and dozens of members who had patted me on the back voted against the bill, I was more unhappy than ever."

When the last congressman had been called there was a long anxious wait while the Clerk of the House made the tally. The whole Chamber was a roar of sound reflecting the terrible strain. It is probable that a great majority of those who had voted "No" hoped that the bill would win.

The sharp tap-tap of Speaker Rayburn's gavel shut off the sound as suddenly as though a switch had been thrown. In a si-

lence that almost hurt, the Clerk announced the result. Ayes 203, Noes 202.

Thus was the safety of the Union preserved by a single vote. Nineteen Republicans had voted "Aye." Nineteen men had disobeyed the dictates of Republican Party policy and dared the anger of the voters. There can be no question that the influence of one honest man whom they trusted had turned the scale. And so, when four months later the Japanese dive bombers screamed down on the Island of Oahu, there was an Army of the United States guarding "this beloved country of ours."

CHAPTER XII

World War II

On Saturday, December 6, 1941, a little less than four months after the passage of the bill to extend the Selective Service Act, Senator Wadsworth sat down at his desk to write Alice in Geneseo a nice long newsy letter. He gave her advice about installing a new elevator at Hartford House and told her of his plans for the weekend. "I report at the Howes' party at 5:30. . . ."

That was Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bruce Howe. On one occasion with Wadsworthian promptitude the Senator arrived at one of their parties before the hostess had come downstairs. He sat uneasily with his host in the swept and garnished drawing room looking as empty as only a party-expectant room can look. Finally Mr. Howe said, "Well, Jim, shall we wait any longer, or shall we start drinking?"

"Walter," the Senator said, "we don't start drinking, we merely resume."

Wadsworth's letter to his wife went on, "I'm to go to Harriet's tomorrow—Sunday—morning. She is having a bouffe [*sic*] lunch for 20 people and says there will be enough for me, also that I can spend Sunday night . . . but I think I'll not . . . for as a result of a personal talk with Stimson this morning I'm to call on him at his home late Sunday afternoon. It is apparent the good man is laboring under a heavy strain these days, especially with respect to the Japanese crisis. It is *very* serious—much more so than the Hitler affair.

The Senator was more unhappy and nervous than he admitted. His next letter begins:

Alice, darling:

Only five hours ago I wrote you—and *mailed* it, I know of no

law of the S.E.C. which forbids me writing again before I go to bed. . . .

He described the party at the Howes with, "Mediocre cocktails in our fists," but many people he knew: "Two-thirds of them asked about you with real affection. And they sympathized with me in my loneliness, but not one of them asked me to dinner. . . ."

So Wadsworth ate dinner at the Army and Navy Club and reported himself "determined to go to bed—right now—after an enormous big hot bath."

Good night, darling.
Your own
JIMMY

The next day he drove through a lovely December morning to Friendship Farm at The Plains where he lunched with the horsy Virginians who all looked incredibly healthy and happy. Right after lunch he called the Secretary of War's home to check on his date with Stimson. Mrs. Stimson answered the telephone. "I'm sorry," she said, "the Secretary is not here. He had to go to the White House in a hurry."

"Is there some trouble?" Wadsworth asked.

Quite calmly Mrs. Stimson said, "We got the news a few minutes ago that the Japanese have bombed Pearl Harbor."

At that moment through all America the sudden black news broke like lightning from a sunny sky; and throughout the land Americans reacted in an almost identical way—for the first moment stunned disbelief, and another moment to think with the human instinct of self-preservation, *What will this mean to me and those I love?* Finally, after a few seconds of selfishness, *What can I do for my country?* So it was with Wadsworth, except that he wasted only the barest fraction of time on himself and only a moment to think of Reverdy in the Officer Candidates School of Fort Riley, and how Alice would take it. Then, like all those millions of other Americans, he began to figure out the part he could best take in the great peril of his country. The first thing

was to get to Washington, and he drove headlong back over the road that had seemed so tranquil just three hours ago.

The next morning he was in the crowded Chamber of the House as the President came walking on canes with his customary heroic difficulty up the aisle to tell the Congress of "the day of Infamy," and ask them to declare war. As soon as the declaration had been voted, Wadsworth sat down to write to his wife, still so shaken with emotion that his grammar went all to pieces:

Monday—Dec. 8th
3 P.M.

ALICE, DARLING:

Only once before have I witnessed a scene such as like that of today—it was when Wilson appeared before the Congress and urged the war against Germany in April, 1917. And do you know, I believe this event carries even greater implications. This is the greater war, when one measures its possibilities, and its outcome will have a more profound effect upon the future of the race—to say nothing of our own future. One thing impresses me: it is that the character of the Jap attack—treacherous—upon our own possessions has welded our people together as nothing else would do. You could see it in the House today; you can see it everywhere. And it is something we needed to have done. We pay a heavy price for it, for the damage to the fleet is really serious—a distinct set-back before the fight fairly starts.

The President's performance was the best he has ever made. Dignified, clear, strong, and no smirking—thank God! Even Republicans praised it openly. . . .

What will develop here in the near future, I don't know. I've already urged the Chief of Staff to proceed and have removed the "hemisphere" limitation upon the use of selectees and guardsmen and to make all enlistments run for the duration. We may have to legislate. . . .

Well we are in it! It gives one pause. Our Reverdy may be away from his farm for several years . . . far beyond the reach of little Ellie and that buster-boy! [The Senator's new grandson] . . .

Your own
JIMMY

Wadsworth's work throughout the war was hard, grinding routine stuff, almost totally unspectacular. As he says, "In Congress I went pretty well down the line with the Administration." Almost everything the President asked was granted him, by virtually nonpartisan Congress. On only two occasions did Wadsworth challenge the Administration. In one he suceeded—when with the help of other Republicans and the conservative Democrats, he managed to change the great wartime tax bills to a more equable method of raising the most possible money rather than the popular punitive "soak the rich" program of the President. In this connection, he was strongly instrumental in pushing through the amendment to put taxation on a current yearly basis with partial forgiveness of taxes in the year the changeover was made.

Wadsworth failed in his attempt to pass a law drafting every man and woman in the country below sixty-five years of age into the service of the United States. He was vastly disturbed by the fact that while millions of American men and women were serving overseas, labor disputes and labor shortages were hampering production at home. The purpose of the National War Service Act was set forth in a statement issued jointly in 1943 by Wadsworth and Senator Warren Austin of Vermont, its sponsor in the Senate:

> It would provide for overall organization and total mobilization of all our skills, and of man and woman power. It would make known the equal liability of all in the war effort. It would enable government to cure the evils of unbalance, hoarding, piracy, absenteeism, inadequate training, labor turnover, etc. . . . It would set safeguards for family life. . . . It would keep as the operating agency in making selections the democratic selective service system. . . . It would provide for the mobilization and direction of willing workers, who, left to themselves, would be unable to know where and how best to serve the nation in war.

For fear of losing the "liberal" vote, Roosevelt viewed this sensible scheme coldly as "something we may have to come to," though he was finally won over. Liberals and right-wing Republicans alike raged against it. Labor leaders fairly frothed at the mouth: "It will produce slave-labor conditions in America com-

parable to those in the Axis countries," stormed William Green, President of the American Federation of Labor.

Of course Wadsworth got the usual abusive "nut" mail—some of it amusing. Since he proposed to conscript women, one character sent him a valentine of a heart with the legend, "I only regret I have but one wife to give to my country."

A genuine fanatic wrote:

> I think this fellow Wadsworth up in Genesee, along with all the other fox-hunting arch-snobs, ought to be tarred and feathered and strung up to a lamp post for the simple reason, the simple good for the humanity of this country.
>
> This fox-hunting Wadsworth is co-author of everything in favor of putting everyone in the country into a fighting Uncle Sam uniform, except himself and his family. . . . Along with this ungodly business, Wadsworth favors and pushes break-up of the family home by putting married men in uniform, as well, so that his fox-hunting estate, his wealth and snobbish interest may be saved and preserved for his future generation.

A nervous Congress delayed action on the Austin-Wadsworth bill until it was no longer needed.

Actually, Wadsworth's principle contribution to the war effort was less in legislation than as an adviser to congressmen and senators on military problems; and to military men on congressional relations. He was untiring in his efforts to get the men in service everything they needed, and to help work out their problems. He would see anybody at any time. He went all over the eastern seaboard inspecting military installations without previous notice—he had a horror of formal inspections—and talking with men of every rank to discover how they felt and how they were being treated. In addition, he was constantly consulted by everyone in Washington from Secretaries Stimson and Knox and General Marshall on down. Because of his long study and intimate knowledge of military problems, and his obvious selflessness, he was trusted by Army people and his own colleagues of both parties. Thus he exerted an enormous, though unpublicized, influence in promoting the welfare and efficiency of the armed services. He was in fact probably the most valuable of all liaisons between Congress and the

military. The Army is said to have regarded him as "their congressional father."

If Senator Wadsworth's mind and energy were almost wholly devoted to serving his country in Congress, before and during the war, his heart was totally involved in the career and welfare of his son Reverdy. Jerry, who had been refused for military service because a very serious infection of his leg had so crippled it that he could not pass the physical test, was working for the Curtiss Aircraft Company in Buffalo. Reverdy was, of course, a member of the Geneseo Troop of the National Guard. From the moment Troop B was mobilized, as a result of the Burke-Wadsworth Act, it is probable that the Senator never spent a day completely free from the shadow of anxiety. Not that he ever talked of it, or wrote of it to anyone but Alice—and seldom to her. It was just there, a small nagging worry which he consciously imprisoned in a cell at the back of his mind.

Nor did he allow it to affect his attitude to Reverdy in any visible way. A long series of letters, beginning with those addressed to PFC Reverdy Wadsworth, Troop B, 101st Cavalry and ending with those to Captain Reverdy Wadsworth, 3d Tank Battalion, 10th Armored Division, are invariably cheerful, newsy and unsentimental. Certainly there is never a suggestion that Reverdy accept less than his share of hardship and danger. Rather there is a matter-of-fact assumption that he will do more than his duty.

Just before Reverdy was inducted into the service, his son, Henry Roosevelt Wadsworth, was born. The fact that he was named for Ellie's father instead of James W. III did not disturb the Senator—"I'm rather tired of the James tradition," he wrote. However his sister Harriet Harper was very upset by the "Roosevelt." "Whatever we may feel about the President," said Wadsworth, "this objection is small." If the Senator was careful not to sentimentalize over his sons, he had no compunction whatever about doting on Harry, the only grandson to bear the Wadsworth name.

After training at Fort Devens with the 101st Cavalry from February to September, 1941, Reverdy was ordered to O.C.S. at Fort Riley from which he graduated just before Christmas. He

was then posted to the crack Third Cavalry at Fort Myer, Virginia. One would suppose that his father would have been delighted at the unexpected reprieve—a last chance to be with his beloved son. On the contrary, the Senator wrote to his friend General George S. Patton, Jr.:

> [Reverdy] was greatly elated at his assignment and so was I, but strictly between you and me, he is a little disappointed at the character of the duty he is now performing. His particular troop . . . [is] guarding the White House, dismounted, of course. Never did I suspect that a son of mine would be guarding Franklin Delano Roosevelt. War is hell!

This "hellish" assignment lasted only a short time. Then the Third Cavalry was sent first to Fort Oglethorpe and then to Fort Benning, Georgia, to be mechanized as the Third Tank Battalion, 10th Armored Division. The Senator was not too happy about the exchange of horses for tanks. He still talked about our army being "overmechanized!" But he was immensely proud of Reverdy's performance in tank training, which brought him a warmly commendatory letter from his colonel.

After three and a half years of training, Reverdy came home to Geneseo for his final leave before embarkation in August, 1944. His greatest worry was that the whole show might be over before he saw action.

By that time the tide of war was running strongly our way. Eisenhower's armies, which had landed on the beaches of Normandy on June 6, 1944, were racing through France. Everywhere the Nazis were on the run. How the Senator felt about his son's desire to get into the fight can easily be understood by the nature of the man. He was split two ways. The carefully suppressed paternal side of him hoped, almost guiltily, that Ike would clean it up before ever the 10th Armored embarked. The still-frustrated warrior in him sympathized with his son's anxiety and almost wished him already in France.

As Rev said good-bye to his father when he started back to his unit, the Senator said casually, "I'll be seeing you!"

By the gleam in his father's eye Rev knew that he meant it quite literally. Some colossal wangle was afoot. Or perhaps more than one.

When Reverdy actually embarked on September 13, 1944, the Senator pulled off his first coup. He wormed the top-secret information out of General Marshall himself, and secured permission to board the transport to say farewell to his son. It was strictly illegal.

On a muggy September night the Senator stood on a dock in New York Harbor waiting for the ferryboat bringing Reverdy's unit to the embarkation pier. He had been told that it would arrive at 21.00 hrs., and at that precise moment it touched alongside. Senator Wadsworth was thrilled by this proof of the Army's amazing efficiency. Reverdy says, "What Father did not know was that we had been circling around in the harbor for twenty minutes so that we would arrive at the exact time just to impress him. He was duly impressed."

The transport was the liner *America,* almost unrecognizable in her black-gray wartime paint. The Senator boarded her with his son's battalion. There is a photograph of them going up one of the companionways together. Reverdy looks like an enormously powerful fighting man in the bulky regalia of full battle dress. Beside him the Senator's slight figure is still dressed as dapperly as ever, but for the first time in any photograph his face looks gray with age.

In a small, stripped, crowded cabin they said good-bye to each other with the decent nonchalance which their code demanded. Then the Senator went ashore, smiling a little tautly, to take the Midnight back to Washington, where he spent the next few days lauding the amazing efficiency of the Army of the United States.

The 10th Armored was pitchforked into battle very soon after it landed in France. In one of their first engagements, in a misty, shell-torn French forest, Reverdy Wadsworth proved himself by winning the Bronze Star.

But this was only the beginning. When the German armies burst through the thinly held American lines in the Ardennes Forest in what is known to history as the Battle of the Bulge, part of the 10th Armored was assigned to hold the vital road and rail junction of Bastogne. In the desperate siege that followed

Reverdy's company held an advanced position. They then took part in the daring advance of General George S. Patton, Jr.'s Third Army across the Rhine and through Germany. When the Armistice came 10th Armored was at Garmisch-Partenkirchen.

Reverdy Wadsworth admits that he is one of the luckiest men alive. He never got a scratch in all those months of violent combat. Of the 39 officers who had started with his outfit he was one of three who were neither killed nor wounded.

During the spring of 1945 Senator Wadsworth continued his heavy committee work, to which was added planning of the Woodrum Committee for the reorganization of the military forces after the war. The death of President Roosevelt does not appear to have shocked him as greatly as it did most of the nation. The entry in his diary reads:

> April 13—Friday
>
> Routine at the office. All committee work suspended on account of death of the President. Cleaned up mail.

The fact is that, although he did not approve of President Truman's political principles, he thought more highly of him, was always able to work with him more confidently and, indeed, liked him far better than he did President Roosevelt.

In addition to his regular labors in Congress and on the farms Senator Wadsworth was working the most magnificent wangle of all. This was no less than getting himself overseas. He told the authorities that he wanted to go to wind up the estate of his aunt Mrs. Walter Gay, who had died making him executor of her will, and to inspect at first hand the condition of the troops abroad. Certainly his inspection trip in 1918 had been justified because the knowledge he had gained had been immensely valuable in framing the National Defense Act of 1920. What Wadsworth could learn this time might be equally useful in the future. But in his secret heart he knew that the real reason he was so desperately anxious to go was to see Reverdy again.

The United States Army was completely cognizant of Wads-

worth's ardent advocacy of its needs in peace as well as war, and of the service he might render it in the future. So his trip was authorized even before the German surrender of May 7, 1945, though Wadsworth did not actually take off in the Army C-54 transport plan until May 9. The next day at 5 P.M. he arrived in Paris, and went to the Hotel Raphael on the Avenue Kleber. The grateful Army had arranged a wonderful surprise for him. As the Senator was having a "great, big, enormous" bath, there was a knock on the door and in walked Reverdy.

Captain Wadsworth had not been too much surprised when two days after the Armistice he had received orders to report in Paris at once to act as aide to his father. "I'll be seeing you," the Senator had said. Reverdy remembered how in the Spanish War the Boss had managed to meet *his* son in the theatre of operations. This was history repeating itself.

When Reverdy and his father called on the Commanding Officer to thank him for his consideration, the General asked, "Are there any more of your family in this theatre whom you would like to see?"

"Well," the Senator observed, "if it would not be too much trouble, my nephew, Colonel John Hay Whitney, is around somewhere, and a grandson, Sergeant Stuart Symington."

"Any more?" asked the General amiably.

"My cousin Major William P. Wadsworth, and Lieutenant John Gott, the son of my superintendent."

"We'll get them," said the General, making a note of names and serial numbers.

And so he did. That was a grand reunion in Paris. Indeed, it seemed almost miraculous that they should all be safely there. Jock Whitney had been captured by the Germans and escaped. Bill Wadsworth had been with the 101st Cavalry (mechanized) on the extreme left wing of Seventh Army during the great final advance. Since 10th Armored had been for a time on the right wing of Third Army, he and Reverdy had once accidentally met in the town of Saint-Avale. Timmy Symington and John Gott had also had their share of fighting.

However, Senator Wadsworth did not waste much time with his family. Seeing Reverdy sound and well was all he needed.

For the rest he rushed around France, inspecting troops and hospitals, making inspirational speeches that really inspired because they were down to earth and salted with wisecracks. He also met with commanders from General Eisenhower on down, probing with his keen mind for facts that would be helpful in Washington during demobilization and in the peacetime reorganization of the Army.

One of the most enlightening—and certainly the most picturesque—of the interviews he had was a half hour at Orly Field with General Patton who was flying through to London. Patton was furious about the order from Washington forbidding fraternization between the occupation troops and German civilians. He saw clearly, as was soon proved by events, that it was not in the best interests of the troops or the Germans, and totally unenforceable in any event. On this subject Patton exploded, "Jim, what are those ——— ——— fools in Washington thinking about? Don't they know that sex is mightier than the pen?"

Concerning his own future, the tempestuous General had this to say, "When you get back to Washington, Jim, tell those S.O.B.'s on Capitol Hill that I don't want to stay here. It's a lousy ending to a damn fine war. And I don't want to go to any island in the Pacific. I want to go to China where [making a wide sweep with his arm and roaring it out] I can have elbow room!"

Then Patton described how the Russians had invited him to Prague. "I took my smartest outfit along as an honor guard. We looked pretty good, but those Russians had gone us two or three better! They had swept the whole twelve miles of road clean and strewn it with *rose petals.* There was a sentry at present arms every hundred feet. They flew the whole Moscow ballet down to entertain us. The party that night was pretty tough. But I drank some olive oil to coat my stomach for the drinking bout I knew would happen. At the end the Russian marshal was lying under the table, and I walked out on my own two feet."

Then General Patton looked very earnestly at the Senator and said, "We shouldn't have stopped. We should have gone on and taken those Russians. They're out to conquer the world!"

Wadsworth could not believe that. He thought it was just Georgie's bombast.

Wadsworth returned home by way of England, stopping in London for conferences with American Ambassador John Winant and British Foreign Minister Anthony Eden. On May 26, after sixteen very full days in Europe, Wadsworth climbed into the bucket seat of a C-54 cargo plane and island-hopped the Atlantic—Iceland, Labrador, to LaGuardia. Alice was waiting for him in New York.

It was fine to be home and to know that the European war was over, and that Reverdy was safe for a while, unless 10th Armored was sent to Japan. Then, in August, the Japanese war was ended by the blast at Hiroshima. It is doubtful if the Senator grasped the full import of the atomic bomb. At first he was shocked and disturbed as he perceived that "the scientists had reached a point where they could pretty nearly achieve the destruction of civilization." He hurried to consult his army friends as to the A-bomb's implications. In a long confidential talk, Secretary Stimson defended the decision to drop it: "Although we believed the Japanese were on their last legs," he said, "the invasion [of Japan] would have been a terrific undertaking. Those Japs . . . would defend their own land in suicidal fashion. We'd have to defeat them on their own soil, which we could have done; but the cost in lives would have been terrific."

According to Wadsworth's memoirs, "Poor Stimson, who I understand made the final decision, came to the belief and conviction that the dropping of the bomb would stop the war and save tens of thousands of American soldiers' lives. That was his choice."

And Wadsworth adds, "I have heard that the dropping of the A-bomb somewhat impaired our moral sense. I don't know how important that impairment has been. It did shock a lot of people. I did not feel that way about it. I regretted the advancement of science to that point. I hope it is never done again. . . . The bombing of Berlin took longer with block busters . . . but the result was the same in the long run. It is just a

question of degree—whether you do it with one bomb or two or three hundred."

So in effect Wadsworth accepted the military philosophy that the A-bomb was just another weapon, and that the more war changes the more it is the same thing. His innate conservatism made him so anxious to believe that this was true.

CHAPTER XIII

An Obstinate Old Man

Bomb or no bomb, the autumn of 1945 was a happy time for Wadsworth. He could sit on his terrace in the long twilight watching the blue smoke haze through the yellowing leaves and feel that it would all last for his time and, with luck, for his sons' time, too. Captain Wadsworth came home in October with a second bronze star and then it was about as perfect as life could be. Every evening when he came home from the farms, Wadsworth ran up the stairs of Hartford House two at a time and whistled gaily in his "great, big enormous" bath.

These pastoral preoccupations must not be taken to indicate that Wadsworth was losing interest in government and taking it easy. An entry in his diary at about this time indicates how seriously he took his congressional responsibilities:

> Geneseo: Heard Case Act was coming up tomorrow. . . . Took sleeper from Rochester to New York . . . arrived 6:30 A.M. . . . caught 7:30 A.M. train for Washington. Arrived in House of Representatives just as my name was being called on first roll call. Remained in House until Case Bill was passed . . . then caught 6:P.M. train to New York . . . 11:30 P.M. sleeper to Rochester. Arrived 7:30 A.M.

Indeed Wadsworth was busier than ever, and his influence in the Congress reached its apogee during the years following the war—higher even than when he had been chairman of the Senate Military Affairs Committee.

Even before the war ended, in 1944, he had become vice-chairman of the Select Committee on Postwar Military Policies of the House. A Democrat, Representative Woodrum, was of course chairman, and it was known as the Woodrum Commit-

tee. It had become increasingly evident that the Armed Services of the United States must be unified and the Air Corps, because of its increasingly dominant role, given equal status with the Army and Navy.

Wadsworth had worked closely with Woodrum in the arduous study made by the committee. First they called on Secretary of War Stimson who enthusiastically recommended unification. They next called on Navy Secretary Knox who, to their surprise, also agreed that the armed services must be brought under one organization. Unfortunately for the country, Secretary Knox died on April 28, 1944, only five days after his talk with Woodrum and Wadsworth. After his death the Navy line came out against unification.

In 1946 the Republican Party regained control of the House and Senate for the first time in sixteen years. The game of musical chairs with the committee chairmanships immediately began. Hamilton Andrews, the senior Republican member of the Military Affairs Committee, magnanimously offered to waive his seniority in favor of Wadsworth. Since others also had prior seniority this did not seem practical. In any event, Wadsworth could make his influence felt without sitting at the head of the table.

Despite Navy opposition, President Truman finally sent the Unification Act, as it was generally called, to the Congress on February 26, 1947, as it had been written, but *not* agreed upon, by his principal military and naval advisers. It was proposed in the House by Representative Clare Hoffman, Chairman of the Committee on Expenditures, to which committee it was referred. Wadsworth, who had read the bill previously, thought that it "seems in fairly good shape, but is susceptible to strengthening especially in the fields of procurement and supply." He urged Hoffman to start hearings on it as quickly as possible.

From that time forward Wadsworth's principal legislative interest was in the Unification Bill. He attended virtually all the hearings, and his intelligent and sympathetic questioning of the Secretaries of the Army and Navy and the officers of all the services enlightened the proceedings. It is generally conceded that Wadsworth virtually rewrote the act himself. Stuart Symington, who was Assistant Secretary of War for Air—he

became the first Secretary of the new Air Force created by the bill—had the job of monitoring it through Congress for the War Department. Symington says, "Wadsworth was a great help. He got the bill through, though it was so attenuated as far as authority [of the Secretary of Defense] went that it did not give real unification." Joe Martin, who had become Speaker of the House when the Republicans took over, says, "Wadsworth was my right arm."

The Senator gave his own reasons for backing the bill in the statement of the Committee on Expenditures, which it is generally conceded that he wrote:

> . . . Experience in the war just concluded has proved conclusively that we must maintain in time of peace an adequate organization for the national defense. . . . The Committee is firmly convinced that the Nation must act now to forge a new, permanent, effective, integrated, complete organization of defense before the rust of peacetime laws dulls the sharp edge of our protective sword.
>
> . . . The advance of science and the triphibious nature and magnitude of modern war require that we construct an ample framework for our military services in which they may grow and develop under traditional civilian control, unhampered by the restricting inflexibility of pinpoint provisions. . . .

After detailing the provisions of the proposed bill, Wadsworth's statement says, "The total nature of modern war and the rapidity with which it could strike, the need for a balanced armed forces structure and integrated strategic plans for its employment . . . the requirements for men and materials to be balanced against our resources and the lack of economy in our present system unite to demand the prompt passage of this proposed bill for unification."

The key to Wadsworth's thinking were his recognition of the "triphibious nature" of modern war; and the vast economies that real unification could produce through the elimination of duplication of installations, research and procurement among three services.

He did not get his bill as he wanted it. The admirals, fearful of losing their prestige and the perquisites of the Senior Serv-

ice, fought it bitterly, aided by the powerful Navy lobby. Secretary of the Navy James Forrestal barely managed to keep them from scuttling it completely. In order to hold them in line, he had to fight for weakening the central authority, and giving it merely co-ordinative rather than administrative power. This he bitterly repented when he himself became the first Secretary for Defense.

Wadsworth fought for a chief of staff of the combined services, and against any inflexible assignment of roles and missions among the services. He wrote privately to Symington:

> There should be a Chief of Staff for the military forces . . . a single officer responsible to the President . . . (General Marshall and the War Department were for it) the Navy Department absolutely rejected it. . . . The Joint Chiefs of Staff include able officers [but] too often they become a debating society.
>
> Incidentally . . . we should eliminate from the Unification Bill those provisions setting forth the missions of the several branches, provisions which should never have been put in the bill under any circumstances. They constitute a handicap in time of peace, and they would have to be forgotten in time of war.
>
> I was convinced that the Secretary of Defense would have a helluva time the first two years . . . pulling and hauling . . . terrific. With the bases full and the huge crowd in the stands yelling like mad (Congress) a single umpire has an almost impossible task watching every pitch and all three runners on base. Mr. Forrestal's job is something like that today.

Right there Wadsworth put his finger on the two things that have caused most of the trouble with unification. He took the best bill he could get—he was too old a politician to hold out for perfection and so get nothing. One of his favorite stories to illustrate the folly of an unyielding attitude in politics was of the fundamentalist minister preaching hell-fire and damnation in a new town. After the sermon, one of the churchwardens asked him, "Do all sinners burn in hell?"

"Most certainly."

"You mean that these people here who get drunk and maybe pull something not in the book will really be damned for eternity?"

"Yes, they will."

The churchwarden shook his head and said, "The boys will never stand for it."

Wadsworth regretfully realized that "the boys" would not stand for real unification then, but his thinking has been proved correct by everything that has happened in the armed services in the past eleven years. In 1958 President Eisenhower sponsored changes in the act along the lines which Wadsworth proposed when it was first written.

After the Unification Act was passed Wadsworth wrote to Air Force General Norstad thanking him for his great contribution in "building this structure," and added, "True, you were disappointed that one of the beams was finally somewhat warped. So was I, but . . . we cannot escape the conclusion that the structure will resist the strains of the future and prove exceedingly useful to the country."

Meanwhile Forrestal was writing to Wadsworth:

July 28, 1947

My dear Congressman:

To your unfailing patience, tact and good sense is in a large measure due the passage of the Unification Bill. As in many other matters your actions in this instance were from motives of high patriotism and devotion to the interests of the armed services. Personally, I am indebted to you for your steady and understanding support. I will try to justify its continuance in the future.

Sincerely yours,
James Forrestal

In the light of history, Senator Symington (Democrat) of Missouri has this to say: "If Wadsworth had gotten the kind of unification he wanted, it would save 20 per cent of the military budget right now."

In 1950 Senator Wadsworth decided to retire. In a letter to Symington he gave his reasons, "Seventy-three years of age next August 12, certain signs and signal smokes that are entitled to attention, and a lot of things to do at home where I can be my own master out in the fresh air."

And to Alice at Hartford House he wrote:

These long separations are all wrong. They are responsible in a considerable degree for my decision to retire. You and I don't belong in Washington after June 1st. We ought to be together at Geneseo, N. Y., taking drives to the farms or going on vacation trips together. Well, this will be the last of these wretched summers.

In this last statement Wadsworth was mistaken; he underrated his gluttony for trouble. But it was indeed time he retired. He had maintained a terrific pace during his last years in Congress. In addition to his work on the Foreign Relations Committee and the Committee on Expenditure, he was still the principal unofficial adviser on military matters to senators, congressmen and the Army and Air Force. This was especially true during the terrific row that took place between the armed services while Secretary Forrestal was trying to get them unified. In a brief note to Forrestal in 1948, he wrote, "I see by the paper you have told them to stop squabbling. Good eye. More power to you!"

At the bottom of this letter in Forrestal's handwriting:

DEAR JIM:

Thanks for the support. I'll need it.

J. F.

The Georgetown house was constantly full of Army and Air Force brass, who wanted to talk or just relax. In addition, the Wadsworths' social schedule was exacting. Though, as Mrs. Wadsworth says, "We never saw much of the razzle dazzle society crowd," the Senator considered it part of his job to go to many state and private functions, thus to keep in constant touch with the undercurrents of government.

Not having enough to do he asked for and received an appointment to the unpopular District of Columbia Committee which had the job of governing Washington. He took this work as seriously as his "big" committee assignments. But since he managed to enjoy almost anything he did, he had a very good time chasing around the city in police cars getting a firsthand knowledge of crime in the District.

Besides this heavy schedule Wadsworth continued to take

the "old rattler" up to Geneseo almost every Friday night—winter, spring and fall—to attend to his farms. When Alice was in Washington and Hartford House was closed, he often slept in a maid's room in the heated servants' wing, or occasionally at a country inn. Frequently he went to "the Bills" at The Homestead or "the Revs" at Cornerways, but he hated to inconvenience people and sometimes refused their freely offered hospitality. No matter how dreary his room at the inn or alone in Hartford House, he always announced that he was "perfectly comfortable."

Just before he retired, Wadsworth started one grand final rhubarb which thoroughly delighted him. Though he had voted for the enormous appropriations necessary for the war and the transition period, he was genuinely horrified by the reckless expenditures of the Federal Government in peacetime. In the spring of 1950, he staged a one-man revolt against it. In a debate on federal aid to libraries he said:

"Mr. Speaker, I am charged, perhaps unjustly, with being an obstinate old man. None the less, I shall have to display my obstinacy on this occasion. Unless I am confronted with some crisis in which dollars and cents cannot count, I shall fight against every bill reported to the House which increases the future financial commitment of the United States Government."

Those words touched a responsive cord in a country that was worried about reckless spending. The *Washington Times Union* Bureau said, "Somebody has got to be obstinate if the United States is to be solvent." Papers all over the country took up the crusade. Democrats and Republicans alike backed the call to stem federal spending. Among the Republicans who enthusiastically endorsed Wadsworth's stand were Senator William Knowland and Congressman Richard M. Nixon of California.

Somebody founded the Legion of Obstinate Old Men, which men of every age joined. The uproar continued for days. Then came "a crisis in which dollars and cents cannot count"—the Korean War.

The morning papers of May 31, 1950, carried the following announcement from the Senator:

> After approximately 36 years of legislative service . . . I have decided to retire. . . . At this moment I cannot refrain from attempting to express my gratitude for the generous encouragement and support which the people of this good district have extended to me throughout the years. Yes, and the degree of forbearance they have shown me as I have striven to do the right thing in Washington.

This short paragraph set off an extraordinary reaction in the press. Virtually every newspaper in the country printed a laudatory editorial. There were such headlines as: "Nation and Area to Lose a Statesman"; "Congress Won't Be the Same"; "Jim Wadsworth Retiring! We Can't Believe It!"

In the Democratic *New York Times,* the dean of Washington columnists, Arthur Krock, wrote: "A great public figure is passing. . . . [Wadsworth's retirement] calls to mind many a notable parliamentary struggle in which his wisdom, courage and integrity were devoted to a high patriotic concept which rose above any partisan consideration. So often did Mr. Wadsworth occupy this uncrowned height in Congress that he came to be recognized as the conscience of the House, which though it might disregard, it admired and respected."

Because of the Korean War Wadsworth spent most of the summer of 1950 in Washington. As usual in a national emergency, he supported Truman's Democratic administration. Indeed when, after Wadsworth's retirement, the Republican Party tried to capitalize on the President's dismissal of General Douglas MacArthur, he wrote a letter in which he expressed his opinion of that action:

> What a row over MacArthur! That proposal to have him address the Congress is atrocious. Suppose George Patton had done it! Or any Army or Navy officer rebuked by the Commander-in-Chief. Cheap politics!

January 2, 1951, was the last day of Wadsworth's thirty years of service as senator and congressman. A private appropriations bill was being debated. Wadsworth wrote in his diary, "It passed on a roll call by a narrow margin. It was the last roll call to which I shall answer. I voted a dismal 'No.' "

Democratic Speaker Sam Rayburn said:

"I feel a deep personal loss. The gentleman from New York, Mr. Wadsworth . . . [is] gentle, fine, maybe a little different, but I always knew that when the gentleman from New York took the floor, the Speaker would have no trouble keeping order, because the gentleman from New York always brings a message from the heart and mind that appeals to every member of the House, and would appeal to every patriot throughout the length and breadth of the country if they knew him as we do. . . .

"He carries back to his valley in northern New York my deep affection and kindest regards, and my hope that his useful life may be spared for many years to come."

After a short trip to Jamaica with Alice, the Senator settled down at last in his Valley. It was not quite as happy a time as he had hoped. For one thing he was not feeling too well. On certain days there were sudden seizures of pain in his abdomen, which the doctors and their X-ray machines could not explain. Out on the farms Reverdy noticed that his father, instead of joyfully taking part in the work as he had done even last year, would lean against a fence and give directions. Still there were many other days when the Senator felt fine, and would run lightly up the long stairs whistling gaily.

June was always one of the best months in the Valley, with the country still the bright untarnished green of spring, and every living thing growing like mad; and summer's heat not yet oppressive, but grateful and serene. On June 19, 1951, a telegram came to Hartford House:

THE HON. JAMES W. WADSWORTH
GENESEO, N. Y.
THE PRESIDENT HAS TODAY SENT TO THE SENATE YOUR NOMINATION FOR APPOINTMENT AS A MEMBER OF THE NATIONAL SECURITY TRAINING COMMISSION FOR A TERM OF THREE YEARS. REGARDS.
DONALD S. DAWSON
ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANT TO THE PRESIDENT

Disregarding "signs and signal smokes" the Senator abruptly ended his brief retirement, and started for Washington. The

Korean War had forced the Congress to pass a new draft act calling up eighteen-year-olds. President Truman, who had always believed in Universal Military Training, set up the new commission to explore the best method of establishing it. U.M.T. had been an article of faith with Wadsworth all his mature life—he could not refuse the appointment.

The other members of the Commission were General Raymond S. McClain, Admiral Thomas C. Kincaid, William L. Clayton and Carl Compton. When Wadsworth reached Washington, they elected him its chairman. Newspapers, even those opposed to U.M.T., praised the membership of the Commission: "Doubts about the adequacy of the U.M.T. law are removed in a great measure by the calibre of the men named by President Truman to set up the training system."

Wadsworth went to work swiftly, hurried on by the urgency of the signal smokes. He guessed he might not have much time. Early in July another newspaper article reported his progress:

> Military Red Tape cut by Wadsworth to Speed Blueprinting of U.M.T.
>
> The Pentagon has been invaded by a doughty seventy-four-year-old New Yorker who has accomplished in a fortnight what professional military men have been trying to do for years. James W. Wadsworth of Geneseo has slashed the red tape that has entangled the activities of the defense establishment ever since the Minute Men sprang to arms at Lexington. He has persuaded the Secretaries of the Army, Navy and Air Force to permit him to side-step regular channels in his urgent quest for information on which to base the Commission's plans for U.M.T. "We are hungry to get suggestions from experienced people who have no axes to grind," Mr. Wadsworth said.

The Senator described his actions a good deal more modestly in a letter to Alice:

> June 30
>
> ALICE, DARLING,
>
> Quite a day in old Washington. With the approval of my colleagues on the Commission, I hustled up and landed two very good young men to join our staff at top level. . . . At 11:30 A.M.

I reported at the Pentagon . . . got some generals to come in [to my office] and made some really constructive plans. The other members had left it up to me to do the job. . . .

Then to the Capitol to conspire with certain Senators and members about our program. Strange to say, as I came into the Senate Chamber [courtesy due a former Senator] one of the Senators rushed up to me and exclaimed, "We have just confirmed your nomination to that U.M.T. Commission!" So now I can "swear in" and be *official.*

On Monday morning [I shall] make an early start and get to our office at the Pentagon by 10:30 A.M., find a Notary Public to take my oath of office. . . . One thing will *not* happen—a colorful ceremony with flash bulbs, etc. and speeches. Our Commission has turned thumbs down on any theatricals.

I hope to leave for home Monday night [July 2] via Old Rattler. . . . And O' Alice, how I want to be there with YOU!

Wadsworth went home for the Fourth of July. Back in Washington two days later he wrote:

Friday, 9:40 P.M.

ALICE, DARLING,

By heck here I am with another letter. . . . I spent nearly all day at the Pentagon. Our conference this A.M. concerning a "Code of Conduct" . . . to be applied to 800,000 trainees in the 18 yr. old group each year was exceedingly interesting. . . . The Pentagon people have come up with a lot of information. . . . And I might say that in all our studies the *Army* is way out ahead. The Air Force, the Navy and the Marines don't seem to realize that training from now on is to be *universal—every* youngster at reaching 18 yrs. Each of those services must take its share of the job.

A week later, on July 13, he wrote of a meeting "at which we 'briefed' the 3 officers who have been assigned to us as liaison officers—messenger boys—from the three services. It was rather shocking to hear the Navy representative state that so far as he knew no one in the Navy Dept. had ever started to study out and prepare a programme for conducting training stations for 18 yr. olds. . . . The Air Corps [*sic*] officer stated that his branch had made some sort of study two years ago. . . .

Rather discouraging. . . . We made it very plain to them all that we must have prompt and co-operative service—or else. . . . The Navy has given *lip* service to UMT, but has indicated they really don't need it. . . . I may have to go to Gen. Marshall about this."

Despite these frustrations the Commission, driven by Wadsworth, who was driving himself frantically as the pains in his abdomen got more frequent and acute, finished its preliminary report by September 1. Wadsworth spent Labor Day at Hartford House. On September 10 he went to the Emergency Hospital in Washington for major surgery. The night before, he stopped in to see Jerry and Harty. Jerry says, "He would not quite say what was suspected, but he left no doubt in my mind that it was cancer."

The operation confirmed what Wadsworth already knew. Little hope was given him that the disease would be arrested. However, he went on as though there were nothing to worry about. He was in the hospital until November 1, but he continued to work on the Commission's business, and to receive members of the Press. Indeed, it was a cardinal rule of his never to refuse to see a reporter. His daughter, Eve Symington, tells of one occasion when her father came home to the Washington house utterly exhausted and lay down for a brief rest. The doorbell rang. Eve answered it. She came back and said, "You don't have to get up, Daddy, it's just a reporter."

The Senator jumped up. "Those people have a job to do," he said. "That fellow didn't come because he wanted to; he was sent. Of course I'll see him. And don't you ever say 'just a reporter!' "

This is probably the reason the Washington Press voted Wadsworth "the most co-operative" member of Congress. They also voted him "the laziest," because he would never write out a speech.

Wadsworth got home to Geneseo for a family reunion on Thanksgiving Day. On December 5 he received the following letter from the President:

Dear Senator Wadsworth,

I want you to know I am grateful for the splendid work you

have performed as Chairman of the National Security Training Commission. . . . It is fortunate that the nation at this critical time should have the benefit of your knowledge of the problems of national security gained through long study and experience. . . .

I am aware that you have been working against the handicap of serious illness and postponed hospital treatment in order to complete the report. I particularly appreciate such self-sacrifice. May I also express the hope that with rest and care your health will be completely restored.

Very truly yours,
HARRY S. TRUMAN

To this letter Wadsworth replied thanking the President for his "very generous letter. . . . I can scarcely believe I deserve it, but I admit it gives me much encouragement to keep plugging along as a member of the National Security Training Commission. As you know our next job is to appear before Congress in defense of our recommendations. . . . Frankly I am optimistic about the results, but we must be prepared to present our case with the utmost clarity. . . .

"I am making normal progress toward complete recovery. I fully expect to cooperate with my fellow commissioners at the beginning of the year."

Just a week later Wadsworth was taken to the Strong Memorial Hospital in Rochester with what he resolutely called "a little setback." The surgeon in Rochester attempted palliative measures with small hope.

After Christmas at Hartford House—a gay Christmas he made it—Wadsworth returned to Washington early in January. He was now subject to such violent attacks of pain that Alice insisted he have a nurse, Mrs. Jean Large, whom the Senator called "my baby sitter." The members of the Commission met in his house nearly every evening to discuss tactics and security problems. So top-secret were these meetings that Wadsworth made Mrs. Large go out for a walk or to a movie while they were held.

Almost every day the Senator went down to the House or Senate to defend the Commission's report and answer ques-

tions. Through January and February he continued to present his case "with the utmost clarity."

On February 13, 1952, Wadsworth traveled alone on "Old Rattler" to Geneseo to view his farms beneath their heavy blanket of snow for the last time. On March 4 he collapsed and was taken to the Emergency Hospital in Washington. Jerry says that this was the only occasion on which he ever saw his father discouraged. The Senator simply said, "I don't believe I can make it this time."

Though he never left the hospital, Wadsworth was due to make one more public address via what he called "this remarkable device," a tape recorder placed beside his hospital bed, into which he spoke, as always, without notes. The occasion was the presentation of his portrait to the Saddle and Sirloin Club at the Chicago stockyards. Its membership consisted of the most distinguished stockmen and ranchers from all parts of the country, and Wadsworth was very proud of the honor they had accorded him.

The portrait had been ordered the previous July and Wadsworth had had some photographs taken to help the artist. In them he has the appearance of a man just turning sixty. Indeed, when the artist received them he said, "These are no use to me, they must have been taken ten years ago."

That meeting of the Saddle and Sirloin Club was an immensely touching occasion. Four men who had known Wadsworth especially well spoke of the different aspects of his many-sided personality which he had revealed to each of them. If they spoke emotionally it was because they were so strongly moved by the knowledge that they would never see him again. Finally, Reverdy responded on behalf of his father.

Then the Chairman announced, "Gentlemen, I have a surprise for you."

The recorder was turned on and Jim Wadsworth's familiar voice spoke to them. Though his tones were not as strong as before his illness, the mind of the man speaking to them from his deathbed had plainly lost none of its clarity or courage. His words carried the love and friendship he bore them, the faith in freedom; the strong convictions and gentle humor that had always marked his thinking. After thanking them for the

honor they did him by hanging his portrait in their illustrious gallery, and expressing his regret at not being with them as he had every spring for over fifty years, Wadsworth mentioned the men who had spoken about him. "I've not heard what they said," he remarked, "but I suspect that they've been tolerant, good and generous. I hope that no one of them has told you all he knows about me. That would be disastrous!"

After telling a fond little anecdote about Reverdy's time of working in the stockyards he went on to express his belief "that the farmer and stockman cannot prosper or live happily unless he retains the most precious of all possessions—his liberty," and of his anxiety lest relying on government subsidies might "deprive him of that most precious possession and reduce him to the condition of a servant of the higher powers."

Then Wadsworth drew a picture of the farmer sitting on his porch in the evening, planning for the future of his land: "estimating the progress of the preceding day, he decides what should be done during coming weeks and at the same time remembers that he is not master of the weather and must be ready with alternate plans should it rain or snow or drought. . . .

"Incidentally, no matter what the weather there is always something to do. . . . No ranchman or farmer can ever sit back and say 'I've nothing to do for a while.' It just ain't so! . . .

"As he sits on his porch he looks ahead for a year, two years, perhaps even more. He ponders over ways and means of conserving and increasing the fertility of his several crop-raising fields or the endurance of his pastures. He tries to think of how he can improve the quality of his livestock and protect it from disease. In doing so he is tremendously helped these days by modern scientific research.

"How to apply the information that comes to him is for him to decide, not an all-powerful bureaucracy telling him what he must do or else. No two farms, no two ranches are exactly alike. Each presents some special problems which only the operator understands. If he plans well, he's secure for the long pull. And he rejoices in his freedom. . . . I shall never forget my father telling me when I was a youngster that . . . if [a

farmer] conserved the capital in his fields he could count on a net income better than the interest from a government bond, and then he added, 'Boy, you'll be a free man, and that can't be measured in dollars!' "

The Senator's voice had grown stronger as he approached his peroration. Virtually all the men listening to him felt for Jim Wadsworth a warmth of friendship that was dangerously close to love; and now, as that familiar voice fairly clanged out the expression of the faith by which he had lived, they were dangerously close to tears.

Wadsworth concluded with the fervent hope that "the man who works on the range or on the farm can come to realize . . . that [with] the acceptance of subsidies or bonuses of one kind or another from government . . . [he] must stand in danger of the loss of his liberty. Should such a fate overtake the men who live and work in God's out-of-doors, then indeed the citadel which our forefathers built will crumble into rubble."

As the voice died away and the machine clicked off, the men in that room sat silent. They knew that Jim Wadsworth had spoken his last word to them. And as always, though some of them might not agree with him, all of them felt uplifted by his spirit. And they wept inwardly that it would inspire them no more.

On June 21, 1952, Senator Wadsworth died, obstinate to the end.

CHAPTER XIV

The Gentleman from New York

In a very real sense the funeral procession of Senator Wadsworth, winding through the woods of Temple Hill between the solemn ranks of the Genesee Troop, now the 27th Reconnaissance Company, New York National Guard, was mourning an era as well as a man. For there are certain definite moments in the history of any country or community at which Time seems to close a chapter. And there are certain men who are so identified with a place and a time that their departure leaves it forever changed.

Not that Wadsworth ever attempted or desired to dominate the people of the Valley. His attitude toward them was one of gratitude for their political support and surprised appreciation of their love and loyalty. Nor was it only his readiness to help his neighbors in time of trouble that made them depend on him. Rather it was the fact that he was there, unchanged by changing fashions, morals and economic tides; seemingly as eternal as a natural landmark, from which they got a sense of confidence and continuity.

In Wadsworth's case this was true not only of Geneseo, but also of the national scene. For his actual accomplishments are only a part of the criteria for assessing his service to the nation, and they are by no means a small thing. The tax bill he mainly drew up in 1922 was not only well suited to the times, but perhaps the most just and least onerous which it was possible to write at that period. If it did not please socialist sympathizers who wished only to soak the rich, neither did it soak the poor. It was based on Wadsworth's guiding philosophy that government had a sacred obligation to preserve and encourage as far as was financially possible and equitable the enterprise and

savings of its citizens whether rich or poor. Wadsworth's contribution to the bill creating the Bureau of the Budget was even more important than the tax bill.

As a guardian of the Constitution Wadsworth had one great accomplishment to his credit. It was due largely to his skillful direction of the Republican Policy Committee of the House and his astute unimpassioned advice to Republican and Democratic senators alike that Franklin Roosevelt's attempt to reduce the Supreme Court to the status of a rubber stamp on congressional and executive action was defeated at the very moment President Roosevelt had reached the pinnacle of political power. Whether or not that particular Supreme Court was wise in its decisions is not the point. The value of the defeat of the Court Packing Bill to the nation lay in the fact that it preserved the traditional constitutional balance of power between the three branches of the Government on which the whole design of the Republic is based.

However, the greatest services Senator Wadsworth performed for his fellow countrymen were in the field of defense. From the day he entered the Senate almost until the day he died he labored steadily and intelligently for the military security of his beloved country. He played a predominant role in framing the Draft Act of 1917; the National Defense Act of 1920; the Selective Service Act of 1940; and the bill unifying the armed services in 1947. The value of his dramatic role in saving the bill to extend the Selective Service Act in 1941 cannot be overemphasized.

But it is not by the peaks of achievement alone that Wadsworth services are to be judged. Outstanding as they were, his day-by-day, year-by-year work with generals and admirals, the Congress and government officials on all the aspects of defense was even more important. For these men valued his advice and followed it, not only because they knew it was honest, but also because Wadsworth knew what he was talking about. Though his financial views became admittedly old-fashioned and his conservatism about many things was extreme, he was never behind the times in his military thinking. Indeed, he was considerably more farsighted than many of the admirals and generals with whom he worked. This is especially evident in his work for

unification of the armed services based on his appreciation of the triphibious nature of modern war.

The Senator's military thinking was guided by three fundamentally sound principles. They were the absolute obligation of every citizen to serve his country in war or peace; the necessity for civilian control over the military; and the recognition that modern wars are fought mainly by trained civilians commanded by military experts. To an extraordinary degree he succeeded in keeping the precarious balance between civilian and military authority in the legislation he sponsored and the influence he wielded.

Of Wadsworth General Marshall said: "He did everything in his power in the interests of national security and international peace; and his actions were backed by great wisdom and the very special knowledge of the circumstances, the requirements and the probable reactions of the Congress. I felt in those days immediately following our entry into the last [world] war as I did at the conclusion of the first war and as I continued to feel through the long ordeal which led to final victory in 1945, that James Wadsworth had rendered a truly magnificent service to his country, quietly, unobtrusively, but most effectively."

In attempting to assay Senator Wadsworth there must be no attempt to minimize his shortcomings. That he did not understand the principles and necessities of modern governmental finance must be evident. He *was* obstinate as he boasted. In his veneration for the Constitution he sometimes seemed to forget that the founding fathers had wisely made it a flexible instrument capable of amendment after due consideration. And his love of tradition occasionally blinded him to the necessity for change in a great and growing country. But in Wadsworth's inflexibility there was a definite value. In certain circumstances a brake can be even more important than a motor.

Many of his friends regretted that Wadsworth never achieved the political pinnacle of the Presidency. Certainly he was Presidential timber and certainly he would have made a good—possibly great—President had circumstances combined to put him in that high place. But he did not regret the lost opportunity for he realistically perceived that he could not achieve

it and keep his integrity. He felt that if he made the necessary concessions all his actions and advice would be subject to the charge of political expediency; that the leaders of both parties who had sought his unbiased opinion would no longer fully confide in him. And he preferred to retain their trust and to exert his influence toward the course he believed to be right through them, rather than lose their confidence in return for the finite power of the Presidency.

It is quite possible that his choice gave him the greater influence for a longer time. For though he appears to have played a comparatively minor role on the stage of history, his unseen influence was far more extensive than will ever be credited to him. Of course he suffered defeats and his opinions were frequently disregarded even by those who sought them. Nevertheless, on countless occasions his advice did prevail to the betterment of legislation and the lessening of tensions between good and loyal men of both parties. That his colleagues appreciated this is implicit in the emotional tributes expressed by them in the House and Senate when he died. It is made especially evident by the fact that many of the political opponents who fought him hardest seemed to feel his loss most deeply.

Perhaps the most important thing of all was neither his public accomplishments nor his private influence, but simply the fact that he was in there fighting for the things in which he believed; invariably courteous, gentle, kind and obdurately incorruptible—even by logic. Senator Symington, his son-in-law, his frequent opponent and his devoted friend, best expressed it when he said:

"In a general way, Senator Wadsworth's most important contribution to government was character. He was so far above party that both sides trusted him. In England it is an honor to be in politics; over here many people regard it as an undesirable effort. A man of the character and following of Senator Wadsworth raises the plain of all government.

"He did not have integrity; he *was* integrity."

That is a not unworthy epitaph.

EPILOGUE

The Children and the Valley

PERHAPS the 14,000 acres of land which Senator Wadsworth left his children was the least of their inheritance. For he succeeded in the more difficult task of bequeathing them character and ability. Indeed his influence extended to his son-in-law Senator Stuart Symington of Missouri.

It has been seen that Stuart Symington was a great admirer of his father-in-law. Indeed, though they differed strongly—sometimes loudly—on politics, Symington might be considered Wadsworth's pupil in many aspects of the political game, certainly in the matter of military policy. The files of Hartford House contain a long series of letters from the younger man asking his father-in-law's advice on every conceivable subject from business deals in the early thirties to the Missouri political situation in 1952. Clipped to them are copies of the Senator's long detailed replies. Of these Symington says, "Wadsworth's advice was always wise, but not necessarily smart."

It was undoubtedly due to Wadsworth's example and precepts that Symington decided to enter public service in 1945. By that time he had made himself a comfortable fortune. In 1938 he had taken over the presidency of the moribund Emerson Electric Co. of St. Louis. In two years he had it firmly in the black, and during the war the company had filled its vast government contracts on time with a bit to spare, and with an efficiency that won the Army and Navy "E." When he was offered the post of Chairman of the Surplus Property Disposal Board, Symington decided to accept, with considerable misgivings.

The fact is that Symington was loaded with a typical businessman's prejudices against the Government and everybody in it. He seemed to believe that virtually all politicians, with the

exception of his father-in-law, were crooks. When he arrived in Washington to appear before the Senate for confirmation he was as wary and nervous as an ocelot in Central Park.

One day he burst into Senator Wadsworth's congressional office in a state bordering on neurosis. He had appeared before the Senate Committee and was absolutely sure that he would not be confirmed, and that the politicians were out to get him. He thought that Senator Joseph C. O'Mahoney of Wyoming was particularly hostile.

"Well, let's see what is really happening," Wadsworth said soothingly. "I'll call O'Mahoney. You can listen on my secretary's extension."

The connection was soon made. With no beating about the bush Wadsworth said, "Joe, how's this thing coming out about my son-in-law?"

O'Mahoney's voice was warmly cordial as he answered, "There is no question about his confirmation. Everybody's for him."

When he hung up Wadsworth turned to Symington with a twinkle in his eye and said, "Now Stu, will you stop stewing!"

The fact that they were so close did not prevent some terrific arguments between these two men. On one occasion Symington and his father-in-law had a violent set-to in the Georgetown house. There is a very meek note from Symington apologizing for his argumentative conduct of the preceding night.

To which the Senator answered:

> Dear Stuart:
>
> Thanks for your good letter of January 17. By no means do you owe me an apology. If there is any guilt I should be charged with 60% of it. There isn't any guilt. The truth is you and I are born argufiers. I've known that about myself a long time, and it has not dismayed me one little bit to know that you possess the same talent.
>
> I note from long experience the contest seldom starts before 10 P.M. . . . no time limit is set. Each contestant talks a little louder as time passes and a very important technique . . . is preventing your opponent ever finishing a sentence. . . . It is much more important to be emphatic than logical. . . .

> This is what happened to us the other night and there is no use planning not to argue about it, for, like a spark in a powder barrel, a trifling observation may set it off. What you and I really need is the continued presence of a wife or a mother-in-law.

Symington has become a great public servant. As Assistant Secretary of the Army for Air he played a major role in the unification of the armed services and became the first Secretary of the new Air Force, serving until 1950. President Truman then appointed him to head the National War Resources Board and in 1951, he became Administrator of the R.F.C.

How little the political differences between Wadsworth and his son-in-law mattered is shown by the fact that Symington attributes his decision to run for the Democratic nomination for Senator from Missouri to the fact that Wadsworth thought it would be a good thing to do.

Of course Symington won the Democratic nomination and was elected Senator from Missouri in 1952. In his first term he became such a leading figure in the Senate, which customarily makes newcomers serve a long apprenticeship before recognizing ability, that he is now regarded as one of the tallest trees in the Democratic stand of Presidential timber.

As might be expected, Evelyn Wadsworth Symington is a perfect political wife; an intelligent gracious hostess, and a companion to whom the Senator can confide his problems and get a sensible answer.

Less to be expected, Evelyn had a bright career of her own which she gave up for her husband's sake. In 1933 she had been studying singing for some years and taking part in amateur theatricals. She and her husband spent a good deal of time in New York City, where she became interested in the work of the Belleview Cardiac Committee. In May, 1933, the committee asked her to sing at a benefit for them in a New York night club called Place Pigalle. The club that night was jammed with Eve's friends, and she was not too surprised that they gave her a warm reception. What utterly astounded her was an offer from the management to return for the regular fall season as a professional with a salary of several hundred dollars a week.

Eve did not really need the money. Her husband was then

president of the Colonial Radio Company of Rochester with an excellent income. But the offer was a tremendous challenge. All her Wadsworth blood urged her to accept.

Before doing so, however, she telephoned her father in Washington and explained the offer to him. "I'd like to do it," she said, "but will it embarrass you in any way? Degrade or compromise your career?"

There was a short pause during which she could imagine the Senator weighing the consequences. Then he asked, "Is it east or west of Broadway?"

"One block east."

"Go ahead," said Wadsworth. "I trust you."

Eve Symington says, "Those words were the key to our relationship—'I trust you.' "

Eve Symington opened in the fall of 1933, as the star attraction of the Place Pigalle. She was very nervous that first night, and not especially elated by a successful opening, for again her many friends rallied to her support. But night after night the patrons cheered her and called for more. They loved her shining elegance and her clear contralto voice. At the end of a few weeks Eve realized that she had a career on her hands.

It lasted for five years. After a full season at Place Pigalle, Eve went on to sing in the shiniest restaurants in New York—the Iridium Room of the St. Regis, the Persian Room of the Plaza and the Waldorf's Sert Room. In 1938 her husband became president and chairman of the board of the Emerson Electric Manufacturing Company of St. Louis. There was never a question of what she would do. She finished out that season, and moved to St. Louis.

Eve's sons, W. Stuart Symington III (Timmy) and James Wadsworth Symington (Jimmy), spent every summer in Geneseo working on the farms. The Senator adored them and hoped that one of them at least would become a farmer. He was quite prepared to supply the "silver spoon" endowment if they wanted it. However, both boys finally decided to become lawyers and possibly follow their father into politics.

Senator Wadsworth's two sons appear to have divided the family genius just as the pioneer Wadsworths did. Jerry, like

the first James, is a statesman and administrator; Reverdy, like General Bill, a farmer and fighter. However there is one aspect of country living in which Jerry excels his brother—he is a "water witch," as the Geneseeans call a dowser. Give Jerry the forked branch of a tree bearing pitted fruit and he can unerringly detect underground water. On one occasion he and Reverdy were experimenting on the lawn at More Lands. Jerry's forked stick insisted on tracing a course down the lawn where no underground stream could be. Reverdy said, "This is ridiculous." Jerry insisted, "There must be something there."

Both young men started digging and discovered that Jerry had accurately traced the course of the mansion's drainage system.

It was evident from the first that James Jeremiah Wadsworth would never be content in private business. The family tradition of public service was too strong for him. He stuck with Curtiss-Wright throughout the war—surely making airplanes was an important public service then. In 1945 Stuart Symington, desperate, as were most members of Truman's administration, to find able men for the thankless task of operating the great government agencies, offered Jerry the post of Director of the Public Service Division of the War Assets Administration. Jerry snapped at it.

He and Harty moved to Washington where they lived in rented houses for several years, driven from one to another by the exigencies of the District's housing shortage and the low salary which even a brilliant young administrator gets. Seeing that their oldest son was irrevocably set on government service and, to use a favorite phrase of the Senator's, "by no means dismayed by that fact," his father and mother presented Jerry and Harty with a small but charming house in Washington.

Meanwhile Jerry's star was rising even under a Democratic administration. In 1948 he became Special Assistant to the Administrator of E.C.A. (Symington). In 1950 he was appointed Acting Director of the Civil Defense Office, and in 1951 he became Deputy Administrator of F.C.D.A. Finally, when Dwight D. Eisenhower was elected President and the

Republicans controlled the executive function for the first time in twenty years, Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., was appointed Representative of the United States to the United Nations. Ambassador Lodge asked that Jerry be made Deputy Representative with the rank of Ambassador. As Jerry modestly puts it, "Largely due to Stu's confidence in me and my advancement under him, Cabot did not have to reach too far down to get me."

In diplomacy Jerry, and Harty too, really found their niche. Temperamentally and physically he is ideally suited to his job. In appearance he is a gigantic, jolly man with a round, guileless face, who is liked by everyone because he likes them. Rock-faced Russian Ambassador Vishinsky affectionately christened him *"Monsieur l'Éléphant."*

The parties the Wadsworths gave for their diplomatic colleagues were unlike any others in that protocol-circumscribed circle. They were really fun. Of an evening in their duplex apartment overlooking New York's East River, you would find ambassadors from a dozen nations from both sides of the Iron Curtain, who may have been hurling Catonian invectives against each other in the U.N. assembly a few hours before, amiably eating and drinking together, while Harty moved around using her social poise to keep everything smooth.

However, any foreign observer who assumes that Ambassador Wadsworth is a good-time Charlie is apt to wake up abruptly. For behind his elephantine frolics and laughing mask is a clear, logical brain working sixty minutes every hour and wholly devoted to the interests of the United States and of the Free World. When necessary Jerry can be just as obstinate as his father, and he possesses the same adamantine integrity. Even the Russians trust him.

As Deputy Representative he was seldom in the spotlight which naturally played on Cabot Lodge. However, Ambassador Lodge and the President of the United States gave him credit for one of the few constructive achievements of American diplomacy in recent years. This is the ratification of the treaty setting up the International Atomic Energy Agency to implement President Eisenhower's "Atoms for Peace" plan. Of

Wadsworth's work on the treaty, Cabot Lodge generously wrote to President Eisenhower:

> Wadsworth, and not I, deserves congratulations for the fine result in the Conference on the Statute of the International Atomic Energy Agency, and I would like to set down how exceptionally well you [the President] have been represented by him.
>
> The story of the conference is one of painstaking preparation and staff work with Wadsworth carrying the ball in debate and in ultimate negotiations with both friendly and unfriendly delegations. As a result we have a better Statute for the New Agency than we had before . . . and the entire Conference of 82 countries voted (without abstentions) in favor of the Statute as a whole.
>
> So wise a man as Ambassador Muniz of Brazil, who was Chairman of the Conference, told me that the fact that this Conference ended successfully with a Statute was a monument to Wadsworth! . . . He has great good humor, a natural faculty for clear statement, an excellent mind and immense ability to get along with people. By a combination of persuasion and clever organization he was able to frustrate Indian and Russian attempts to stymie the whole thing.
>
> Having canvassed the country many times during my service here to find such men for service as United States delegates, I know how hard it is to find men who are able to represent us effectively in the foreign field. . . . Wadsworth is such a man and I am delighted that you are sending him a letter of commendation.

In September, 1957, Ambassador Wadsworth represented the United States at the organization meeting of the International Atomic Energy Agency in Vienna. If there is any television to another world Senator Wadsworth must have watched with delight as his son adroitly maneuvered the meeting into appointing the Senator's old friend and colleague, Congressman W. Sterling Cole of New York, its first chairman.

As a direct result of his work with the International Atomic Energy Agency, Jerry was promoted to the vitally important post of United States Representative on the Disarmament Com-

mission. In addition he kept his former place as Deputy Representative to the United Nations. The tremendous double responsibility is a greater evidence than words or decorations of his superiors' confidence in his ability.

Though the Valley was as irrevocably altered by Senator Wadsworth's death as though a landslide had torn a huge gap in its bowl of hills, Reverdy strove to keep its spirit intact. Since Mrs. Wadsworth was rich in her own right, the Senator left all his land, with the exception of Hartford House, to his sons. In order to hold as much of it as possible, they used virtually all of the securities and cash their father left to pay the large inheritance taxes. Then they formed J & R Farms to farm the lands which now amount to 11,620 acres.

J & R Farms—to wit Jerry and Reverdy—had no cash capital left at all, so they borrowed $25,000 on their land to use as working capital. According to their arrangement, Reverdy manages the farms with the assistance of Howard Gott and Frank Luttenton.

Despite the seeming timelessness of life in the Valley Reverdy knows that because of high taxes and changing methods of agriculture time is running out. In his effort to maintain its traditional aspect he applies the most modern methods consonant with the size of the farms. Even before his father died the process of mechanization had begun. Despite the Senator's conservatism he had supplied the farms with the new small farm machinery, and largely replaced his beautiful sleek work teams with tractors—he had to do it or stop farming. Reverdy continued and accelerated this process.

Even the animals are changing. For example, dairy cows are now bred so much larger that the stalls in the new barns Wadsworth had built on the Hartford Farm when its barns burned in 1933 no longer fit them—their feet are out in the gutter behind the stalls. All dairy barns built after 1945 had to have stalls eighteen inches wider and a foot longer than the old ones.

Like his father, Reverdy has a complete knowledge of all the farms, the whole 11,600 acres, not only every field and wood lot, but every animal and every barn and outbuilding. Follow-

ing the family principles of farm management, he helps his tenants make all necessary modern improvements. For example, if a dairy farmer wants to put in a pipeline milking system, Reverdy pays for the heavy wiring and carpentry. If a tenant makes permanent improvements on a farm and then relinquishes the lease, he is compensated in full less a fair amount for depreciation.

Death and taxes have not robbed the Valley of its beauty nor dulled the sporting spirit of the young. When Bill Wadsworth rides out with his hounds on a Saturday morning—school, of course, is out—the field is full of boys and girls leaping over the high fences just as their grandsires and grandams did. Even the "Tough Buff" Carys are represented in the younger generation and they are still tough.

Each year there is the Hunt Race Meeting with hunters from the surrounding country running over three and a half miles of "fair hunting country," studded with high rail fences, for the James W. Wadsworth, Jr., Memorial Cup presented by Jerry and Reverdy. That evening there is a hunt ball with most of the gentlemen in the brilliant plumage of fox-hunting tradition, the lapels of their scarlet coats faced with the colors of most of the famous American hunts; of course, the chartreuse lapels of the Genesee Valley Hunt predominate.

Another favorite sport is the "Point-to-Point" race, which is what its name implies—a group of horsemen starting from one point and racing across-country any way they please to another point. This results in a hair-raising ride in which gentlemen with their blood up take preposterous risks with their necks and thousands of dollars' worth of horseflesh in order to acquire a silver ash tray.

For the present, at least, agriculture is booming in the Valley, though a farmer never knows what weather and economics may do to him in the future. The most important product used to be wheat. Now, because of government restriction, it is a minor factor and the cow is queen. Because the Valley is on the Rochester milkshed, where a powerful dairyman's organization keeps prices up, dairy farming is extremely lucrative. Several J & R farms are mainly dairy farms. Vegetables are the next-best

cash crop. The tenant of the Street Farm, which is close to the Birdseye Plant in Avon, has two hundred acres in peas for which he got a gross payment of $20,000 in 1957. On the Hampton-Kemp Farms, 1,300 acres of superb grazing land, Reverdy fattens steers and grazes sheep. The Home Farm (Hartford House) of 320 acres is also used mainly for this purpose. That iron picket fence which the Boss won at the trotting races still encloses it; and Mrs. Wadsworth lives at Hartford House, often with a houseful of grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

William P. Wadsworth, who personally holds 12,500 acres, conducts an operation similar to J & R Farms—indeed the cousins frequently help each other solve their problems. However, as might be expected, Bill Wadsworth also raises hunters, which flourish on the limestone-based land of the Valley.

Both Bill and Reverdy Wadsworth find that managing their farms is a full-time job. In addition to the hazards of outguessing drought, snow, excessive rain and the vagaries of the market for their product, which makes operating a farm rather like walking a tight wire across Niagara Falls *without* a pole, they have innumerable human problems of the farm hands and tenants, who, even in these modern times, regard a Wadsworth as a sort of local Providence. In addition, Bill has the hunt to manage and his horse business, while Reverdy engages in many public service activities of a local, but necessary and time-consuming character.

Despite the hazards before mentioned, J & R Farms have done exceedingly well under Reverdy's management. Within three years, he was able to pay off their indebtedness to the bank, and now has a comfortable amount of working capital.

So for an unforeseeable time longer the Valley of the Genesee may retain its special character. The broad, short main street of Geneseo has hardly changed at all. It is still dominated by a drinking fountain for horses dedicated to Mrs. Emmeline Austin Wadsworth. For some obscure reason its designer placed a short pole in its center on top of which sits a cunning little iron bear, who is generally known as "Aunt Emmeline."

Perhaps the best guaranties that the Valley may remain for

a while unspoiled is that Bill and Reverdy Wadsworth each have a son who is being raised as they were. William Austin Wadsworth is in the Marines, and Henry Roosevelt Wadsworth is at St. Marks. God and taxes permitting, they may well continue a unique tradition of farming and public service.

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